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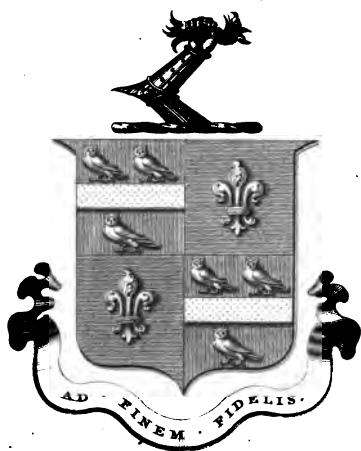
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*Henry Dugard Webb.*  
*New College, Oxford.*

NOV

1945



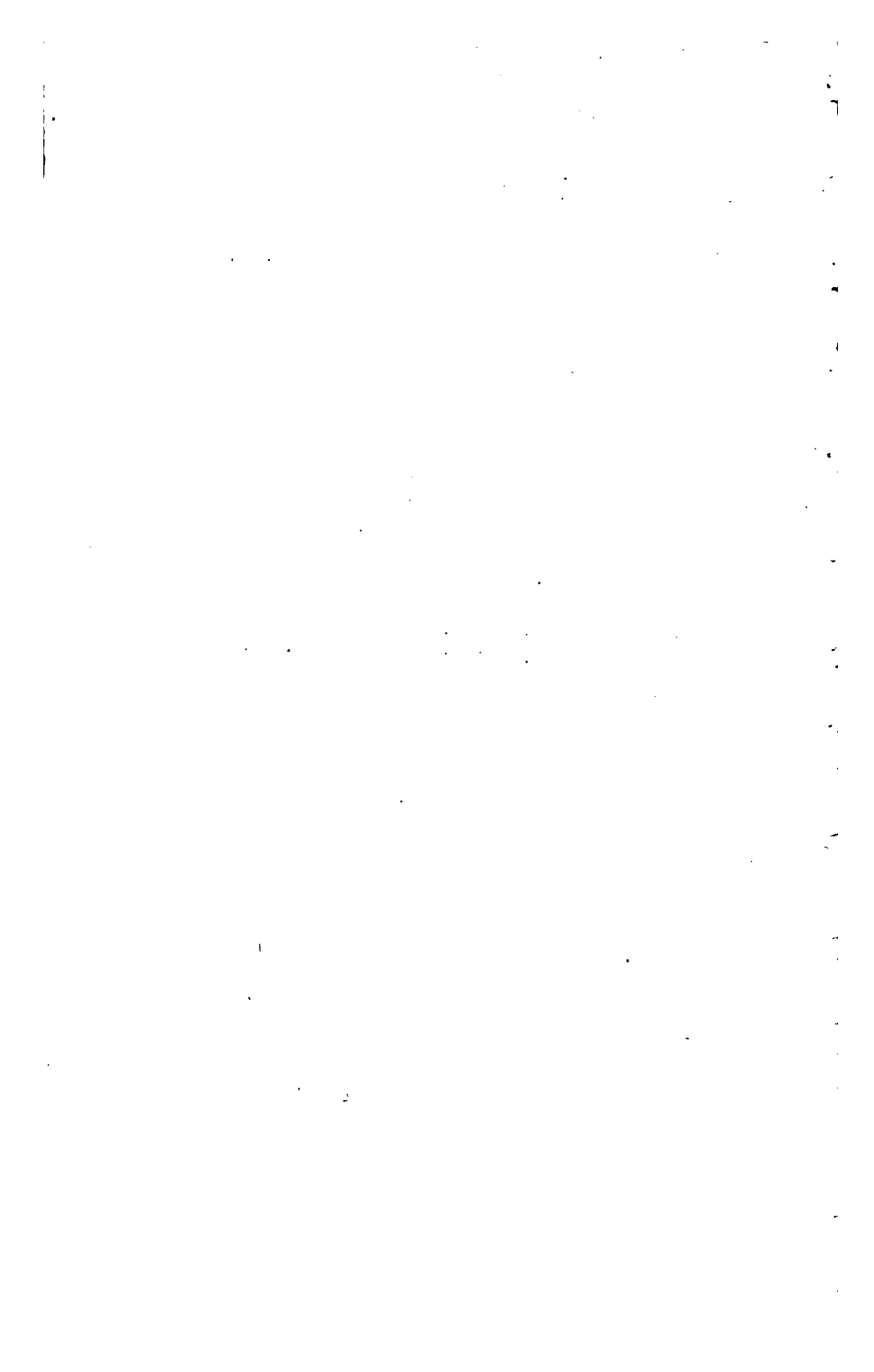




**JEANNETTE ISABELLE.**

( Cox  
Vol





# JEANNETTE ISABELLE:

A NOVEL

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——— “ And yet I find  
Most vain all hope but love ; and *thou* art far,  
——— ! who, when my spirit overflow'd,  
Wert like the golden chalice to bright wine,  
Which else had sunk into the thirsty dust ! ”

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

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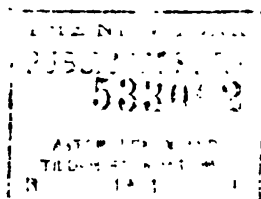
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON :

JOHN RICHARDSON,  
25, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET.

M.DCCC.XXXVII.



C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT,  
CHANCERY LANE.

# JEANNETTE ISABELLE.

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## CHAPTER I.

NOT Richard Cœur de Lion, when immured by the treachery of the French monarch on his return from the Crusade, he first caught the sound of his faithful Blondel's harp, and recognized his voice beneath his prison wall—not even that royal captive, amid all the sufferings and privations to which he was exposed, welcomed more gladly the well-known melody, and hailed in it an earnest of his approaching release, than did our unfortunate heroine, when the familiar tones of Pisatelli's song had first struck upon her ear. Her impatience for the arrival of the promised hour of ten increased as the day wore; and though she trembled with apprehension lest her

attendant should perceive any alteration in her demeanour, and dreaded that each moment some unguarded word or action might excite suspicion, or betray her confident expectation of succour, she could not help rising repeatedly from her seat, gazing at intervals from the window, and pacing agitatedly up and down her apartment, in a manner which sufficiently evinced the feverish workings of her mind within.

She embarrassed herself by reflecting on the possible mode in which the assured assistance would be offered:—all means appeared to her so difficult and so precluded, that it seemed as if little short of the power of magic itself would be necessary to open the bolts and bars with which she was environed. She went mechanically through the ordinary operations of the toilet, and the dinner-table, and not without increasing nervousness, and an almost uncontrollable desire to confide to some human soul the secret which seemed too great for her to bear; she regarded from time to time the hands of her watch upon the mantel-piece, as they advanced nearer and nearer to the period appointed for her deliverance. Seven—eight—nine, had successively been counted, as the deep-toned booming note of St. Paul's bell sounded louder and more distinct than usual, borne on the wings of an easterly wind

to the silence and stillness of her chamber. The quarters in like manner passed away—one—two—three—each after the other—and only a few minutes remained before the anxiously expected period should arrive:—on this moment seemed to hang all her future destiny.

She was lost for a few instants in the abyss of thought. On waking from her reverie, she saw the hand of the time-piece standing on the hour of ten:—and at the same moment the door of her chamber was opened by a key from without, and the figure of an elderly gentlewoman entered, who motioned authoritatively to the domestic to withdraw, and was instantly obeyed, as if she were a person who exercised an acknowledged right, and had the recognized power to give what orders or directions she pleased, and to enforce their performance. The lady, however, was dressed in exceedingly plain apparel. The simplest cottage straw-hat was so shaped as to darken with its close shade the features, as well as the locks of gray hair, which peeped out plenteously between the bonnet and the face, which it thus more than half concealed. The colour of her dress approached nearly to that slaty or dove-coloured tint which distinguishes the modest and unassuming tribe of the Quakeresses. There were no flaunting ribbands, no gaudy hues in her attire; but the tout-

ensemble of her appearance presented an air of neatness, and of quiet harmony, which assimilated well with the unaffected simplicity of her deportment, and the unambitious kindness of her address. At her first entrance there was a mutual pause, each of the two ladies involuntarily resting, as it were, for one moment, to take a rapid survey of the other; our heroine, struck by the extraordinary power which seemed to be thus exercised by her who had come to her deliverance, and at a loss to account for it, or to connect her appearance with the name of Pisatelli, and the new arriver literally awed and overcome by the unexpected brilliance of beauty which she saw before her:—a beauty which, much as she had heard of its attractions, exceeded all that imagination had previously conceived, or partiality painted:—a beauty, which, even in its present depression, bowed down with its woes, and a prey to sorrow and despair, shone out still with a lustre undimmed and undiminished.

In general, we do not agree with the sentiment of the poet, who sings,

“ That woman’s tear is lovelier than her smile,”

nor in the still more forced and unnatural wish expressed by another,

“ Give smiles to those that love thee less,  
But keep thy tears for me.”

In our notion, the appearance of happiness is essential to the perfect and highest developement of beauty—there must be a semblance of repose, with something of the sense of enjoyment impressed on the features, to give the human countenance the sweetest expression of which it is susceptible. Beauty in distress is still doubtless beautiful; but we cannot help thinking that by so much the more there is of distress, so much the less will there be of beauty. Iphigenia or Antigone may touch us by their sufferings, they create an interest by their lamentations—they move our sympathy and pity:—but these emotions of the mind are inconsistent with the absolute and abstract consideration of personal beauty. Milton was aware of this, when he talked of the “smile on Hebe’s dimpled cheek,” and Homer, also, when he gave to Venus the epithet of laughter-loving, “*φιλομμείδης Ἀφροδίτη*.” For our own part we will let others be swayed or not as they like by the eloquent argument:

“ Ah! too convincing, dangerously dear,  
In woman’s eye th’ unanswerable tear,”

so long as we are allowed to adopt in preference for the motto of our own choice the

*Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo  
Dulce loquentem.*



On the present occasion, however, as the features of our heroine relaxed from their long-continued expression of suffering and endurance, and seemed to to speak with animation, with gratitude, with hope, and confident expectation, there was, perhaps, a double charm added to her beauty in the transition from grief to joy—something of the *δακρυον γελασασα*, something like the glance of the sunbeam on the dew of the flower, and it was no wonder that her mysterious visitant was for an instant speechless, as she contemplated for the first time, and under such peculiar and trying circumstances, the dazzling loveliness of the figure which stood before her. The position of the two characters might not inaptly be compared to that of Elizabeth and Mary, in that beautiful picture of the Salutation, painted by Raphael, and engraved by Desnoyers, in which the resemblance is made still stronger by the remarkable talent with which the artist has contrived so wonderfully to soften down the swelling roundness of Elizabeth's figure into a superior charm, giving it a twofold attraction, and a peculiar grace. Our benevolent old lady was, nevertheless, the first to recover her self-composure sufficiently to break the silence. She advanced, and took Jeannette Isabelle affectionately by the hand:—"Come, my daughter," she said, "for from henceforth you shall be as a

daughter to me, who have no child—attire yourself quickly, and let us leave this wicked house. This is no place for one whose countenance is an indication both of the delicacy of your physical construction, and of the susceptibility to suffering of the mind within.”

Jeannette kissed in silence, and with a full heart, the hand which was held out to her; and hastened, with all the speed possible, to make such necessary changes in her dress, as were required for her instant departure.

“ You have had much to undress here,” continued the amiable and gentle-voiced old lady, “ your sufferings have been great, and you have been tried in the fire: but the Lord loveth whom he chasteneth, and I rejoice to see that the meekness and resignation of your disposition, and of your philosophy, have enabled you to bear these temporary trials so well. It is but for a little while that we are called upon to labour here in God’s vineyard, and when after death we shall receive the wages of our hire, how incomparably small in the balance will appear the little pains and privations to which we may all of us have been exposed in this earthly and transitory state !”

Jeannette Isabelle had too much good sense, as well as too much good feeling, to make any obser-

vation which might appear in the least dissentient to the pious and charitable old lady. She knew that unnecessarily to shock or wound the sentiments of others, in respect of the articles of their religious belief, is one of the most wanton and useless, as well as dangerous experiments, which one person can make upon another. She quietly assented as she hastily tied the strings of her bonnet, and casting a large shawl over her shoulders, declared herself perfectly ready to accompany the good angel of her deliverance whithersoever her steps might conduct. They now advanced speedily together along the corridor, at the end of which they found the door unbolted,—they descended the staircase unmolested and unobserved,—they proceeded through the ample hall,—the street door even was unguarded by the porter, who for some unaccountable reason was absent from his usual post; it was, however, secured by the lock, but our conductress having drawn a key from her muff, applied it to the keyhole—the door turned on its hinge—our heroine precipitately descended the steps, and grasped convulsively the hand of her guide, who hurried her across the square till they arrived at St. James's Street, when she called a coach to convey them onward to the place of their ultimate destination. It was here, during the momentary pause while the coach was drawing

up from the stand, that Jeannette had first time enough to look up to the canopy of heaven above her. She felt the fresh air blow in her face; she beheld the stars in the firmament; she saw the glorious moon rejoicing in her path, and she burst into hysterical tears; the sensation that she was now free overcame her; the recollection of all that she had felt, all that she had suffered, since she had last trod the earth beneath, and looked up to the skies above her, rushed over her memory like a whirlwind, and she staggered as she stood, and would have sunk to the ground, had she not felt herself suddenly encircled and supported by a strong and manly arm; she looked round, shuddering convulsively with apprehension, under the idea that she had been pursued and overtaken, and she beheld the well-known face and heart-cheering smile of Pisatelli. The principessa too, now become the lawful wife of the marchése, was not far off; and many and long would have been the greetings of such old and faithful friends, had not the old lady, who appeared the monitress and the leading character of the party, compelled them all to enter the carriage which was now awaiting them, and given immediate orders to the coachman to drive in a direction, which did not meet the ears of the bewildered, and yet delighted, Jeannette Isabelle.

Here she was allowed to comprehend only so much of her situation and her destination, as enabled her to perceive that it was originally to her dear friend the principessa, formerly de Collini, that she was indebted for her escape ; and that she had been waiting her arrival, by a preconcerted plan, at the corner of the street where they had just met. But how her deliverance had been effected through the authority and agency of the mysterious old woman, whence that authority was derived, or what could be the connection between her and Pisatelli and his wife, she could not yet divine, nor was any clue given in answer to her questions, which seemed to indicate any satisfactory termination to her wonder. In a few minutes the carriage stopped—the princess and her husband announced to her that they must again say farewell ; an embrace and a few tears were exchanged between them ; her two friends descended the steps of the coach, and our heroine once more found herself left alone with her mysterious companion, and continuing her journey with she knew not whom, she knew not whither. All was magic and enchantment to her ; her brain became giddy, and reeled with the excitement she had undergone, and the uncertainty and perplexity she felt ; she was scarcely aware that the carriage again stopped, and was exchanged for another, which had the ap-

pearance of a private chariot, emblazoned with a coronet and a coat of arms. But as they had advanced now a considerable distance from London, and the rattle of the streets, and the glare of lamps, and the din of passengers, was exchanged for the quiet moonlight, and the freshness of the trees that overhung the road, the mind of Jeannette became more composed, and she earnestly interrogated her companion as to her destination and the appointed place of her future concealment. All that she could, however, obtain from her, was an assurance that in six hours they would have finished their journey; that she hoped and trusted God Almighty in his goodness would look down from heaven and bless their endeavours; that as soon as they arrived at their destination they would be obliged again to part, as it was necessary for the old lady to return instantly to the continent, but that the Marchésa de Pisatelli, her oldest and best friend, should shortly be sent to visit her, and would arrive in time to attend her through her approaching accouchement. In the meantime they had made rapid progress on their way—and the horses had repeatedly been changed—the road became wilder and more picturesque—they neared a small village built on the acclivity of a hill—and the carriage stopped before a low but beautiful cottage, covered with vines and

honey-suckles, and the thatch of which was just tinged by the rays of the rising sun. A pretty French maid, who was accosted by the old lady as Victoire, and who had been apparently expecting their arrival, ran out to assist our heroine to alight. Her companion, refusing all refreshment, and merely uttering a short prayer to heaven to bless her, returned immediately with the same horses on the road to town, assuring her that every thing necessary should be immediately forwarded to her. Jeannette Isabelle on entering found the cottage furnished with every thing her heart could desire—books, food, wine, baby-linen for the expected infant, and even her old and faithful Carlo, who capered round her, and almost prevented her from sleep.

## CHAPTER II.

WE must now leave our heroine once more for an interval, in order to give some account of our other acquaintances, and, especially in the first place, of the liberal Lord Fletcher, and his republican associates at Paris. The reader will perhaps remember, that when we last took leave of the young nobleman, he was giving way, rather unwisely, to the two amiable weaknesses of his mind—a love of society, and a passion for the fair sex—and that the indulgence of these two caprices had earned for him, before he was aware of it, from the very kind and considerate people of this most charitable world the reputation of a scamp and a roué, and the familiar appellation of the Count Jean de Paris.

By having come forward in the kindest and most generous manner to pay the money for two bills, given by a friend to a tradesman, which had been protested and seemed likely to cause his exposure, he had acquired the reputation of having



been mixed up in some commercial speculation, or some blackleg scheme, which reflected no credit on those who were concerned in it. By having been seen some half dozen times at the Cercle, and at other public gaming tables, at which on the whole he had been a considerable loser, he had set afloat the report that he was a regular gambler and sharper: he was represented by some as having involved himself largely in private play, which in truth he had always, upon principle, avoided; and by others, as having won to such an extent, that he had *done* several of his most intimate friends, and was supposed to have taken advantage of their inexperience in order to gain their money. By having incautiously spoken of the correspondence which had taken place between him and the fair Olympe, he had unconsciously given rise to a rumour that he was engaged in constant intrigues and debauches; that he had seduced the wives and daughters of respectable families to which he had been introduced, and that he was in short a man altogether of *mauvais ton*, and not to be endured in decent company. So great, so irreparable is sometimes the harm which a man may do himself by a mere want of reserve and a little discretion. So true is the conclusion of Aristotle, although somewhat perhaps in a different sense, that the man who has prudence has all

virtues; and the converse of it, that the man who has not prudence, has none!

Truly amiable, and open-hearted, and generous, Lord Fletcher had obtained his bad renommée only by his benevolent actions. It might truly be said of him, that he was no man's enemy but his own. The men that he had served were, in many instances, the very first to turn round and speak evil of him behind his back: to do a bad man a kindness, and place him under an obligation, is one sure way of making him an enemy. Lord Fletcher might have very justly exclaimed with Paul Pry, "Well, Colonel Hardy, I'll be blow'd if ever I do a good-natured thing again!"

After all, his real fault, and perhaps his only one, was the simple fact of his having chosen to associate with persons who were placed beneath him in their rank of life. When once a man descends from his proper sphere, and either to court popularity, or to gratify with greater freedom his own equivocal tastes, mixes himself up with the society which is, properly speaking, beneath him, he renders himself liable to suspicion; he places himself at once in a false position; he opens a way to the imputation of all sorts of dishonourable motives; and above all, he shuts the door against his own readmission into the circles of his real equals; because,

by descending below his own rank, he gives as it were a handle to the doubt, whether he may not have been originally degraded rather by some unknown necessity than by choice.

To revert, however, from generalities to our particular history :—the summer months were not far advanced ; and Paris, in summer perhaps pleasanter than any other capital in Europe, had not yet assumed the deserted and desolate appearance which most large continental towns present, in the season peculiarly dedicated to the gods and goddesses of the country, when Lord Fletcher one afternoon, sauntering slowly through the sultry Palais Royal, was tempted, more from the sense of ennui and the *besoin de distraction*, than by any other desire or habit, to ascend the staircase of the well known gambling house, at No. 154, and to embark some five-franc pieces on the rouge et noir table. He had already lost all the silver which he happened to have in his pockets at the time, and had changed one or two napoleons, when seized with a sudden feeling of disgust, he rose hastily from the table, looked at the pendule on the mantelpiece, which indicated the hour of five o'clock, p. m., and rushed to the open window, to breathe the fresh air, and to refresh his imagination by gazing on the scene below.

No greater contrast, perhaps, can be experienced in the world, at the expense of walking two or three paces, than that which is felt on passing from the play-table to the window, at the place which we are now describing. Within are seen, in their highest degree of excitation, the agitations of human passions; the eagerness of hope, the frenzy of despair, the feverish prodigality of the lavish spendthrift, the reluctant speculations of the miserly man, enlarging gradually as his losses increase. The black cloth of the table, chequered with the red squares, and covered with the piles of five-franc pieces, the shut-up boxes for the notes, and the open boxes for the gold; the incessant motion of the rakes; the petulance of some players, and the shrewd calculating coolness of others; the monotonous tone of the croupier's constantly repeated admonition—"Faites votre jeu, messieurs."—"Le jeu est fait;"—the sedulous attention of the liveried waiters, bearing glasses of water to one, or presenting a card to mark the game, together with a pin, to another: all these things need no describing for those who have witnessed them, and those who have not will scarcely thank a writer for dwelling upon objects, the very mention of which is probably associated with the idea of every thing that is bad in their minds.

On stepping, however, to the window, particu-

larly at night, how totally changed is the scene! —The vast extent of that magnificent square, and that pile of architecture, which nothing less than the ambitious genius of a Richlieu could have built, and which is still not unworthy even of its royal proprietor, meets at once the eye. The groups of people who are promenading between the rows of trees, or conversing on the chairs in front of the great café at the corner, appear as nothing in the vastness of the space. Above, the wide arch of the firmament displays a broader range of blue than is often witnessed amid the narrow streets and crowded avenues of a teeming metropolis; and—more striking still than all—immediately in front of the guilty window, there plays, in all the beauty of its varied motion, and with all the melody of its musical and refreshing sound, a brilliant and never-ceasing fountain. Seen by moonlight especially, when the soft and silvery rays are reflected in the dash of the spray, as it leaps up to the light, and coquets with the beams that it mirrors, it is a most beautiful and fascinating object; and many a man who has risen from that table with agonized and harrowed feelings and a throbbing brow, must have been restored to calmness and comparative peace of mind, by merely gazing on the giddy, airy, spiral convolutions of those soaring waters.

It was now, however, before the hour of dinner; and Lord Fletcher had been standing more minutes, probably, than he was himself aware, in contemplation of the scene, and in that listless mood which is misnamed meditation, when he was recalled from his absent fit, by a rather smart slap of a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and looking round, he descried by his side the figure of a man whom he with difficulty recognized, as having been once or twice in his company together with young Boivin and Brutus Sansargent. This person, whom for the convenience of the narrative, we shall call Boucher, accosted him with the greatest familiarity, and the broadest assurance; but he had not mistaken the facile character of Fletcher, for his object in this warm recognition was to obtain the loan of five hundred francs.

"Really, my good friend," said Fletcher, "I would give it you instantly, and with pleasure—but in good truth I have not at this moment the sum of five hundred francs about me, and it is impossible to get good grain out of an empty sack."

"Nevertheless," said the persevering applicant, "you must try and do what you can for me. I am in a dreadful difficulty—my honour is at stake—my character, my reputation, which I value more than life, depends on your reply. I will confide to you the circumstances, trusting to your good faith, that

you will never reveal them. Perhaps you may not be aware that I am the treasurer of the Société des amis de la jeune France—when I entered this room, I had with me exactly the sum of five hundred francs, which I need scarcely tell you was not my own money, but belonged to the society of which I spoke. I have lost it all. I know that one word spoken by you to the waiters will obtain for me any amount which you may choose to require. Will you refuse me one opportunity—I ask but for one—of regaining my luck, and winning back the sum which I have thus lost?”

The kind-heartedness and open-handedness of Lord Fletcher was not proof against this appeal. He drew one of the waiters aside, and spoke to him, and Boucher followed him out of the room. He presently returned, bearing in his hand a note of a thousand francs, which he threw down upon the red, exclaiming as he threw it, “*Moitié au billet.*”

Lord Fletcher was rather consternated at witnessing this rash embarkation of his twenty pounds; but it is frequently observable, that men play with more pluck with other people's money than they do with their own. “*Trente-et-un,*” exclaimed the croupier.

Boucher's face elongated perceptibly.

“*Après,*” said the croupier again, as he dealt

out the second line of cards, and raked all the money on the table into prison till the next coup should decide its destination.

Boucher was immensely relieved—he had *not* lost—and he thought himself the luckiest man in the world.

“Faites votre jeu, messieurs—il n’y en a plus,” repeated the dealer.

“Cinq cents francs à la rouge,” exclaimed Boucher, with precipitation, just as the first card was turned.

“Il est trop tard,” said the croupier, and red won, which nearly made Boucher mad with vexation—his five hundred francs were, however, now out of prison, and he exclaimed once more, increasing his speculations as his confidence in his returning luck increased, “Tout au billet,” leaving it down upon the same colour.

“Huit,” said the dealer, as he spread out the topmost row, and then “rouge gagne, et la couleur,” as he finished the second.

Lord Fletcher, of course, now expected that as Boucher had won a thousand francs he would at least have repaid him the sum which he had advanced;—not at all: Monsieur Boucher still left down the whole upon the table, and was lucky enough to win again. Fletcher then took the liberty



of advising him to take up some of his money—"Tout au contraire," replied the other, "don't you see there is a run upon the rouge?—vous ne connaissez pas les règles du jeu," and luckily enough for our adventurer, as well as for Lord Fletcher, red once more succeeded. Eight thousand francs were now upon the board, and with this Monsieur Boucher was satisfied—seven of the notes he immediately pocketed, and as he could not well avoid paying the waiter the money he had lent, particularly after having turned it to such good account, he placed the remaining billet in his hand, as he passed the door—then, turning to Lord Fletcher, he asked him with the greatest effrontery, "Vous m'avez dit, n'est ce pas! que vous aviez de la petite monnaie dans votre poche? Prêtez moi donc un napoleon," and with Lord Fletcher's napoleon he recompensed the waiter for his loan, saying with a most munificent air, as he gave it, "Un autre jour je vous en donnerai davantage. Pour aujourd'hui c'est tout ce que je trouve dans mes culottes."

Allowing for the deduction of the original five hundred francs, which belonged to the funds of the Société des amis de la jeune France, he was now the possessor of about two hundred and sixty pounds English. Had Lord Fletcher not been on the spot to assist him, it is most probable he would have shot himself,

on leaving the room. "Allons donc, mon ami," said he to Lord Fletcher, inserting his hand into his passively accorded arm, "let us go to the club. Are you not yet a member? Should you like to be initiated? If so, I will be your parrain, and present you to my friends, and the friends of young France. There is a meeting to-night. You should see every thing. You are in a foreign country—you will never know Paris well, if you do not mix more in these sort of meetings—allons donc ! voyons !"—and the courage of Fletcher to resist the invitation already began to give way.

"What am I to do there?" enquired he doubtfully, "I have no business amongst you—I don't know your principles—I have not been informed of your rules, or your conditions."

"Taisez vous donc, moqueur," replied Boucher, "does not Boivin belong to it? Is not your particular friend, Sansargent, our president? Are you afraid of such society as that? Let me tell you, Louis Philippe sees none better, and often not half so good, at the Tuilleries. Besides, after having done me the favour you so kindly accorded me this morning, you would not refuse me the pleasure of returning it in almost the only way in my power."

"It must be, then, on one condition," replied the

facile Lord Fletcher; "it is that you come and take your dinner with me first, and discuss a bottle of burgundy; and then I will accompany you afterwards to hear some of your oratorical performances."

"Soit," answered Boucher, and they advanced together along the Palais Royal towards Grignon's, the restorateur; Boucher keeping his left hand in his pocket all the while, regaling it with the unwonted feeling of a bundle of bank notes; and the nobleman damning himself most heartily for having asked such an infernal bore to dinner, yet promising himself some amusement in the evening, by way of dessert.

## CHAPTER III.

WHEN one of the witnesses at Thurtell's trial was asked what occupation or profession Mr. Thurtell followed at the period of his acquaintance with him, he replied, that he was a gentleman; and on being further pressed by the counsel to explain what he meant by the term gentleman, he considered for a moment, and then deliberately answered—that he meant by a gentleman a person who kept his gig.

Whether all the members of the society to which Lord Fletcher was presented by his new friend, Monsieur Boucher, were literally qualified to be included in this definition of gentility,—whether they had or had not attained to the distinguished proprietorship of a one-horse-shay, we will not presume to determine; doubtless they were all gentlemen,—they called each other “Monsieur”<sup>\*</sup>—they could

<sup>\*</sup> If there be any material distinction observable between the modern French republicans and those of forty-five years ago, it is to be found in what our neighbours call “la petite morale,” or the

all fight duels,—and most of them had more debts than money, which is certainly very gentlemanly, as it is pretty generally the case with the first fashionables all the world over.

There were, indeed, amongst them, to speak seriously, some few individuals of a rare and unquestioned probity, and even of some consideration from their position. Some few, perhaps, who living all their lives in an amiable dream, seem rather made to dwell in *republicâ Platonis quem in fæce Romuli*. There were some few others, too, who, either from the innate love of domination, or the hope to advance, by these means, some favourite political project, played the part of Cleon to the Athenians, and while they made others their dupes, were at the same time scarcely less the dupes of their own

forms of conventional etiquette. Then, their avowed object was rather to pull down to their own level the aristocracy and gentry of the country; the term *Monsieur* even was proscribed; they addressed each other by their plain names, or by that of "*citoyen*." *Now*, on the contrary, the effort of the lower orders is rather to raise themselves to the level of those above them, and the social terms of common politeness are rather encouraged than proscribed. Then, their conduct was rather of a piece with that of a character in some old farce which we have read, who exclaims, "God forbid that we should ever live to be called gentlemen!" *Now*, they resemble more the bourgeois gentilhomme, and would almost be gratified at keeping a servant to repeat "*Monseigneur*" in their ear from morning to night.

theories and their own unexpected success ;—fools who stumble upon renown by finding others greater fools than themselves ;—agitators and demagogues by profession, who live on the fish which they catch in the troubling of the pool. But the generality of the persons present, although the laborious operatives of a hundred trades, and deserving from the necessity even of their daily employment the unsavoury external epithet with which it has been vainly endeavoured to cast ridicule upon the moral and internal condition of the "*great unwashed*," displayed one characteristic feature to the attentive eye of Lord Fletcher as he entered, which could not but attract his remark, and obtain his admiration and respect. There was an appearance of order and decency among their ranks which surprised as much as it struck him. There was neither clamour nor bustle as there would have been in an English mob assembled upon a similar occasion ; but there was a quiet show of attentiveness to the proceedings, and an evident desire to learn and be instructed by the speakers who successively addressed them.

The situation of the large room to which Boucher had now conducted his noble companion, was under an old and obscure archway, a little way down the nearest street on the left hand side to the *Barrière du Trône*. The entrance was a low and antique

doorway, at which our republican gave two taps, and received immediate admission. The door opened upon a flight of about a dozen or more stone steps, which were worn away at their edges, and gave evidence of having been some centuries in the service. The descent was ill-lighted by the single wick of an oil lamp suspended over the staircase from the ceiling, and Lord Fletcher's eye followed with anxious curiosity the course of a long rope connected with the lamp by a pulley, as he observed at the same time that a heavy weight was attached to the bottom of the feeble luminary. The end of the rope was kept constantly in hand by a man in a slouched hat at the lower extremity of the staircase, and the evident intention of the contrivance seemed not so much to afford a convenience to the lamp-lighter, as to provide for instantaneous darkness by letting it suddenly fall in case of a surprise by the police. For although the general demeanour of the members of the society was peaceable, and their ostensible object was nothing more violent than quiet and reasonable debate, yet the active repression laws, lately promulgated by the government, had rendered all large assemblies, where open sedition was talked, as was frequently the case here, illegal; and, moreover, a great proportion of those who attended the society were known to be connected with other clubs

and revolutionary associations, whose proceedings and whose objects were neither so peaceful nor so plausible as those which we are now to describe.

As Lord Fletcher, with some danger of falling and breaking his neck, and attended by his conductor, arrived at length at the bottom of the tumble-down staircase, he was challenged roughly by the above-mentioned sentinel for the pass-word of the evening.

"Robespierre," interposed the well-instructed M. Boucher.

"Et le sang des aristocrats," retorted the man, finishing the signal, and looking fiercely and inquiringly at Lord Fletcher, as if he could have eaten him up.

Lord Fletcher, who did not want animal courage, was, for an instant, inclined to knock him down; but, on second thoughts, he recollected that he was in a dangerous place for such an experiment, as numbers were against him; and, moreover, he called to mind that he had come here to satisfy curiosity, and determined to go through with the adventure. Accordingly, taking his companion's arm, he entered at once the vaulted cellar which was the scene of the conclave: rows of benches, filling up the entire space of the area, were occupied by a crowd of auditors, who were just applauding loudly the



termination of an opening speech from our old friend, the President Sansargent, who, after having stated some particular object for which the present meeting had been summoned, proceeded to call over the names of the society. Lord Fletcher was no less amused than astonished to find himself on a sudden among the old worthies of Greece and Rome. The list was as follows :—

“Aristides Dumont.”

“Voici.”

“Themistocles Crozier.”

“Me voilà.”

“Cato St. Simon.”

“Ci.”

“Cassius Pierrot.”

“Ici.”

“Harmodius Roux.”

“Me voilà.

“Miltiades Thierry.”

“Me voici.”

“Aristogiton dé Ruelle.”

“Ci.”—And so forth.

Every member had a tri-colour cocade at his button-hole ; which, however, had of course been put on only since entering the apartment. The company were also universally distinguished by the absence of moustaches, although bearing an imperial

or tuft upon the chin, together with a vast profusion of hair within the neckcloth. Some of them presented the most ferocious-looking aspect, wearing their hats on one side, and their hands in the pockets of a shaggy great-coat, from which protruded visibly the stocks of a brace of pistols or of some other instrument of violence and death. As Fletcher entered with his companion there was a scarcely-sensible murmur of disapprobation and dissent, and he fancied he caught from the lips of more than one the cry of "*à bas les Anglais*;" which was, however, immediately drowned by a pretty general shout of "*Vive la jeune Angleterre*!" more especially as Sansargent, decidedly the most popular man in this assembly, paid Lord Fletcher the unwonted compliment of descending from his official chair at the end of the room to greet him; and Boivin, who was respected and esteemed for his talents and his virtues, was seen proffering him his hand, and congratulating him warmly on the occasion of his visit, viz. the prospect of his being admitted a member of the society.

We have elsewhere shewn, that the English Alliance is not unpopular with the cleverer portion of the young French republicans, however violently it may be inveighed against by the older school; and then a peer is generally a welcome visitor, even

with the most democratic assembly. It is true, that in selfish and commercial England, at a similar meeting, Lord Fletcher might have been asked, out of sheer vulgar envy, whether he had paid for the coat he had on his back; but in a French society, every body was glad to see a well-dressed person enter the room, and seemed to attach greater respectability to himself, from the mere circumstance of being in such distinguished company. Our adventurer, however, had little time allowed him to reflect upon the comparative merits of the two countries in their treatment of strangers, for Brutus Sansargent, the president, approaching him, let him know that he was ready to perform the ceremony of his initiation in a small adjoining apartment, which seemed to open out of the principal room, like a choice and well-guarded port-wine vault out of some large English beer-cellar. This was the committee room of the club, and as Fletcher heard the momentous word "initiation" fall from the lips of Sansargent, who looked to-night like a very Caliban, and as his thoughts wandered vaguely back to the horrors of the Eleusinian mysteries of old; and then reverted to the dark plots of freemasonry, as connected with the early French revolution, and the manner in which they are said to affix the mark upon their proselytes, he actually expected, with considerable

apprehension, to find the thick walls of the dismal cavern which he entered hung with branding-irons, and all varieties of instruments, intended, perhaps, to be heated red-hot in the furnace, and then indented on his living flesh. The House of Commons' phrase likewise, of "taking the oaths and his seat," frightened his conscience, as much as the idea of being branded, alarmed his nerves; and he knew not what he might be called upon to swear against his king, or his country, or even his own order, and distinctions of blood altogether. And yet environed as he was on all sides by ruffians and savages, as he deemed half of them to be, and having seen dirks and fire-arms in their possessions, he did not see any possibility for himself to recede, or to retrace his steps. If he now cried "*peccavi*," and attempted "*superas evadere ad auras*," he would at once be seized as a spy and a traitor; he knew not even whether to escape detection they might not sooner murder him on the spot, and bury him without further ceremony in that lone and darksome vault! He, however, summoned up all the pluck which he could command, and taking Brutus Sansargent's proffered arm, advanced into the inner cellar.

His two friends, Boivin and Boucher, were now called in to assist at the ceremony as his godfathers, to guarantee his fitness and willingness to be made

a faithful, active, and useful member of the society, and to baptize him with a new, and republican, and classical cognomen. He was amused to find that Boivin had here dropped the too monarchical sounding name of Louis, and had adopted in its place that of Cimon. The virtuous treasurer of the club had usurped the appellation of him who was pronounced to be the best citizen of Rome, and called himself Nasica Boucher; and our new candidate was presented to the society under the euphonious nom de baptême of Virginius, which he thought at the time, as its original possessor was a butcher by trade, might have been with more propriety adopted by the savage-looking Boucher himself.

Sansargent now commenced the usual manner of initiation, which was, however, slightly deviated from in some particulars, in order that Fletcher might not be deterred, by being driven too hard at first, from persevering in his republican career. He explained in few words to the candidate, that the constitution of the society was founded upon three grand universal principles, namely, Liberty, Equality, Humanity. That all members were required to give a solemn assurance that they would on all occasions, by word and by deed, at home and abroad, by night and by day, in peace and in war, strive to advance and promote the extension of these three funda-

mental doctrines. That no subscriptions were called for, as a necessary condition of the club, as it was deemed advisable not to adopt any regulation which might have the effect of excluding even the poorest from the association ; but that any donations were most thankfully accepted by the society : and that, in fact, they had in this respect adopted one of the principles of the early Christians, and deemed it in the highest degree laudable for any one to sell all his worldly goods and offer them up upon the altar of republican virtue. He should merely finish his few words by repeating the observation with which he had begun, that the three fundamental principles of the society were, *Libertas, Equalitas, Humanitas*.

“Well,” interrupted Lord Fletcher, not having as yet expressed either dissent or assent to the three great principles of the society, and encouraged in his hope of discovering still more of the arcana, by seeing the president led on by his own eloquence, and the sense of his own importance, to say more than discretion would, perhaps, have allowed, “Well, and when all this is acceded to, what follows ? What is the form of admission which you propose that I should go through ? What means have I of recognizing the fellow members of the same fraternity, if I should chance to meet them elsewhere ?”

“Rien de plus facile !” rejoined Sansargent, “je

vais vous expliquer tout cela. If you meet any person in society whom you imagine to be one of us, take an opportunity of drawing him into a corner, and in the course of conversation contrive, by way of giving emphasis to some particular sentence, to lay your right hand on his left shoulder; if he understand the signal he will immediately place his own right hand upon his heart. To carry the thing on more securely, and to avoid mistakes, you will now pronounce the two syllables ‘vive la ——;’ ‘democratie!’ will be immediately supplied by the challenged party, and your mutual confidence fully established.”

“This, then, is the whole secret of the association,” asked again Lord Fletcher enquiringly, “and I have nothing more to learn?”

“Nothing more,” answered Brutus, “except that you have to make a few declarations on the word of a citizen, which is the form adopted by us in lieu of an oath: as, for instance, that you abhor, abjure, and utterly detest, the very name, office, and existence, of kings; that you will do your uttermost to extirpate all forms of monarchy from the face of the earth; that you hold utterly unworthy of any civilized community all hereditary distinctions; that you will ever be ready to set your foot upon the neck of an aristocrat—”

"Hold!" said Fletcher, drawing himself up haughtily, and stamping the ground with his foot, "are you mad? or do you imagine me to be so? Would you have me swear my own condemnation? Would you entrap me into a declaration that I am a partizan of equality, forsooth? What mean you by equality? of property? let me tell you it is impossible, for the very nature of trade and of liberty will ever make one man richer than another; of rank? the impossibility of the second results from the impossibility of the first, for the rich will, as long as human nature lasts, be treated with some sort of deference by the poor. I will make no such declarations, either of the one kind or the other. I renounce you all, and I demand immediately free egress from your company."

"Que voulez vous donc?" said Boivin, mildly laying his hand on his shoulder and endeavouring to soothe and to silence him; but the ferocious Boucher, the very man who had exposed to Fletcher his own utter want of principle in the morning, the very man who had received so great a personal favour at his hands, and who had shewn himself so ready to do "tout pour la tripe" at dinner, now rushed up and collared him; he was a man of immense strength. The united force of Boivin and Fletcher seemed utterly insufficient to shake him off; and,



indeed, Boivin, from his own extremely high sense of violated principle, and his great attachment and firm belief in the doctrines which had just been repudiated by his friend and patron, struggled but feebly in his favour, he wanted the *vis animi*, which is of so much force in a dispute of this kind. Fletcher was just losing his balance, and would have dropped upon the ground exhausted, had not the herculean Sansargent interposed. Naturally slow of intellect, and stupid to the last degree, he could not bring himself for the first few seconds to understand exactly the full force of what Fletcher had said. Determined, however, that young Boivin's friend should not be murdered in cold blood, he clasped his arms round the shoulders of the struggling and indignant Nasica Boucher, and by the mere effort of superior bodily strength, lifted him fairly out of the apartment, and set him down on his legs on the outer floor; then taking Boivin by the arm, he led him likewise through the doorway, and without noticing our unfortunate initiate, closed after him the massy gate, turned and double-turned the key, which creaked ominously with rust, and left him in utter darkness, carrying out the only candle in his hand.

## CHAPTER IV.

LORD FLETCHER now found himself in the situation of Moses when the candle went out; for, both literally and figuratively, he was *in the dark*. He thought of the black-hole in Calcutta, of being walled up in a nunnery, of being buried alive like a vestal virgin at Romè, of being starved to death like a primitive Christian, of having his assassination attempted by a black slave like Caius Marius—and, at all events, he endeavoured to make up his mind to go through his martyrdom with spirit. Being of a nervous and desponding disposition, he had little doubt that in some way or other his life was to be forfeited. He endeavoured to catch some glimmering of light, by placing his eye closely to the crevices of the boarded door—but the planks of oak were double, and laid transversely one over the other, so that no single wandering ray could pierce the impassable barrier. He set his ear against the cold and damp frame-work, and endeavoured to

catch some sound, which might at least indicate to him whether the whole meeting was in an uproar or not at the indiscreet sally which he had made in the cause of aristocracy; but so opaque was the obstacle which intervened between himself and the assembled multitude, that he vainly sought to distinguish one sound from another. A confused humming noise at intervals, which again subsided into a dead and utter calm, was all that met his ear, and at last, fairly tired out with listening and watching in vain, he sate down on the floor of the narrow cell, and resigned himself, with all the patience that he could command, to his unhappy destiny.

The only furniture which he could recollect having observed in the room consisted of a stone table, firmly fixed to the ground, and two immovable stone seats, which ran on either side of it. Upon the table a hole, scraped with a chisel, had served for an inkstand, and a short faggot-stick had supplied the place of a pen, wherewith the names of the members of the club were daubed consecutively upon the white stone walls of the cellar; others had again been still more rudely inscribed upon the ceiling with the smoke of a candle. Having at length groped about till he discovered the faggot-stick, which he laid hold of in the dark by the inky end, Lord Fletcher set himself industriously to work

with this rude machine, with a view to pick the lock, and effect his escape. Finding himself defeated in this desperate attempt, which at best could only have made his resemblance to Daniel in the lions' den more complete, by throwing him at once into the circle of his enemies, he next commenced a violent assault and battery on the door with his hands and feet, kicking and striking it so loudly, that it seemed as if the devil himself must have heard, even had he been shut up in the bottomless pit. He forgot that if the people outside could not be heard from within, where all was silence, it was not likely that his solitary efforts should penetrate through all the noise and confusion of the crowd without. In vain he called on the names of Boivin, and of Sansargent; in vain he even shouted to the police to come and deliver him; he was fairly enfoncé, and nothing seemed more improbable than that he should be delivered, at any rate, on the present evening, from his "durance vile."

The debate in the assembly was on the subject of the return of the Abbé Gregoire, the regicide, to the Chambers during the restoration, and many speeches were delivered, to show that it had contributed more than any other event to show the strength of liberal feeling in the country, and ultimately to accelerate the second fall of the Bourbons. It was already late

when Louis Boivin, surnamed Cimon the just, rose to address the audience. "Comment, citoyens!" he exclaimed, "are we indeed on the verge of asserting by our votes, that the triumph and promotion of a king-killer is an advantage to the cause of the people? Let kings, I say, be deposed, but let them not be murdered. The Abbé Gregoire himself said in one of his most celebrated speeches, that the history of kings was the martyrology of the people—let it not be written in reverse, when success comes to our turn, that the history of the people is the martyrology of kings! Let our principles be rather copied from those of Brissôt, and his coadjutors, the Girondists, who, enemies as they were of the forms of royalty, never displayed any virulence against the person of a monarch. Bloodshed is an evil, even with the strongest palliations; violence is to be avoided, even where there seem the most plausible justifications to excuse it. We may admire the sentiments avowed by Citoyen Robespierre, or even by the arch-leveller, Jourdain; but the sanguinary ferocity of the first, and the epithet, coupe-tête, applied to the other, show us that they are not names to be boasted of, or quoted in our vocabulary of the great men of France. In the despotic times which cursed our country for so many centuries, it is true, there is a dearth of names consecrated to the cause

of liberty. England may appeal, with honest pride, to the names of her Hampdens, her Sidneys, and her Russels—but we only disgrace ourselves by seeking parallels to these amid the bloody annals of our own revolution. Let it be our glory to produce in our own generation luminaries which shall vie with the most noble offspring of the British constitution; dedicated, indeed, to liberty, and to the progress of equality, but ever attentive to the interests of that third article in our charter—a cosmopolitan and universal humanity.”

The speech of Boivin was received with various expressions of applause and dissatisfaction. It produced a moving and sensible effect upon the assembly, but the majority of voices were against it. Even Boivin himself, as he sat down, elated, for the moment, by the rush of his own eloquent feelings, and pressed his hand to his throbbing and burning temples, could not help taxing himself with inconsistency, and asking himself if he fulfilled to the letter the humane and virtuous doctrines which his reason as well as his disposition taught him to espouse. “Why is it,” he enquired of himself, “that I am even now at this moment engaged in the illicit manufactory of a large quantity of gunpowder? Why is it that I have laid out to-day my very uttermost franc for the purchase of muskets?

Have not I myself said that all shedding of blood is criminal, and that all violence is to be avoided?" and he laboured, by bringing all the sophistical arguments together that he could think of, to palliate to his own mind what he perceived to be a glaring and obvious inconsistency.

Sansargent, the president, characteristically wound up the debate with a vile and coarse anecdote, directed against the legitimate birth of Louis Philippe himself, which was received with roars of laughter by the eager audience. "Eh bien!" said the orator, "Madame Egalité herself, the mother of our '*best of republics*,' was she more faithful find you to her private duties, than her son is to his public ones? If she looked as high as the throne for her husband or her son, do we not all know that she aspired no higher than to the coach-box for her lover? Have you not heard the story of M. de —, the Carlist, who, driving in his cab the other day, met Louis Philippe's carriage, and drove straight up against it on purpose? 'Don't you know how to drive better than that?' cried a National Guardsman, running up to disengage the locked wheels, to allow the royal equipage to proceed, 'Non,' said the Carlist, looking coolly in at the window, 'mon père n'était pas cocher.'"

This, although totally foreign from the subject

of debate, added another leaf to the crown of Brutus's popularity. A real demagogue should keep a book for the scandalous stories of great people, such is the vicious appetite of the crowd for hearing evil of their betters. The ballot was now taken, and out of about ninety persons present there were found only five who voted with Boivin, that the countenance shown to the regicide Grégoire was not creditable or salutary to France, and these voted as they did, probably more through their friendship for Boivin, or respect for his personal character and influence, than from any deepfelt conviction of their own upon the subject. The crowd slowly dispersed. Boivin was left alone with Sansargent in the vast subterranean apartment. They smiled as they looked at each other, and both hastened at once to unlock the iron-girded door which confined the unfortunate Lord Fletcher to his narrow cell.

"I hope you have not suffered much in this very uncomfortable place," said Boivin, taking him affectionately by the hand; Sansargent slapped him heartily on the shoulder, asking him how he liked a republican drawing-room; and Fletcher himself, with his eyes blinking at the sudden restoration of the light, and shivering with the excessive damp of his sojourn under ground, although in the middle of summer, was glad to lean on his two friends' arms



as he advanced through the outer room, and mounted the old stone staircase to depart.

"Where is Boucher?" was one of his first questions.

"He is gone home," was the reply.

"Did he leave no message for me? Did he make no inquiry? Did he offer no explanation of his violent conduct?"

"On the contrary, we had the greatest difficulty to prevent his reporting what had taken place to the people," answered Sansargent; "and had he not been afraid of my cudgel, he certainly would have done so."

"I shall remember him next time I see him," said Fletcher, quietly; and to turn the conversation from his own situation, which he felt to be rather ridiculous, after some further explanations had taken place, he inquired into the result of the debate.

"Oh! talk not to me of the debate!" exclaimed Louis Boivin; "ask my friend Sansargent;—prejudice and passion are sure to predominate over the arguments of reason. It is in vain that I hold up as examples to my countrymen the glorious names that decorate the page of English history—they do not yet understand freedom—we are as far from being ready for a republic as ever—they mistake violence for justice, and think they show magnanimity by committing murder."

"And yet," replied Lord Fletcher, "your country is, at least, as far advanced as ours is in that sort of constitutional liberty which opens to the lowest birth the highest offices of the state, and recompenses merit by confiding to it the offices of greatest trust, honour, and emolument. In England, on the contrary, aristocratic distinctions, and the necessity of family connections, or else of supple subserviency to patronage, flourish as if in their peculiar soil,—all is done by favour. It is true that some men of plebeian extraction, as an Eldon or a Peel, have risen to the loftiest eminences, and assisted to wield the destinies of their own nation, and even of Europe. But this has not been in spite of aristocratic ascendancy, but through it, and with it. It is because they rowed with the stream; because they have been the advocates of Toryism and family influence, that they have been allowed to exert their talents so usefully to the cause which they sustained. But look to the other side of the picture—look to the fate which attends the champions of the people's liberties. Fox was of an aristocratic family. But let me ask you what was Sheridan's fate, directly that he tried to make himself independent, and to live away from the shade of patronage? Canning was a man of the people by birth; and so long as he favoured abuses, he flourished; but no sooner had

he begun to play the part of a Liberal, than they hunted him to death. Brougham has had to contend with more virulent attacks than any man living. And what an impossibility does there not seem of such a man as Roebuck, notwithstanding his commanding talents, ever holding office! But in France, M. Thiers, a newspaper editor, may ere long be prime minister. Who was Casimir Perrier?—A banker. Who is M. Guizot?—A professor. Who is M. Dupin?—A lawyer. And yet these are the people who govern France, and you complain of despotism, and talk of looking to England for the models of your imitation.”

“I will tell you,” said Sansargent; and it must have been an obvious remark to strike one so notoriously stupid, and so habitually dull as our friend Brutus; “I will tell you what strikes me much more forcibly in England, as far as I can collect from what I hear in conversation and what I read in the newspapers, I mean the unjust and vain attempt to put down Radicalism by ridiculing poverty. People’s political opinions are represented as necessarily of no value, because they cannot afford soap, nor to be shaved more than once a week, as if this were not more their misfortune than their fault. Shew that their judgment must be weak through their want of education or of information, if you

like ; but do not attempt to laugh at what is by no means laughable, lest the ridicule revert upon yourselves."

"You are perfectly right, citizen," replied Fletcher ; "one fashionable writer holds up to ridicule what he is pleased to designate 'the cold-beef and pickle-cabbage order;' another talks about 'opinions redolent of gin and beer, garlic and onions;' as if they would be more sound or more valuable if impregnated with musk : but you, Boivin," continued he, after a pause, and reverting to the line which he had taken in the debate, "remind me frequently of a character which I have often much admired, and one of the few exceptions to the violent excesses of your great revolution,—I mean the noble-minded Barbaroux. Young yet decided, spirited yet ever amiable, he was one of the first to take part with the early republicans, and one of the first to separate from them when they proceeded to disgraceful extremes, and though he began in arms in favour of a democracy, he did not shrink from a fate which I hope may never be yours, when it became necessary to seal the moderation of his opinions with his blood."

At this conjuncture Brutus Sansargent separated from his two companions, in order to take a nearer street which branched off in the direction of his

home. This gave Lord Fletcher an opportunity of narrating to Boivin the story of Boucher's behaviour in the morning,—a circumstance which he never would have revealed, perhaps scarcely remembered, had he not felt himself justified in doing so, both by Boucher's subsequent treatment of him, and to explain the fact of his having been entrainé into a party so little congenial to his still very aristocratic ideas. Even now he confined himself to the circumstance of Boucher's having borrowed the money, and said nothing about the still more atrocious fault of his having gambled with the funds of the society of which he was the treasurer.

The two friends also, Fletcher and Boivin, were anxious to ask each other many questions respecting the progress of their respective loves. The ensuing morning was the day appointed for Chantilly races; and Fletcher said jocosely that one of the main causes of chagrin at being locked up in the dark cellar, was the fear that he might possibly not be let out in time sufficient to drive la belle Olympe to the course in his new phaeton.

“And I,” said poor Boivin; “I, too, am still in love,—ardently, romantically as ever! I see no end of my passion, for its gratification seems as yet impossible; and yet I worship her still like a child. On other points, I believe, I am strong;—at any

rate I am not totally and entirely without character :—but in this—forgive me, my dear friend—I cannot conquer it : night and day she is in my thoughts—I justify it to myself by the reflection that I know her virtues and her goodness of character. We must wait—a few months, or years, or days—who knows ? and then, when France shall have no longer a king, nor Louis Boivin a superior, I shall wed her, and wear her as my proudest triumph and my best reward. Good night, Fletcher.”

“ Good night, Cimon Boivin,” replied the other ;  
“ to-morrow for Chantilly.”

## CHAPTER V.

HUZZAH! for Chantilly. The sun rose gloriously. Not a cloud was to be seen to break the universal blue of the heavens. Lord Fletcher's phaeton was at the door of his hôtel as the clock struck seven, and having already forgotten the adventure of the yesternight, he took the ribbands in his hands with the most exhilarated spirits, scarcely waited for his groom to jump up into the seat behind, and drove rapidly round to the Rue de l'Université to take up his Olympe, who had promised to accompany him, and who was to-day the sole object of his thoughts and his attention. Inconceivable was the number of vehicles of every description which they passed on the road,—fours-in-hand, with the horses going all at sixes and sevens; tandems, of which the drivers held the whip back over the right shoulder, as if carrying a musket, thus keeping up the character of the French as a military nation; groups of horsemen, whose top-boots and buckskin breeches were much

more remarkable than the firmness of their seats. Every species of Anglomania was exhibited on the occasion of this day, so peculiarly dedicated to a sport which may be considered as almost nationally English. Even the jests and the gibes of English grooms and English jockeys were listened to, in the present instance, with the greatest good temper, and repeated by those who could understand them as the good things of the day.

“He’s a good ’os agin collar down hill,” said one of the men from Drake’s stables tauntingly to a poor devil who was doing all in his power to whip up a difficult ascent an old broken-kneed grey, to which was attached a buggy containing his wife and his three children,—

*Ilium in Italian portans, patriosque Penates.*

“Can’t you stop him?” said the same voice to another equestrian, who galloped by evidently much faster than he wished, “he’ll stop fast enough before he gets to Chantilly.”

At St. Denis, the first place of changing horses, was found assembled at the hôtel a large party of Englishmen, who had come from Meurice’s with four horses, and who had just arrived for breakfast, amid much cracking of whips on the part of the post-boys, and the envious gaze of many a fair soubrette from



the windows of the town. These were retailing to the ears of a few wondering Frenchmen, the fun and festivities of an English race-course.

"Cards of the running horses," cried one, "names, weights, and colours, of the riders," a cry which was greedily learnt, and studiously imitated, by a listening member of the Parisian jockey club.

"Now, sir, this little pea, sir," said another, who had already secured three thimbles and a peppercorn from the bar-maid of the inn, "Now, sir, this little pea, now here, now there. If I wins, you loses, and if you loses, I wins. What you don't see, you can't tell; and what you do see, you mustn't say nothink about. Let no gentleman speak as don't play, let no gentleman play as don't lay, and no gentleman lay as don't pay. If I wins, I buys my grandmother a little pig; if I loses, I've got in my pocket more pounds than pence, more pence than half-pence, and more half-pence than 'ould buy all the ha'por'ths 'o gingerbread in that old woman's stall yonder."

While the Frenchmen turned their heads to look for the old woman's stall, the pea was dexterously shifted by the performer, and three napoleons were pocketed, with the satisfactory remark, that every body must expect to pay dear for experience.

"Tell your fortune, sir," exclaimed another wit,

having put on the bonnet and red cloak of a grisette in the kitchen, "By hocus and pocus and Jeremy Nokus, by the rules of higgledy jiggledy riggledy piggledy, I am enabled to see in the lines of your honour's hand, both losses and crosses, and a coach and six horses, which shall sooner or later be the lot of your honour's honour. For copper, I can tell you but little ; for silver, I can tell you a little more ; but for gold, I can give you a full and particular description of that pretty dark eyed lady, the initials of her name, and when you shall first see her : when you shall get a letter from her by the post, and when you shall turn down the sheets upon your wedding night."

Whilst the Frenchman had innocently been giving his hand to the pseudo-gypsy, and listening to her voluble address, another Englishman of the party had adroitly been picking his pocket of his handkerchief and note-book ; which he now came and exhibited, in a manner, to raise a great laugh against the uninitiated Frenchman.

"Now," said another, having doubled a piece of white paper in a hundred folds for the purpose, "you see this is nothing but a plain sheet of writing paper, and yet there is no limit to the number of shapes which, by the power of natural magic, I can make it assume :—it forms a fan, for a coquettish

beauty to flirt with, according to the rules laid down by Mr. Addison in the Spectator ; it forms a table, with all the creases in the table-cloth, just like the famous picture of Leonardo da Vinci ; forms a sofa, for any gentleman to sit down on with his lady-love ; forms a pretty girl's harbour on a fine summer's day ; and lastly," handing it round adroitly to receive the contributions of the company, "it forms a poor man's box."

By this time the horses were changed ; one of the Englishmen, who acted as courier to the rest, and had assumed the regular dress for the occasion, mounted his bidet, and cantered off amid the cheers of the multitude. The rest lighted their cigars, let down their green veils to keep off the dust, put on their mackintoshes, and dashed off at the rate which a French postillion knows how to put on, when he thinks he has got a real milord in the carriage behind him.

"Sacrés chiens d'Anglais," cried an old woman, whose voice sounded familiar to Fletcher's ear, as she narrowly escaped being run over by the vehicle in its rapid passage ; and looking round, he had barely time to recognize the figure of old Madame Boivin, who had actually come as far as St. Denis to see the fun.

Away went the old cathedral out of sight, con-

taining the ashes of a whole dynasty of kings, which were, for this time, passed without even a curse or a sigh by royalist or republican. Away went old Sir Derby Doncaster, who, armed with the handle of one of Crowther's hunting-whips, without the lash, was trotting evenly and steadily along, at the pace that an old hand comes home after a long run; knowing that he should arrive just in time for the start at Chantilly, and having made up his betting book, in such a manner as most effectually to *do* some of the young knowing ones at Paris. By his side rode Lord Harry Yarmouth, who had some horses to run, and Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars, who was tolerated by that noble lord, because he had plenty of money and did not know any thing about it.

"Who is that in the phaeton with Fletcher?" asked inquisitively Mr. Fivebars of his friend.

"His aunt, to be sure," said his lordship, who was a good fellow, and never told anything that could make mischief to a fool.

Meanwhile, the conversation in Lord Fletcher's carriage, which had begun, perhaps, in a complimentary, and continued sometime in an amatory, vein, which would not amuse our readers, changed its tone, and reverted to the topics of the day.

"I believe most of the horses to-day will be

ridden by English jockeys," remarked the lady; "how very odd it is that my countrymen have not yet learnt to ride sufficiently well, to be entrusted even with the management of a horse-race, or that if they are so trusted, Lord Harry Yarmouth can put his groom Tom or Bill upon one of his old screws, and carry off the prize, to say nothing of the bets into the bargain!"

"And yet it is the case," replied Fletcher, "not only in Paris, but all over the continent. At Brussels you will find the same thing; at Vienna too, and even at Pesth in Hungary, you will see a Day, or a Buckle, or a Scott, together with an experienced trainer from Newmarket, an almost necessary appendage of the manège and haras of a Hungarian nobleman."

"How very *gentils* they look, too," remarked his companion, "in their caps and silk jackets, with their pretty little boots, and their saddles over their arm!—don't be jealous—but I really think, if you were not with me, I should fall in love with a jockey."

"Very possible," said Fletcher; "I remember one of my brother Dick's stories of an old Eton dame, when he was at school there, which is rather apropos. The good old lady had come down from Bath inside one of the coaches at the end of the

Easter holidays, and found herself seated opposite a very nice-looking little fellow, whom she imagined to be an Eton boy, and probably already calculated upon as a future inmate of her own boarding-house. She accordingly offered him continually bon-bons and peppermint-drops, presented him with a glass of wine out of her own bottle, asked him to sit on her knee, that he might look out of the window with greater security against the door flying open, and showed him a hundred other civilities, as patting his head, stroking his cheek, and so forth. Arrived, however, at Slough, she was surprised, when she came to offer him a seat in her fly to take him on to Eton, to find him with a whip and saddle in his hand, just taken out of the boot behind.—‘Are you aware, my dear,’ said the kind old dame, ‘that these things are not allowed in the school?’—‘Oh, ma’am,’ said her *compagnon de voyage*, ‘I am Pavis, the jockey, and am come down to ride Hercules for the cup at Ascot.’”

“*Quel contretemps!*” exclaimed Olympe. “At all events I cannot but allow that my countrymen ought to be ashamed of themselves, after twenty years’ peace, and consequently twenty years’ uninterrupted practice, not to be able to do all these things as well as the English.”

“I believe one of the chief reasons,” said Lord

Fletcher, "may be found to consist in the light in which field sports have always been regarded in England. While in other countries an amateur of sporting has always been looked on as in some measure an uncivilized and illiterate barbarian, literature and sporting have for centuries walked hand in hand in our little island. Somerville's 'Chase' is an example of this, which is a long poem, exclusively dedicated to the noble science of hunting. Our sporting magazines, which frequently contain extremely well written articles, and have an immense circulation, are a further instance of the same sort; for in what other country are there corresponding publications? or, at any rate, where are they equally encouraged? We have a writer, who chooses to appear by the name of Nimrod, who shows himself in every thing that he publishes, not only to be a thorough master of his own tongue, but of the continental and classical languages. You cannot read a page without stumbling on a Latin quotation, or an allusion to some passage in a Greek play; and this is sufficient proof that the generality of his readers must be of a class to understand, and appreciate them. I remember, by the bye, a passage in Thomson's 'Seasons,' a work with which you must be perfectly familiar, at least in translation, in which the poet advances my argument considerably, in a

description which he draws of an after-dinner scene at a fox-hunter's house: he says—

———— ‘confused above,  
Glasses and bottles, pipes and *gazetteers*,  
As if the table e'en itself were drunk,  
Lie in a broken scene.’

Now the *gazetteers*, in any other country, would be out of place in a sketch of such a society; but in England it is quite the reverse, and shows how intimately field sports and literary amusements are combined. I do not allude to hunting or racing alone, but what other language can boast a book comparable to Izaak Walton's delightful work upon fishing? The Germans, again, have left it to Sir Humphrey Davy to paint the beauties of their Traun, and describe the fish which it contains, and the mode of catching them;—and yet this deficiency in foreign nations is certainly not for want of interest taken, or money spent. For instance, I know no stables in England, not even in Leicestershire, built on such a lordly scale as that noble pile yonder at Chantilly. The same may be said of the Schwartzenburg and Esterhazy stables at Vienna; and above all, of those of the King of Wurtemberg, at Stuttgard; but whether it is that the Arab blood is mingled too profusely in their breeds, or that our treatment of a heated stable, and more constant



grooming and rubbing bring the animals better into condition, I don't know; but I think I may say, notwithstanding the numerous exportations of late years, that we continue at present superior, not only in the riding of our jockeys, but in the running of our horses."

Here Lord Fletcher, who it is superfluous to say, had long since arrived on the course, and was bowling on the soft turf, after the conclusion of the first race of the day, was suddenly interrupted in the midst of his eloquent discourse by a tap on his right arm; and looking round, he perceived to his great horror and disgust, his friend Nasica Boucher accosting him with the greatest possible effrontery, and the best countenance in the world—

"Bon jour, mon cher," said the unblushing republican; "how are you to-day? I have just had a confounded misfortune:—I have lost every farthing of that two hundred and sixty pounds on the last race—that cursed Lord Harry Yarmouth has floored us all with his devilish bay mare. Just have the kindness to lend me a couple of thousand francs, there's a good fellow."

Lord Fletcher, who was prevented jumping out to horsewhip his late friend, by recollecting he had a lady in the carriage, merely flogged the horses instead, and was presently out of hearing of the

importunate adventurer, without even deigning him a reply, negative or affirmative. The sight, however, of this individual was enough to sicken his lordship of his day's sport; and taking advantage of an expression of fatigue or ennui, which shortly after escaped his companion, he turned the heads of his horses again towards Paris, cursing himself most heartily for ever having been such a fool as to associate with such a lowlived rogue as Monsieur Boucher had now proved himself to be.

"Qui est-ce donc?" asked madame, as they were driving home—"cet homme à la barbe noire, qui vous a parlé tout à l'heure?"

"Je ne le connais pas," replied Fletcher.

"Il a l'air tout-à-fait du diable en republicain," said Olympe; and she gave Fletcher a kiss, as it was now dark, and they both descended together at the door of her hôtel.

## CHAPTER VI.

UNFORTUNATELY for Lord Fletcher, Monsieur Nastica Boucher was an individual whose person and pursuits were far too well known to the police of Paris, to let it be a matter of small import to them with whom he associated, or from whom he received countenance and support. It is probable that even the nocturnal visit of the English nobleman to the Barrière du Trône was not altogether unknown to the vigilant agents employed by the French government: at all events, the brief rencontre on the race-course had been narrowly observed, and although the grounds on which to build suspicion were sufficiently narrow, our young liberal found himself on a sudden the object of the closest scrutiny and the most distrustful regard. No letter which he sent or received escaped having its seal broken and its contents examined by the authorized agents of the police at the post-office. He never even left his lodging, morning,

noon, or night, without being followed and observed by persons hired and instructed for the purpose. Had he been a poor man, or an individual of obscure birth and little consequence, such precautions would not have been esteemed necessary,—but a radical lord, a republican aristocrat, a revolutionary exclusive, appeared to the eyes of the Parisian responsible officers, such an anomaly in nature, that they could not understand it, and they looked upon him as a naturalist would upon the megatherion, or any other rare and unknown monster of creation.

The extreme activity of the continental police, and the accuracy with which they are informed of the minutest movements of those persons whom they may choose to place under their especial surveillance, can scarcely be imagined by those who are acquainted only with the independent machinery and free institutions of England. It might probably be an exaggerated anecdote which we were once told at Vienna, but at any rate it will serve not inaptly to illustrate the case in point. We allude to a story repeated to us of a certain British ambassador at the court of the emperor. One day a courier came through, on his way from Constantinople, who was travelling express, and had received implicit orders to stay on no account more than a couple of hours in the Austrian capital. He called,

however, as is usual, at the embassy, to know if there were any despatches for him to bring on to London. At the embassy, only the secretary was to be found, who was nevertheless certain that there was something to be sent, but knew not where at the moment he could be sure of finding his principal. The butler, the footmen, and the grooms, were dispersed in every probable direction over the town, to bring home their lost master, but without success. At last, the time being nearly elapsed, it occurred luckily to the secretary that he had heard many stories of the universal information and omniscience of the police, and he thought to put it to the proof by sending to the head office to know if they could tell him where the British ambassador was then to be found.

“Wait one instant,” said the inspector, “and I will tell you.”

Then returning into the room, after having consulted either some register or a subaltern employé of the bureau, he replied,

“Yes, certainly; his Excellency is now sitting in the compartment No. 10, of the Imperial Library, reading Gibbon’s *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. He is at this moment occupied with the fifth volume, and is at the 322nd page; and accordingly the messenger found the minister in precisely

the very spot, and pursuing the very occupation which had thus been so accurately described.\*

Lord Fletcher, however, was obliged to be rather more careful than he might otherwise have been of his movements, by the double circumstance of his own father and family having now returned to France, and although not actually resident in Paris, having taken up their residence in the very contiguous spot of Montmorency, and also by the position of the eldest sister, who was now actually married to the Count de Carbonelle, and inhabited with her husband his magnificent hôtel in the Fauxbourg St. Germain.

\* The following account, given by Madame de Staël, of the manner in which she was subjected to the espionage of the police at Vienna, is amusing and characteristic.

“ Or, voici leur manière de surveiller. On établit à ma porte, dans la rue, des espions qui me suivaient à pied, quand ma voiture allait doucement ; et qui prenaient des cabriolets pour ne pas me perdre de vue dans mes courses à la campagne. Cette manière de faire la police me paraissait réunir tout à la fois le machiavélisme Français à la lourdeur allemande. Les Autrichiens se sont persuadés qu'ils ont été battus, faute d'avoir autant d'esprit que les Français ; et que l'esprit des Français consiste dans leurs moyens de police. En conséquence, ils se sont mis à faire de l'espionnage avec méthode ; à organiser ostensiblement ce qui tout au moins doit être caché : et destinés par la nature à être honnêtes gens, ils se sont fait une espèce de devoir d'imiter un état jacobin et despotique tout ensemble.”—*Œuvres Inédites de la Madame Baronne de Staël*, vol. iii. p. 179.

It was probably the latter circumstance, which was the real cause, though not alluded to in the letter, which induced our friend George Grainger, about this time, to address Lord Fletcher as follows. The epistle in question arrived as usual, with its seal broken, and we hope its perusal might have relieved in some measure the dulness of a policeman's occupation.

LETTER FROM GEORGE GRAINGER TO LORD  
FLETCHER.

MY DEAR FLETCHER,

I am coming to Paris, and shall be much obliged to you to engage two beds and a sitting room for Lord Arthur Mullingham and myself, at the Hôtel Bristol, in the Place Vendôme. I believe my sudden resolution is owing principally to a dinner which was given us yesterday by the Hon. Mrs. Scraggs, when we could get nothing to eat but grilled pump-handles with tincture sauce, and mallets and chisels sautés in sawdust: such, at least, appeared to be the fare to Mullingham and myself, for we neither of us tasted it, and we now require to have our appetites re-established by a little Parisian cooking. I also want some more of Concanon's boots; so you may tell him to get me half-a-dozen pair of the thinnest patent leather ready against my arrival. The Kilkenny Cat, Fitz-Water-

ton, is still *trying it on* with the honourable and disagreeable Mrs. Scraggs's second daughter, and I should think if he can keep the *bums* off a little longer, he may probably succeed. On returning home the day before yesterday, he had a suspicion that there was a writ out against him : he therefore knocked cautiously at the door of his lodgings, and, as he had surmised, he found it opened by a sheriff's officer. Luckily his person did not happen to be known to this individual, and the Kilkenny cat never loses his presence of mind. He therefore immediately said—' Pray is Mr. Fitz-Waterton at home ? ' ' No, sir,' said the sheriff's officer, ' indeed he is not : I am waiting to see him.' ' Can you tell me where I am most likely to find the blackguard ? ' replied the ready Hibernian :—' 'faith he owes me a power o' money ! ' ' What ! has he been and *done* you too, sir ? ' said the bum-bailiff compassionately. ' Indeed he has, and I must be off after him,' answered Fitz-Waterton ; and so saying he disappeared by a Greenwich coach, and probably will not be visible again in London for some time. As to myself and Mullingham, we manage to get through the days and nights pretty well, between the opera and Mivart's coffee-room. In August I go down with him to his father's place, to shoot grouse, and if I kill nothing else, at least I suppose I shall manage to kill time. When I want



my handkerchiefs well scented, I pay a visit to young Endymion Loto, who has recovered from his wound in the duel, and now says that

“ The sovrein’st thing on earth  
Is ‘parmacity for an inward bruise.”

I believe, by the bye, that he is starting for the embassy at Paris. I have also been attempting a sketch of Mrs. Blandford and her two eldest children, which is ‘to appear in next year’s Book of Beauty, with the very apposite inscription of ‘The Passion Flower and Two Buds.’ If you don’t understand the language of the flowers, consult Ophelia, in Hamlet; or perhaps a living authority would be better. I had a letter the other day from old Carmandale, who is coming home shortly, on leave, from Naples; I suppose to give his proxy to ministers. He says his old German servant, Anton, is grown so lazy that he wishes me to look out at Tattersall’s for a horse for him to ride round the table on. He has also given me innumerable commissions, as you may suppose, with regard to snuffboxes and rococo china. A propos of snuffboxes and tobacco; I have made a famous collection of hookahs, kalyhans, tchibouques, and meerschaums, and I hope we shall puff many a whiff together at Paris, notwithstanding that smoking puts one in *mauvaise odeur*, metaphorically as well as literally with the women.—Adieu.

GRAINGER.

Lord Fletcher had only just sufficient time, after the receipt of the above letter, to secure the apartments, when he was agreeably surprised by the arrival of his friends themselves. One of the first topics of conversation, was naturally a complaint on the part of Fletcher, of the scrutiny to which, not only his correspondence, but his personal proceedings, were subjected by the police of Paris.

“Really,” said he, “things are come to such a pass, that the very stones prate of my whereabouts.”

“Soyez tranquille,” replied Grainger, “what do you think happened to me, on the occasion of my passing the Salzburg douane last summer, on my route from Italy to Vienna with Mullingham? You must know in the first place, that I had passed the Austrian frontier at the same point some two or three years previously, on which occasion I carried a passport taken out in London, in which I was described as a barrister. In the more recent instance, however, I had a French pass, in which I happened to be styled, *Gentilhomme Anglais*; and will you believe it possible, that I was detained three hours, and private information was forwarded to the capital on the subject, ‘because,’ as the agent of police expressed it, ‘it was an extraordinary thing that a man should be a barrister at one time, and a gentleman at another.’ The fact is, that all mem-

bers of the legal profession are *gens suspects* in Germany, and a great deal so in France also; and to call yourself Herr Advocat in the former country, is like writing yourself down revolutionist at once."

"Well! I must say," interrupted Mullingham, "that if all barristers go on in the same way that you have pursued lately in London, the police are perfectly justified in taking them under their especial patronage. I never knew you lead such a wild life before."

"What a convenient expression that is of yours, *a wild life!*" answered Grainger; "I mean as you use it, in the accepted drawing sense of the word. It means something more than it seems to say always, and something which is not to be conveyed in any other phrase in the language. It does not mean, exactly, Jonathan Wild, nor yet Sergeant Wilde, nor yet a wild man of the woods, nor the *homme sauvage* of Rousseau, nor the Belle Sauvage of Ludgate Hill; but it means a man who smokes real regalias, drives his cab more than seven miles an hour, bets five pound notes on the odd trick, frequents Tattersall's, and goes often behind the scenes at the Opera. A recent reviewer in the Quarterly complains bitterly, that the word '*wild*' has been made, by modern rhymers, to commit adultery with every noun substantive in the dictionary, ever since

that bard of the sorrowful countenance, Lord Byron, set the fashion. It is certainly true, that it has had a great run in modern poetry, but it has been still more useful to young ladies and their mammas, who, when they want to describe leniently the errors of some good-looking favourite, always say, as they do of Fletcher, 'what a pity that he is such a shockingly *wild* young man!' "

"But tell me," said Lord Fletcher, "what is it that you have been doing lately to earn such a reputation? you, who are always so repandu, and such a man of good society!"

"Why, to tell you the truth," replied Grainger, "I committed the imprudence of going to the '*call*' of my friend, Sir Giles Wimbledon, in his chambers in Lincoln's Inn; that is to say, to the party which it is usual to give on the occasion of a man's being called to the bar. After supper, of course we all sallied out together into the street, and visited all the tobacco-shops, beer-shops, gin-shops, and oyster-shops, in the neighbourhood; bonneted two or three jarvies; found a cab-man fast asleep in his cab, and whipped his horse into full gallop, till he woke, dreaming that he was going to the infernal regions. Next, we changed the position of half the sign-boards in London: took down the 'three jolly post-boys,' and put it up over the door of a bishop; put

the 'fitch of Dunmow' against the house of a man who is always beating his wife; hung 'small beer sold here,' upon the knocker of a Temperance Society; the 'pig and whistle,' against the door of a popular preacher; and 'apartments to let furnished,' before the house of an East Indian widow; but the best joke of all is, that we went into Offley's, and there we met that horrible old bore, that they call Toe Barlow, who, of course, immediately volunteered to join our cruising party. Now, as he is a very great nuisance, and moreover, a man with whom you may take any liberties without a possibility of affronting him, I thought it would be capital fun to give him in charge to the police. Accordingly, having put one or two of the party up to the joke, I pretended, just as a policeman was passing, to be at very high words with the old bore, and accused him, in direct terms, of having assaulted me, as well as having attempted to steal my snuffbox. It would have amused you to see the dreadful state of trepidation into which the old devil was thrown. 'My dear fellow, my good friend,' he kept exclaiming, 'this is carrying a joke too far.' 'This is just the way,' said I to the policeman, 'that he has followed us about all night, pretending to our acquaintance, when we know nothing about him, and indeed believe him to be one of the swell mob. Policeman,

do your duty, and take him to the station house.' I followed with the rest to the station house, old Barlow fretting and fuming all the way like a bull, and made a deposition, which was perfectly true, that I had laid my gold snuffbox down on the counter at Offley's, and happening to turn round, discovered it on a sudden in the prisoner's hand, who then had the effrontery to pretend, that he only was going to take a pinch of snuff. However, as the evidence was not conclusive, we gave the policemen five shillings a-piece, and after laughing heartily at Toe Barlow, sent him off to bed in a hackney-coach, and I hope it will do him good."

"And are you really thinking at last," enquired Lord Fletcher of Grainger, "of taking to the bar in earnest as your profession?"

"Never!" replied Grainger, decidedly. "Far be it from me to embark on such a sea, where I see daily so many goodly craft foundering in the waves. What chances there are first against any individual's success! and if you do succeed; if, after years' labour you do acquire for yourself a name, and a fortune, are not your hairs blanched, and your cheeks hollow, and your brow wrinkled? Are not all your tastes, your appetites, your passions, and your enjoyments, fled and faded? It is like spending a life in building a house, in which you may never live. It

is like climbing a mountain to see the promised land, and finding it night-fall when you arrive at the summit, and nothing but a bleak desert before you. No, let me rather make hay while the sun shines! let me rather drink the wine, while the sparkle is yet bubbling in the bowl! Youth is short, and the season of the poetry of the heart is passing away from us even while I speak; so let us order some huitres d'Ostende, and a lemon, and a bottle of Chablis, and a potage à la Julienne to begin with, and then we will make Fletcher tell us about this ball in the Fauxbourg to-morrow."

## CHAPTER VII.

ONE of the first topics on which Lord Fletcher was naturally curious to glean some information from his newly-arrived friends, related to the present life and future intentions of Lord Clanelly, since the escape of his wife. Lord Arthur Mullingham, who was a great frequenter of all the clubs in town, and was, par consequence, quite au fait at all the news and gossip of the place, was well calculated to afford him all the intelligence which he wished on this interesting subject. It appeared that the young earl, who, notwithstanding his ill-treatment of his Italian consort, had always retained for her a degree of passion, and a force of affection, which was only stimulated and increased by the firmness with which she persisted in her rejection of his addresses, after his unworthiness had been once sufficiently established in her mind, had been at first grievously afflicted and entirely borne down by the blow which he received on discovering that she had succeeded



in making her escape. A spoiled child from his cradle, and accustomed to the instant gratification of his will on all subjects in which he might choose to exert it, he could not understand being contradicted, still less being over-reached, by a woman. Habituated as he was to regard the other sex as altogether dependent upon his own, and created almost solely for the gratification and amusement of men, he felt his pride piqued, as well as his tender feelings crushed and wounded, at being outwitted by his wife.

It was observable, too, in London, that on the rumour of Lady Clanelly's escapade being first circulated in society, there was a strong disposition to pity and take part with Lord Clanelly. Whatever his conduct towards his partner might really have been, and however little justifiable the neglect which he had exhibited towards her, both in Italy, and since her arrival in London, he had always studiously endeavoured to keep up his character with the world. His open and cheerful disposition had always secured him a certain number of personal friends, who were the champions of his reputation, wherever they heard it attacked; and as Lady Clanelly had scarcely been seen by any one of his acquaintances, she had enjoyed but little opportunity of securing advocates in her favour. The world, therefore, with

its usual justice, and usual charity, decided that Lady Clanelly was solely, or at least principally, to blame; that her temper and capriciousness had always rendered it impossible for her husband to live with her in comfort, and that in all probability she had gone off with a lover. If, therefore, it was now whispered about that Lord Clanelly had been in a box at the opera with an unknown beauty, or driving one that was perhaps but too well known, in his cab, excuses were kindly made for him, on account of the disappointment and ill-treatment which he was said to have experienced in his prospects of domestic happiness. It was unquestionable, moreover, however great the légèreté and unimpressionability of his character might be on most points, that in this instance he did feel deeply and bitterly. It was, in fact, impossible that Jeannette Isabelle should have failed to create a lasting wound and an ineffaceable impression, even on a heart constructed so frailly and so lightly as his. He was not playing a part, nor acting the hypocrite, when after having made many useless enquiries and researches in different parts of England, he determined to order his travelling carriage, and set out on a tour over all Europe, with a view, if possible, to discover the present retreat of his lost love, and either by persuasion or force to bring her back to live with

him. The idea was, perhaps, a little romantic ; and yet there seemed a greater probability of her having directed her flight towards the Continent, than having remained in England. At any rate, the rapid journey, and the diversity of scenes which it would necessarily embrace, promised better than any other plan to afford him that distraction from thought, and relief from anxiety of mind, which he felt to be essential to his health and his repose. Accordingly Lord Clanelly once more took his departure from England, accompanied only by two bull-dogs, two pistols, and two valets-de-chambre, to prosecute a tour something similar in its object, though different in its circumstances, from that of Cœlebs—from its being in search of a wife.

Another curious anomaly in Lord Clanelly's character, who was in general rightly considered to be insouciant, and a man of little feeling for others, and wrapt up in egotism, was the very great fondness which he exhibited to animals. This love for the brute creation had been, as we have seen above, one of the earliest points of sympathy which had originally brought him and his wife together. The two pet bull-dogs, which he had now selected as his *compagnons de voyage*, and distinguished by the two appropriate names of Griffin and Tartar, became to him the objects on which to lavish all the fund

of affection and tenderness which yet remained in his nature. So necessary is it to every creature to have some one object in the world on which to pour out its feelings of love and kindness! So susceptible are even the worst and coarsest characters of gentleness and softness, although the chord may vibrate too roughly to sound in perfect harmony, with a heart of such delicate construction as that of Jeannette Isabelle!

Griffin and Tartar were never absent from their master: they were with him in his bed-room at night, and at his table in the day-time. It sometimes happens thus, that the persons who appear most unfeeling, and insensible to the appeals of humanity, concentrate in a remarkable degree their fondness and kindness upon some brute animal, affording a practical illustration, by their conduct, of the sentiment expressed by Byron in his epitaph on a Newfoundland dog. We remember once upon a time a celebrated diplomatist in a German capital, being summoned suddenly to return for an interval to England. He had always had the character—I know not whether undeservedly—of being rather a selfish and egotistical person; he seldom opened very communicatively to his friends, and maintained but few acquaintances. The carriage was packed—the horses were ready—the footman had

taken his place in the rumble-tumble—the postillions were raising their whips—when suddenly his Excellency bethought himself of some important point, which seemed to be of the last consequence, by the eagerness with which he let down the window, and beckoned to the crowd on the steps of the hôtel to come and receive his instructions. The Secretary of Embassy took out his pocket-book and pencil—the paid attaché, and three other adolescent diplomates, listened with all their ears. The old butler, the porter, the steward; three grooms, two stable-boys, one housekeeper, and half a dozen maids, crowded round the carriage. At last, “Blackwood,” exclaimed the public functionary, putting on his gravest look, and speaking profoundly, with almost tears in his eyes, to his secretary, “Blackwood, you are entrusted with the care of all negotiations and arrangements in my absence—mind that my white cat, Mooney, gets plenty of milk!” The window was drawn up, the postillions cracked their whips, and the ambassador of his Britannic Majesty rolled away on his route to England.

And so it was with Lord Clanelly:—his rougher nature might be unfitted, perhaps, for the refinements of a lady’s boudoir, but he was not less capable of feeling attachment; and now that the

dearest ties which had bound him to existence were severed, he was fain to take up with his two bulldogs, and to waste upon them that care and attention, which however it might be thrown away on its present objects, had never been sufficiently refined, or sufficiently tender to secure a return on the part of her to whom it had been originally consecrated. We do not say all this in justification or exculpation of Lord Clanelly, but merely in explanation and illustration of the vagaries and diversities of character. His treatment of his wife had been execrable, inhuman, barbarous; but he was one of those men who become at length sensible of their own happiness when it is too late.

Directly he found himself deprived of his wife's presence, he appreciated for the first time in its fullest extent, her excellence. He could act boldly and decidedly, but not consistently for any length of time. On first learning his own bereavement, he instantly broke off the connexion which he had maintained with another woman during the whole period of his wife's continuance with him. Whether he had strength of purpose, and fortitude enough to carry him through in this resolution, we shall afterwards see. A man who acts without principle can never be expected to be constant in any thing.

"Well," said Lord Fletcher, when he had ex-

tracted all these particulars from his informant, Lord Arthur, and as they were now sipping their petits verres and demi tasses at the end of dinner—"now it is my turn to give you all the intelligence I can about the ball to-morrow."

The ball, however, will perhaps better be described by conducting our readers at once into it, and begging them to suppose themselves just descending from their carriage at the steps of a large hôtel in the centre of the Fauxbourg St. Germain. The ball was given by one of the most prominent members of the administration, and as it was to be the last grand assembly of the present season, it was expected to be one of the gayest things of the kind, and every body was to be there.

Lord Fletcher's musical ear caught the air of one of the favourite melodies from *I Puritani* as he entered, and his buoyant and volatile spirits were already exhilarated by the very sound of the harp and violins. His merriment and lightness of heart were not diminished by a compliment paid him in return for his bow, by an old Carlist comtesse who stood near the door, and who told him that she had heard he played like Orpheus, and that in fact no Eurydice could resist him.—(Nota bene, all French ladies of the old school are thoroughly well grounded in Tooke's *Pantheon* and Lemprière's *Dictionary*, or

rather in the subjects of them, which they get up from "La Mythologie des Anciens," and other similar works.)—Another lady did not please him less, by telling him that she had seen him at Chantilly; because he knew that if she had seen him, she must have seen that he had a woman with him in his carriage; and all young men are rather vain of their amours, particularly of hearing them alluded to, even in the most distant manner, provided it is not too condemnatory, by the other sex.

There were all our old acquaintances at this ball:—De Braglia, and M. de Noel the little, and M. de Ladversarie the great—and even the old admiral, and the dowager Mrs. Mac-Rubber, who kept up her old flirtations, as well as her habit of talking to everybody that approached her; she was enthroned in turban-corner, and looked like the queen of the chaperons, the very rose of all the wall-flowers:—conversation fell upon the subject of the Parisian theatres:—

"Ah!" said the loquacious old lady, "France is not what it was when I was young! Those were the times for devotion and gallantry on the part of the men, and unbounded empire, which after all is nothing but our just right, on the part of the women!—In those days, if I entered a box at the theatre with my mother, and allowed her to take



the front seat, which I sometimes did, in order to enjoy a quiet flirtation with some favourite beau in the back-ground, all the people in the parterre were sure to stand up, and cry out 'La beauté en avant!' till I complied with their desire by changing my place. I remember once mentioning casually at a dinner party that I had left a certain embroidered handkerchief at Rouen, and a young man immediately quitted the assembly, mounted his horse, and never rested till he had brought me back my handkerchief to Paris. Another Frenchman, with whom I had a correspondence"—(the dowager did not mention upon what subject)—"whenever he was obliged to leave Paris, always stopped at the first post-house on his route to write me a short note; and he invariably cut a large gash in his hand with the pen-knife, and signed his name in his blood. Those were the days, Lord Fletcher! give me the manners of the ancien régime."

"Take care what you say, madame," said the young Prince Endymion Loto, now made Russian attaché at Paris, and whom Fletcher particularly hated; "take care what you say against modern republican manners—vous êtes républicain, n'est-ce pas, milord?"

Fletcher looked rather savagely at the Russian, and answered—"Je suis Anglais, monsieur; mais,

si vous voulez absolument savoir cela, je trouve qu'une république vaut bien le gouvernement de toutes les Russies."

"Très bien répondu!" exclaimed the old dowager; but Fletcher felt disgusted and dispirited at the asking of such a question, as well as at the impertinent manner in which it had been asked; it sufficed to show him that his conduct and associates, with which he was himself far from being satisfied, had been canvassed and made the subject of invidious remark in those circles of which he was properly himself a member. The music no longer sounded merry to his ear; he felt unhappy and dispirited, and he left the room.

Meanwhile our friend George Grainger, having been abandoned by Lord Arthur Mullingham, who was actively engaged in a gallopade, strolled carelessly through the rooms, a quiet though observant spectator of the people who were present; their dresses, their dancing, their excellencies, their faults, and their eccentricities. No one knew better than he did how to appreciate the "pose" of a wreath upon a woman's head, or the setting of a diamond hair-comb, or the trimming and shape of a sleeve. No one was a better critic of the grace of motion, whether in comparing an Elsler, a St. Romain, and a Taglioni at the opera, or in judging of the more

measured movements which were at present exhibited before him in a ball-room.

Suddenly, as he entered for the first time the interior salon of all, he was struck by the splendid attire, and, what appeared to him, the commanding beauty of a woman who sate opposite the entrance beneath the wall. He approached, to scrutinize more closely the great good taste of her dress, and the magnificence of her fine figure. Not till he was within a few steps of the object of his admiration, was he aware that he was contemplating the very person who had been, a few months before, the cause of the first real passion probably which he had ever felt. Improved in every way by her marriage, in face, in figure, in toilet, and above all, in manner, she perfectly astonished him.

He remembered the peculiar circumstances under which they had last met and parted; and even Grainger, with all his experience, and tact, and knowledge of the world, felt somewhat embarrassed as to the mode in which he should address her, and he fancied or feared that something like a blush of confusion was visible upon his cheek. He did not half like either, that she should be the wife of another, particularly of a man whom he felt to be so much his own inferior as the Comte de Carbonnell. The eventful night at Lord Landraven's, his awkward

mistake of the bedrooms, the difficulty which he had then felt as to the manner in which he should disclose to her his presence, the strong temptation he had experienced to allow her to extinguish the light, and ascend the bed—and the sudden and heroic effort, as he regarded it, with which he had overcome his evil inclination—all these feelings and reminiscences rushed at once over his brain. He was relieved by the Comtesse de Carbonnell herself beckoning him to her side.

“Come here, Mr. Grainger,” said she, holding up her finger; “come here! *what* a fool you were!”

## CHAPTER VIII.

WE now bring our readers to an entirely new and distinct part of our history: we believe we may say to the principal and leading part of it: for the preceding chapters of this volume may be best regarded in the same light as the beef-steak of a pigeon pie; which, though deriving some factitious importance from its size and weight, is yet far from being the material and leading ingredient of the dish in question. It serves to fill up a vacant corner; and people are very kind if they take the trouble to digest so tough and insipid an article at all.

Richard Bazancourt, who, although we have, as yet, seen but little of him, we wish it to be understood, is the real hero of this history, had, within a short period of that at which we are now arrived, quitted the school, where "grateful science," if science may be poetically understood to mean Latin and Greek,—

"still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade:"

and being supposed to have gone twice a day to chapel for a sufficient number of years, where the head master, like Milton's cock,—

“Proudly struts his *dames* before :”

had been duly transplanted to finish his education, by going to chapel once a day at the University of Oxford, and to continue construing Livy and Herodotus ; with only the additional privilege of being allowed to get drunk without being flogged, and the additional restriction of not being permitted to walk in his hat without receiving an imposition. As he was the *Honourable* Richard Bazancourt, and his father had promised him the very liberal allowance of eight hundred pounds a year during his University residence, besides his wine and his tutors, which were to be paid extra, he was entered as a gentleman commoner of Christchurch ; and, perhaps, few young men have ever begun their career with a greater reputation for talents, or a greater character, in some particulars, for eccentricity. At school it had always been said of him that he could do what he chose, if he could but be prevailed on to exert himself ; at cricket, at football, at tennis, he was one of the best performers among his contemporaries, and yet he detested playing, and could scarcely ever

be prevailed upon to engage in a match ; he was considered the best rower on the river, and the best fighter in the whole school ; so that whatever his caprices might be, he was pretty sure to be allowed the uninterrupted enjoyment of them, from its being an understood thing that it was dangerous to interfere ; he was, nevertheless, of an exceedingly good temper, and an open and generous disposition ; he was a favourite too with the masters, because, though he was frequently idle, and sometimes absented himself altogether from his tasks, he had more taste in composition, and displayed a more manly and matured judgment in whatever he wrote than any other boy of his age ; his lines were nervous and strong, and stamped with genius : and thus he had come up to Oxford with a rumour that he was sure of the first Newdigate ; and yet, from his irregularity and independence of discipline, bets were freely offered that he would be expelled within his first year of residence. His irregularities, however, did not resemble those of the other young men into whose society he was thrown ; they consisted, not in the low vices and abandoned depravity which disgrace the career of too many of what are called young men of spirit, but in a love of freedom and acting for himself, and a resolute determination to be debarred by nothing from executing whatever project it might

please him to conceive or to fulfil. He never was known to be intoxicated but once, and that was when he was a schoolboy; but it was his habit to steal away, as early as politeness allowed, from the monotonous tedium of a wine-party, and mounting his horse, which was waiting for him at the college gate, to gallop away on some solitary ride, towards Bagley Wood, or the picturesque vicinity of Wytham. There, once arrived beyond the risk of being annoyed by the presence of his everyday companions, he would let the bridle almost lie loose upon his courser's neck, and wander about over the green meadows, and through the long turfy avenues, musing on he scarcely knew what, or rather, upon all possible subjects, till the sun had long sunk behind the hills, and left his glory floating on the wavy west, like the banner on the tomb of a hero.

Many a Spectator paper, for returning to college after the proper hour, which it cost him ten or twenty shillings to have written out by the barber, did he esteem lightly purchased for the privilege of these evening rides. Many a rallying jest from his equals, and many a suspicious innuendo from the college censor, had he patiently submitted to, merely to preserve to himself, unobstructed and uncontrolled, the pleasure of thus being alone.

As a hero, however, is nothing without a personal



description, and, as we intend that our hero should be the best-looking, the cleverest, and the strongest of all the heroes that have figured in all the novels of the last twenty years, we cannot do better before proceeding further, than draw an accurate portraiture of Richard Bazancourt at the age of eighteen years, which was precisely the epoch to which he had attained at that time of our history to which we are now advanced. His figure was tall and commanding, being not only rather above than under the height of six feet, but also distinguished by the breadth of the shoulders, and the expansion of the chest, which added the appearance of great power to that of grace ; his features likewise were strongly and characteristically marked in their expression ; his large full eye was as black and as brilliant as the polished jet, and there was a wildness, sometimes almost a savageness in its excited glance, which bespoke him to be a terrible enemy ; his raven hair too was long and thick, and it covered his head and curled round his broad temples with a profusion which gave a still more romantic expression to his general features ; but his skin was fair and white as that of a petted school-girl ; there was nothing of your pseudo-brigand-and-corsair look about him, still less did he present the appearance of a drawing-room dandy ; his character was unique and peculiar to himself,

but there was always something of melancholy about it; he might be compared, perhaps better than to any other object, to a Titan warring with his evil destiny. He had a beautiful black Arab stallion, called Mahmoud, which had been given him by his eldest sister on the occasion of her marriage with the Comte de Carbonnell, as a sort of memento, probably, that he was not to forget the vow which he had once made her, that he would avenge upon the head of Lord Clanelly the insult which she had received at his hands. And though young Bazancourt could not help feeling rather surprised and dissatisfied at his sister's subsequent marriage so soon after the dissolution of her previous engagement, and although he regarded it as indicative of a levity of feeling, and a transferableness of affection, which he could not understand, and would be never capable of imitating, he, nevertheless, kept buried deep in his heart the mortal hatred which she had first encouraged him to nourish against Lord Clanelly, and he never mounted his coal-black steed without seeing in him a challenge to the fulfilment of his revenge, and a warning fresh as if it had come anew from the lips of his sister.

It may easily be conceived how a heart like his, delighting in solitude, and pleased with gazing at the sunset, unpreoccupied too by any previous pas-

sion, and sensitive to the last degree to all the fascinations of beauty and genius, was open to receive the impression of any passion which might be excited by a worthy object ; the ground was ready, it awaiting only the sowing of the seed. Accordingly, it happened one evening, in the pursuit of his daily ride after dinner, that he wandered into Blenheim Park, and encouraged by the softness of the atmosphere, and the beauty of the scene before him, he had fallen into that indolent state of voluptuous reverie, which Addison has somewhere pronounced to be "the most innocent of our sensual pleasures;" at a distance shone in the beams of the sun, now rapidly sinking in the west, the glittering roof of that magnificent pile which a nation raised to the glory of her bravest champion. Many an old oak in the park around him spread its gnarled branches wide over his head, and their broad fantastic shadows, as they lengthened on the turf, made his steed occasionally start, half in play, half in wickedness, beneath him. The mouldering trunks of some of them, too, seemed ominous to his mind, and were eloquent with ten thousand thoughts of the fleeting grandeur of all human things, and the vanity of riches, and honour, and power, and fame. It was late in the month of May. The deer were brouse peacefully in the long and matted grass, and from

afar the fragrance of a distant clover field was wafted on the wind ; while the rural sound of the mower, sharpening his scythe for the last time before returning home, came mingled to his ear with the distant chant of the cuckoo, or the drowsy horn of the passing insect tribes. All was repose around him. Below lay the lake in the bosom of the valley, smooth and unruffled like a sheet of glass ; and the banks were mirrored on its surface like a lover's words upon the heart of his mistress.

As Richard Bazancourt abruptly turned a corner in his descent towards the water, which seemed from the higher ground lapped in silence and solitude, he was surprised to find himself in the immediate vicinity of two young and beautiful women, who were standing, evidently in an attitude of distress, upon the margin of the lake, and stretching out their arms towards some object which seemed to be struggling in the waves. No sooner did our hero perceive this, than, like a true knight, he spurred his horse, with considerable danger to himself, down the oblique side of the green declivity, and arrived just in time to perceive that the object of the ladies' concern was a large dog, who had been caught in a bed of weeds in the centre of the lake, and seemed entirely exhausted, and on the point of sinking from fatigue. It was evident that but one thing remained to be

done ;—by calling the animal by his name, and throwing stones to make him exert himself the more, the two ladies had only increased his exhaustion, without at all assisting his escape. The poor brute, which was a remarkably fine specimen of the largest Newfoundland breed, whined piteously, for he could bark no longer, and he only just retained strength enough to paw the water with his fore-feet so as to prevent his yet sinking to the bottom ; his tongue trailed out of his mouth, and his eyes looked imploringly towards the bank for assistance.

To jump from his horse, to strip off his coat, and to entrust the bridle of Mahmoud to the fair hands of one of the two ladies, was with Richard Bazancourt the work of an instant. He immediately sprung into the lake, and swimming with a speed and a strength which astonished those who saw him, arrived in less than half a minute at the spot where the dog was yet struggling with the waves. Carefully avoiding to entangle himself with the same mass of weeds, by swimming lightly on the surface, he succeeded dexterously in disentangling the hind legs of the poor animal, who made the best of his way to the shore ; while Richard Bazancourt, swimming with twice the rapidity, easily passed the poor beast, and had already landed, and was standing with his horse's bridle over his arm, ready to assist

him up the difficult bank, by the time he arrived at the margin.

Who shall describe the effect which the first glance of that eye, which now for the first time met our hero's, left upon his heart? How can vain language attempt to pencil that which only can be *felt*; *felt*, too, but once,—once in the whole era of man's long weary life,—and which, when it *is* felt, graves, like the lightning the track of its fiery passage, on the breast that is subjected to its fury!

Richard Bazancourt never yet had loved: from this day forth, love was to be the very breath of his nostrils, the very meat and drink of his existence, the very pulse of his life-blood, the very essence and soul of his being;—stealing over him in his meditations, present with him in his dreams, lending a brighter colour and a mellower hue to the cares and troubles of ordinary occupation, creating and hal-  
lowing to itself a new and peculiar employment of hour after hour,—a vision of a different and a new-born era burst upon him;—he looked again into those eyes, and he drunk deeper still of the sweet poison which they distilled. Oh! happy in his hitherto ignorance! happier yet in his fatal wisdom of to-day! how happiest of all men had he been, had he at that moment plunged once more into those waves, and either drunk oblivion there or died!

How well had it been for him, had he now, having dreamt the dream, closed his eyes in an eternal sleep! The fever, the jealousy, the anguish, the murderous wish, the midnight tear stealing down the manly cheek when none are nigh,—the ceaseless, restless, boundless circle of hopes, and doubts, and fears,—the anxiety for others, the ruin though disregarded of self;—all these had been spared him!—for all these were in his destiny,—the finger of Fate had written it on his brow, and he that runs might read it there.

The grace, the dignity, the ease, the suavity, with which the nearest of the ladies turned to thank him for his pains, Richard Bazancourt had never yet seen equalled. Both of the two women were passing fair, and both were young, and both were gentle; and one of them he had a faint recollection of having seen somewhere in the society of the great world in London. At any rate, he was hereafter frequently destined to meet her there, under other circumstances, and in long after days; but it was the other, the lineaments of whose face were perfectly new to him; it was the other that rivetted his attention, and thrilled him with a feeling which he had never experienced before.

“Darling,” said she to her companion; and it was observable that both the ladies spoke in a

slightly foreign accent; "darling, we must go home; my little daughter Florence will be awaiting me; andiamo!" and at the same time, just emerging from behind some trees at a distance, Bazancourt beheld a maid, who had the appearance of a foreigner, from her wearing her cap with large lappels, without any bonnet, and who was leading in her two hands a young infant, which appeared as yet unable to walk without assistance.

"Eccola! mia mignone!" exclaimed the delighted mother; and making a grateful bow to Bazancourt, at the same time a sufficiently distant one, to let him see that it would be displeasing to her that he should follow further, she took her companion's arm, and began to ascend the hill.

Richard Bazancourt remained as if rooted to the spot:—she was gone, and he seemed scarcely to have saluted her. She was vanished, and it seemed like a vision; and yet the sweetness of her voice, the peculiar grace with which she moulded her most trifling expressions, all these rung yet in his ear; and he felt as did Madame de Tesse when she said, "Ah! si j'étais reine, j'ordonnerais à Madame de Staël de me parler toujours!"

As he sauntered slowly through the park on his way home, for he felt it to be a point of honour not to obtrude himself further on the party whom he



had just left,—as he led his favourite horse by the bridle,—and as the old gray-headed porter opened wide for him the large folding gates that lead into the town of Woodstock,—the bells of the church-tower pealed out the well-known chime, which is repeated night and morning at the hour of eight, to the tune of “Marlbrook is gone to the wars.”

How often, years afterwards, when a lone man and a mourner, he returned after a pilgrimage through many lands, through the towns of Flanders, and Belgium, and the North of France, the scene of the same Marlborough’s glory, and still retaining this solitary testimony to his praise,—how often did he hear at night-fall that same sad chime—“Marlbrook is gone to the wars”—fall like balm upon his ear. To others filled haply with the associations of war, and havoc, and blood; but telling to him ever a sweet and soothing tale of peace, and love, and of that dear night, when, by the side of Blenheim’s lake, he had first seen her who was to be to him the pole-star of his life’s voyage, and the day-beam of his destiny! “Marlbrook is gone to the wars.” The melody had magic in it; and its music all night long sung to him in his sleep, and spoke him with a voice of hope. Ah! why must hope so soon give way to miserable and dreary recollection!

## CHAPTER IX.

"YOIX ! old fellow ! hark forward ! hark forward ! hark forward ! hallo there !" these were the discordant sounds, which, together with the smacking of a hunting-whip, and the barking of a brace of beagles, saluted our hero's ear in his own room, as he suddenly awoke at the noise the ensuing morning. "Hark forward ! hark forward ! loo, loo, loo, loo, loo, at him again ! pull him out there, Towzer ; draw the badger ; now Vixen, pull him out of his bed ! hoix ho ! hark away there !"

"Damn your noise ! can't you be quiet ? Tracy, my good fellow, have a little more consideration, I beseech you, for a man's nerves," grumbled out our hero, while he rubbed his eyes, and endeavoured to recall his thoughts, which had been wandering amid far pleasanter subjects, to the actual circumstances and sad realities of life. His imagination had just shewn him in a dream, the image of his heart's idol in Oriental costume, and he had been reclining in fancy with his mistress, beneath the shade of palm

groves, and plantains and acacias, luxuriating on the delicacies of pomegranates and cream tarts. Bob Tracy, however, had no sympathy for such visionary joys ; and having already "taken a considerable part from the solidity of the day,"\* as he and Horace classically expressed it, by sitting up all night over bowls of punch and Havannahs, he now gave unequivocal proofs to Dick Bazancourt, as Canning once said to a drunken member in the House of Commons, "of having made himself more pleasant elsewhere." Bob Tracy was a commoner of the College, and universally considered one of the best fellows of his day:—he was a good wit, and a decent classic:—had been plucked once for his divinity, and rusticated twice for what were called breaches of moral discipline. The cause of his first visit to the country, was his having been discovered to be the author of an epigram, which was found one morning fastened to the door of Dr. Simpleton, one of the dignitaries of the college, who was notoriously the ugliest man of his day, and was celebrated for possessing features resembling those of a horse. The epigram was as follows:—

If the Bible says true, which appears very odd,  
That men are all made in the image of God,  
In Simpleton's face, some unfortunate scrimmage,  
Has terribly batter'd the Deity's image.

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\* "Partem solido demere de die."

This circumstance, together with the fact of his having been known to neigh loudly while the said official was crossing the quadrangle, and there being strong suspicions of his having been the person who had filled Dr. Simpleton's letter-box with oats during his temporary absence from his rooms, had been sufficient to cause his first exemplary punishment. The second case was one of a much graver nature: it was nothing less, than an attempt to deface the beauty of the red gravel of Peckwater, by transplanting thither, with the assistance of several unknown confederates, a vast number of laurel, laurestinus, arbutus, and rhododendron trees, from before the anatomy school in the dead of night. The tutors awoke in the morning, and found to their astonishment, on looking out of their windows, that "Birnam wood had come to Dunsinane." The scouts neglected their work, standing with their buckets in their hands in the quadrangle.

*Miranturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.*

Not contented with this horticultural experiment, Bob Tracy had even dared to represent the head of the college in effigy, and had set him up in the middle of his newly-created jardin des plantes, as the representative of Priapus. Decorum was scandalized; justice must be appeased: a council of the

college authorities was convened, and Bob Tracy was once more driven into exile for three months, which he passed, being the hunting season, in Leicestershire, with Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars, who was his particular friend, and whom he recompensed for his board and lodging, by giving him the best receipt for making gin-punch in the world. It being now, however, the sultry season of summer, poor Bob Tracy was terribly puzzled how to pass his time, for want of being able to hunt:—he was obliged to apply himself, with even more than his usual industry, to what he called, "*laying the dust*," viz. the science of drinking; and the expenditure which he necessarily incurred in "*laying the dust*," made it indispensable for him to pass the remaining moiété of his time in "*raising the wind*."

"Yoix ho! loo, loo, loo, Towzer; at him again there; shake him to rags," continued Bob, at the very top of his voice, notwithstanding the repeated deprecatory remonstrances of Dick Bazancourt. "Come, old devil," said he, "get up, do, and come and breakfast at Tom Cockawhoop's; he's got ten dozen of champagne in his rooms to my certain knowledge;

'Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero  
Pulsanda tellus.'

Then, after breakfast, we'll go to Quartermaine's

stables together, to see his new mare: he wants fifty for her, and I've bid him forty-five, but the devil only knows where I am to get the money if he says yes. Allons! old fellow! let's go to the champagne;" and then addressing himself to the washer-woman, who happened to enter at the moment with Bazancourt's linen, he continued,

" ' Prome reconditum  
Lyde strenua Cœcubum,  
Munitæque adhibe vim sapientiæ.'

Bazancourt," proceeded he, "if you'll come over to Witney with me to-day, I'll sport you a horse, on condition that you pay the turnpikes; for I can get plenty of credit of the stable-keepers, but those horrid pike-men won't take anything but ready money at the gates; and the roads are too hard now to jump over a toll-bar. What do you think of my new song, supposed to be sung, you understand, with a pea-jacket, glazed hat, boots and leathers, and a four-in-hand whip?

" Lord love your souls, my noble masters, I'm an honest dealer, sirs;

If any ge'mman wants a horse to run in harness wheeler, sirs,  
Or looking out for 'acks or 'unters, I'm your man for 'orses, sirs;  
I turns old rips to new 'uns—just like Ovid's *Metamorphosers*.

row dow de dow, &c.

" I rubs a dab o' coal-tar, where their shoulders shews the collar, sir;

I sticks a pin above their eyes, and blows up all the hollow, sir;—

I files their teeth to four year old ; and Squeaker Smith, or Barnett,  
sir,

To know 'em when I turns 'em out, must be the deuce incarnate, sir.  
row dow de dow, &c.

"I gives no written warrants, but I sports my ipse dixi, sir ;  
And if you finds the 'orses dear, remember that I ticks ye, sir.  
You gives your bill at three months' date ;—and trust me there's no  
danger, sir,  
While bran and beans is cheap, and there's three penn'orth in the  
manger, sir.

row dow de dow, &c.

Come, old fellow ! out of bed there, it's past nine o'clock, and almost lecture time, as I'm alive. At him again, Vick. Oh ! Bazancourt, have you heard the last joke of the men at Worcester College ? People used to go and walk in their garden, and come away with large nosebags, which they gathered for themselves : maid-servants, with children, were always seen going away with bundles of roses ; where-upon one of the tutors, who by the way is a master in the schools, inscribed upon a large black board, '*examine, but pluck not ;*' to which Jack Lovett and myself added at the bottom, in allusion to the maids and the children, '*this is the tutors' nursery garden ;*' is it not capital ?" then turning to the scout who entered,

"*I, pete unguentum, puer, et coronas.*"

"Mr. Bazancourt is going to get up and dress himself, don't you understand ?

'Dic et argute properet Neeræ,  
Myrrheum nodo cohibere crinem.'

Do you hear? Why Towzer understands Latin better than you." "*Dog Latin, Sir,*" answered the scout; and Bob Tracy exclaimed, "D—d good for a scout, get some beer at the buttery for yourself," and went on with his song:—

"I never couldn't bear them blackguard cruel-hearted wretches,  
As stuffs their 'orses bellies up with green-stuff like, and vetches;  
They curry-combs their coats off, just to make a show of carcase,  
sir;

But mine, tho' they be rum 'uns just to look at, they be larkers, sir!

"'I don't know how,' says Bill to me, the other day, a chaffing one,  
'I don't much find this trade of ourn no how not a laughing one:  
'The ge'mmen comes and sees the 'orses, trots 'em out and tries  
'em, sir,  
'But, Lord! I'd eat the 'orses, shoes and all, 'afore they buys 'em,  
sir.'"

"Well, Tracy, my good fellow," enquired Bazan-court, as soon as the noise stopped, "when do you intend to reform, and lead a new life? Are you not yet tired of getting drunk, and singing the same songs every night?" "Not at all," replied Tracy, "I shall take orders soon; and then I suppose I must pull up a bit—but I must say I do love a thorough good jollification.

"This little mare as cocks her tail, she never has no ginger, sir:  
Or if she do, it's only 'cause we doesn't like to sting her, sir.



If an angel down from heaven came to get a horse to ride on,  
This bit o' blood's the very beast I'd set his grace astride on.

" That cob goes out to sarve a church ; (Jem, give his coat a rub  
again :)

And when the curate tumbles off, he stands still till he's up again.  
He never says his pray'rs, but, that excepted, there's no question,  
sir,

The 'ors can do 'most any thing but talk :—he's half a Christian, sir.

" This quiet tit will jump, oh ! Lord, I dare say no precise height ;  
But six foot high, at least :—his coat's enough to blind your eye-  
sight.

Since the beaks have took'd poor Tom, it's twice as hard to find a  
buyer, sir ;

He chaff'd a horse so well, did Tom :—he were the sweetest liar,  
sir.

" If any 'ors were trotted up the yard, as goed a limper,  
He'd say, ' you saucy hypocrite ! see does it all for timper ;'  
And if she kick'd him in the ribs, instead of looking bitten, sir,  
He'd cry, ' you lively linnet, she's as playful as a kitten, sir.

" But now the time's so shocking changed !—I don't know how it  
come so :

I scarcely dare walk up the street, I funk them 'orrid bums, so.  
The chandler he won't give no tick : no corn is in the bin, sir,  
And I was forced to put a 'orse-cloth up the spout to-day for tin,  
sir.

" Then bless your hearts, my noble bricks, these things is worth  
your havin', sirs :

They ben't no broken-winded creatures, full o' splints and spavins,  
sirs :

If any ge'mman finds a flaw from muzzle to the stiffe, sir,  
I'll sell them all for nothink :—that's to say the merest trifle, sir."

As the voluble Bob Tracy finished his song, there was a single tap at the door of the room. "A dun for a sovereign," exclaimed Tracy. "Come in," cried Bazancourt, and a college servant appeared, bearing the compliments of the Rev. Mr. Circumflex, the tutor, and a message to invite Richard Bazancourt to dine with him at half past six. Now, although this was intended of course as a great compliment in its way, it greatly "*contrarier'd*" poor Bazancourt's plans for the evening. He had intended to ride over again to Blenheim, hoping that chance might favour him sufficiently to throw him once more in the way of the two ladies of the yesternight. But he now saw no means of putting his scheme in execution. An invitation from the head of a college, or a tutor, in Oxford, is a command; it is like an invitation from the king, or a prince of the blood elsewhere. The scout, who brought the message, as if aware of this, had already vanished, and Bazancourt had no alternative left, but to put on his black trousers, and a white starched cravat, at the hour appointed.

Our hero, moreover, however the present invitation might interfere with his arrangements on this particular occasion, could not but be gratified on the whole at finding himself on such good terms with the college authorities; for, although he enter

tained his own views with regard to university questions on many points, and some of them sufficiently heretical, as wishing to see the admission of dissenters, wondering that any gentleman could stoop to do the dirty work of a proctor, and thinking it absurd and disgraceful that a public body could cause young men to swear to the observance of statutes, which are quite obsolete, and totally disregarded in practice,—yet he was too much a man of the world not to feel the importance of keeping up a good character with *people in place*. Accordingly, when the facetious Mr. Circumflex, on his entering the common-room party, asked him his twenty times repeated question, “whether he was intended for the church?” he took care to answer with the greatest gravity, that he was not intended for that profession; and when Mr. Circumflex added, “You are so tall, indeed, that I should have thought you were intended for the steeple,” he appeared convulsed with laughter at an impromptu which he had heard at least three times a term since he commenced residence.

All the company assembled on the present occasion, with the exception of Richard Bazancourt, who was an *honourable*, and one young nobleman besides, were high in office in the university—professors, doctors of divinity, deans, provosts, and

prizemen. They wore their gowns at dinner, and drank oceans of port wine. Only two topics, however, were mooted in conversation during the whole evening, and even on these there appeared a little reserve, as there were two under-graduates present. The first was the supposed antinomianism, heresy, unorthodoxy, or infidelity, as some did not scruple to call it, of a new professor of theology. He had ventured, it appeared, to pronounce a certain word in reading the church service, *Sabāoth*, with the penultimate long, whereas it was the custom since time immemorial in the university to pronounce it *Sabāoth*, with the penultimate short. None of the individuals present either knew, or paused to enquire, what was the etymology of the word. The only point they differed upon was, as in the case of Ravallac's execution in France, how he should be punished with the greatest possible severity, and in the most exemplary manner. Some said he was a Catholic in disguise, and proposed to strip off his ecclesiastical gown. Others made a Whig and Tory question of it, and voted for turning him out of the university altogether, with a hope of a consequent dissolution of the Whig administration. Many pronounced him to be a Unitarian, others suspected him of St. Simonism, and one stoutly maintained that he was an atheist, and ought to be

burnt. Roasting him alive, however, was decided nearly unanimously by the rest of the party to be out of date, and rather unjustifiably severe: they contented themselves, therefore, by writing circulars to all the non-resident masters of arts; who accordingly arrived a few weeks afterwards from the country, and made a sort of moral auto-da-fè of the Professor, by passing a statute, which incapacitated him from fulfilling, in a great measure, the most honourable functions of his office.

The other question discussed in the course of the evening, was endeavoured instantly to be hushed up by the elder and more discreet of the authorities present. Mr. Circumflex had, however, by this time, become a little tête montée, and was determined to be heard, in spite of the presence of two junior men. Large papers, printed in six-inch letters of red, purple, and yellow ink, had been for some days affiché'd about the walls of Oxford, announcing the arrival in that place of the wonderful and grand discovery, the new Meninaeide-Rododactylo-Melaino-Chruso-Chalcos, to which all members of the university who could procure tickets were invited—admission gratis. It was let out in the course of conversation, that a meeting of Golgotha, or of all the heads and governors of colleges and halls, had been convened expressly for the pur-

pose of discussing the question—first, *what* the Meninaeide-Rododactylo-Melaino-Chruso-Chalcos actually was; secondly, *where* it was concealed; and thirdly, *how* they were to disencumber the university of its suspicious and unwelcome presence. After many guesses, it was carried on the motion of an elderly don, who professed to understand a thing or two more than the rest, and was rather looked up to in the assembly, that the Meninaeide-Rododactylo-Melaino-Chruso-Chalcos was neither more nor less than a gambling table. The three colours of the ink in the advertisements were in the first place regarded as symptomatic. Then the *rodo* and *melaino* seemed to stand for rouge et noir—*chrusos*, for the money to be won or lost—*chalcos*, for the impudence of the people who brought it to Oxford—and *dactylo*, for the *fingering* the dice, or perhaps, as the old don knowingly suggested, for the *bones* themselves. Meninaeide he determined to be merely a flourish to attract notice, as he had a distinct recollection that these were the two first words at the beginning of the Odyssey. “Of the Iliad,” said the young nobleman, displaying his little knowledge of the world by exposing his tutor’s little knowledge of Greek—at the next lecture he received an imposition.

Richard Bazancourt rose to depart, and hunting

out Bob Tracy, told him, to his infinite delight, that his hoax had succeeded à merveille, and thrown the university into utter consternation; for, to communicate a great secret to our readers, Bob Tracy was himself the sole inventor, fabricator, printer, disseminator, and bill-sticker of this much celebrated Meninaeide-Rododactylo-Melaino-Chruso-Chalcos.

## CHAPTER X.

ALAS! and alas! for the luxury and the agony, the pleasure and the pain of boyhood's earliest love! Alas! for its deep devotion and its burning tears; its earnest sincerity, its unblushing purity, its confiding forgetfulness of self, its exalted dignity, its tender gentleness, its haughty pride! Alas! for all who have ever felt, for all who must ever feel so much of joy and so much of sorrow! Better, ten thousand times better, to be born a thing of mechanism, with dull sensibilities and working-day souls; with shoulders fashioned to the yoke they are to bear; with regulated impulses and passions schooled into obedience! Better, ten thousand times better, to wade into the stream of life through the shelving banks and miry shallows, which cold prescription teaches or at least permits, than to plunge at once into the rushing tide, which, though its waves be crystal bright, and the taste of its waters like the milk and honey of the promised land, bears along its victim





on its boiling current to a trackless ocean, an unnavigable waste, a sea without a shore. Men love with moderation afterwards, when the edge of appetite has first been dulled upon an object in which the heart finds no interest: but oh! it is a dreadful thing to love but one first time! to feel but once and for ever the mighty strength of the devouring flame; to be aware of the inevitable desolation it must leave behind it, yet know that it is inextinguishable, irresistible, overwhelming. It is on this account that we say, alas for the boy's first love:—it has too much intensity in it to have much of permanence: it has too much longing for the infinite, the eternal, to be reconcilable with our finite and perishable state. It burns like the conflagration in the night, and beautifies the scene around it with a ghastly radiance; presently the rafters crash, the roof falls in, and nought remains but the dust, and the ashes, and the darkness. And yet while the sweet illusion lasts—while the virgin pulse yet beats quick and audibly in its panting for the strange delight, when the heart is young and the world is new, who is so steeled in philosophy as not to acknowledge that there must be delicious rapture in the dream? Who that has fed the first cravings of desire with the thankless kisses of a wanton's lip: who that has cast the pearl of innocence into the forbidden wine-cup, and drained it till sensation is

deadened into satiety, but must envy those fresh and feverish sighs, those fervent vows of rapturous inexperience, in which the sense and the soul move hand-in-hand together, and the innocent affections peep out through the amorous windows of the eyes? And, after all, how many there are, how very many even of those few whose hearts are moulded of nature's softest clay, susceptible of the finest impressions, capable of the noblest emotions—how many there are even of those few, to whom destiny had denied the bliss of meeting in their youth an object worthy to fashion them into love! The dreamy state of indolent repose; the preference for solitude; the admiration of nature, her woods and wilds, her mountains and her streams, all these are symptoms of that restless mood of vacancy which the heart experiences while yet it feels only the poetry of love without its passion, and builds its rude altar to the Unknown God. But when the kindred soul is once discovered invested in a form of beauty; when a palpable direction is once given to these refined abstractions—then it is that a world of delight bursts upon the lover's eyes like a new creation: the golden harp was ready before for the touch of the minstrel, but it is now that its strings vibrate, and become vocal with the melodies of angels. The sacrifice was prepared before upon the dedicated pile, but it is now that the fire descends from heaven and

kindles the odorous incense ; the Promethean spark electrifies and animates the breathing clay ; nature, which was dear before, seems invested with a double charm ; the sylvan solitudes become peopled with lovely shapes and happy fantasies ; images of light and joy seem dancing in the moated sunbeam ; the waterfall is eloquent with the voice of gladness, and unearthly quires are seen laying in its sunny spray. Between the leafy avenues laughing eyes peep out, and merry faces are seen peering from the mossy caves : the mountains break forth into singing, and the flowers of the field exhale a twofold fragrance, as if crushed by the glancing feet of the fairies. Yet, still we repeat, alas ! and alas ! and thrice alas ! for the love and for the lover ; and alas ! again, for the object of his love ! The flame that wakes the perfume from the nard consumes it ; the wind that scatters its richness, sweeps away but dust ; the finger that stirs the music of the lute, wears out the strings. All, all, is vain ! What have mortals to do with excess, or with intensity ? The wine runs over ; the cup is full ; the heart is broken !

Our hero, Richard Bazancourt, had long been in the condition which we have feebly attempted to describe, feeling the *besoin d'aimer* to excess, yet never having met an object capable of centering and retaining his affections. Now therefore that he

had once caught sight of the being which his imagination had so long painted, and his wildest wishes conceived, his very life seemed endued with a new vigour: he set about even the ordinary occupations of the day with twofold spirit and energy, and an end and a design appeared to give an unknown impulse to his every word and deed.. No wonder that on the evening of the day succeeding his tutor's dinner, he turned his horse's head once more in the direction of Woodstock, and resolved not to rest till he had ascertained the abode of the mysterious ladies, discovered some plan of rendering his acquaintance with them more permanent, and obtained leave to visit them, if possible, in their own dwelling. His was a maiden heart:—his were feelings as yet unwarped by artifice, unpractised in deceit, unhackneyed in the ways of the world. As he urged the willing Mahmoud along the road, so intently occupied were his thoughts with the one great object that he had in view, that he was hardly sensible of the distance he passed over, or of the vehicles which he encountered on the road. Often, six months before, he had traversed the same track, going to or returning from the chase. Then he had been one of the foremost in the run, and one of the fullest of amusing anecdote at the carousal after the return home of the hunters.

Near the spot, which he was now traversing so ra-

pidly and unheedingly, the Duke of Beaufort had one fine morning led his hounds across, after a burst from Ditchley, to try some furze covers on the other side of the road. Now the late Duke, though always polite and even markedly goodnatured to individuals, could not bear, as a general thing, that many Oxford men should hunt with him. The uniform of the hunt is blue, and the Oxonians, who invariably sport a red coat, were easily distinguishable amongst the field, as well from that circumstance, as from their habit of riding over the dogs. On the occasion to which we allude, however, it happened by chance that a foot regiment, marching down to be quartered at Weedon, were approaching by the same route at a distance, and their scarlet uniforms glittered brightly afar off in the sunbeams. "Damn it," exclaimed the Duke in the greatest consternation, "here *are* a pretty lot of Oxford men! Will," to the huntsman: "make as much haste as you can and get out of their sight." Presently, however, as the column advanced nearer, the old sportsman perceived his mistake, and was as glad to shake hands with the colonel of the regiment, whom he discovered to be an old acquaintance, as if he were still himself exclusively a brother of the military profession.

Such stories as these, however, were not the subject of Richard Bazancourt's meditation, as he rode

musingly along the road leading from Oxford to Woodstock. Every nook of Blenheim Park which appeared likely to be the scene of an evening promenade—the lake, the bridges, the monument, the cascade—all were visited, and anxiously searched, but in vain ; no vestige could be either seen or heard of the object of his pursuit. He became frantic with vexation ; he cursed himself, and we are sorry to say, Mr. Circumflex, his tutor, also, for being the cause of his absence the preceding evening.

“ If I had but met with her to-night,” he repeated to himself, “ with this soft murmuring zephyr, with this serene and meltingly blue sky, in the solitudes of these beautiful recesses, on the verdant pathway of this pliant turf, who knows but that the witchery of the lovely scene might have influenced her, and breathed a degree of *attendrissement* into her delicate nature, which would have made her listen with more favour than she would dare confess to herself, to the warm and eloquent appeal that I would pour into her ear !” And as he repeated again and again this reflection to himself, he set the spurs to the sides of poor old Mahmoud, and galloped him along the grassy side of the road which leads out of the park by what is called the Ditchley Gate. He had not proceeded far, when to his great delight, he saw at a short distance a-head of him, the very person whom

he had so much desired to see. She was walking quite alone, in the same direction that he was pursuing himself, and much as he had longed for this opportunity, now that it was suddenly presented to him, under the most favourable circumstances possible, he could not help feeling some degree of embarrassment and awkwardness, as he feared that she might attribute to him a want of delicacy in thus seeming to watch her movements. The recognition was, however, now inevitable : he had advanced too far to recede, and a few more steps of Mahmoud overtook the fair foreigner, and brought our hero to her side. With marked deference and respect he saluted her, and she returned his bow in a manner which shewed that she at least was determined not to be the first person to make any advances towards a further intimacy.

Bazancourt was slightly abashed ; but, summoning up all his courage, at last he said, “ May I venture to hope that you have not so soon forgotten my poor services of the other night, but that I may be allowed the privilege of renewing an acquaintance which so fortunate an accident first enabled me to appreciate ? ”

“ Madame de Staël has said, ‘ Qu’il y a toujours un peu de coquetterie dans les services que rendent les femmes ; parcequ’elles cherchent ainsi à se faire

aimer,'” replied the lady: “as you are exempted from such suspicions by your sex, I will not think so ill of your charity or your humanity as to attribute to more interested motives the very kind assistance which I am grateful for having received at your hands.”

“And not to be behindhand in generosity,” rejoined our hero; “I suppose I must allow an equal exemption from all second thoughts to yourself; although, to tell you the truth, you have rendered me a far greater service to-night than any which I shall ever have it in my power to confer upon you.”

“And how so?” inquired the solitary lady.

“Simply by directing your walk towards Blenheim, which was the only place in the world where I had any clue to meeting you,” answered Bazancourt.

“But,” said the lady, colouring a little at finding her real motive thus penetrated; for, as the reader will surmise, she had walked thus far alone in the secret hope that she might, perhaps, again meet with the young man who had so much engaged and interested her two nights before; “but you must know that the extreme beauty of the evening has tempted me, perhaps rather imprudently, to extend my promenade further than I should otherwise have done. My little girl is far too young to walk, and too heavy



to be carried such a distance often, and accordingly I have no companion ; for my countrywoman, the Italian lady on whom you cast so many glances the other evening, has unfortunately left me to-day."

"If the Italian lady in question is a compatriote of yours, I certainly must plead guilty to having directed many glances towards a certain Italian lady. I hope, however, this is not considered by all Italian ladies a legitimate cause for running away."

"I will certainly take care, when I write to my friend," replied the lady, "to communicate to her all the expressions of regret, and all the polite speeches, which her cavalier made on discovering the misfortune of her departure."

Bazancourt, who felt this as a sort of tacit reproof to his politeness, as he had, in fact, made no expressions of regret at all, could not, however, for fear of being misunderstood as to the point to which his attentions were directed, say more than that he regretted losing the society of any Italian ; for he was so great an admirer at once of their beauty, their country, their literature, and their language, that he almost idolatrized everything which was even connected with the name of Italy. "I sometimes go so far," said he, "as to think with Alfieri, who said that he would rather be the author of ten good Italian verses, than of volumes written in English, or

French, or any such unharmonious jargon, though their cannon and their armies should continue to render their language fashionable."

"I perceive," said the lady, "that you not only love the language, but are well acquainted with its literature. Every body in England does not read Alfieri's memoirs. I well remember with what interest, as a mere child, I used to read his own account of his giving up the chicken which used to be provided for his Sunday's dinner at the school at Turin, to another boy, in exchange for a copy of Ariosto. Is not this an anecdote in which his genius speaks familiarly to us? What a remarkable violence, irregularity, and impetuosity of character he displayed! Very like Bÿron in his general outline, but of a still haughtier sternness of purpose, and capable of much severer labour, with less playfulness and grace, however, than is shewn by your English poet."

"A part of his story, however, which interests me just now far more than the anecdote you have just mentioned, is the account he gives of his unhappy passion at Madrid, which, at last, he could break off in no other way than by making his servant tie him down with ropes in his arm-chair, while he sent for a barber to cut and notch his hair, hoping that, when he was thus disfigured, he should not venture any longer to present himself before his mistress."

"I am really delighted," said the lady, "to find you are so literary a person; as in my exceedingly solitary retreat I have but few books, and scarcely any society which can be called at all conversationable."

"And being so utterly secluded as you describe yourself to be," said our hero, "you can hardly have an opportunity of studying even in the manner which was pursued by a lady mentioned either by Vauvenarques, or somebody I have been reading lately, who said, '*quand je me trouve seule chez moi, pour éviter l'ennui, je prends un livre, je me mets à la fenêtre, et je regarde les passants.*' I suppose you have few passengers in the streets of your village, except ploughboys and shepherds."

"And I find them much better society, I assure you," replied the lady, "than the people of large towns. I literally worship the country, and am now happier in my little cottage at Stonesfield than I have been throughout my whole previous life!" and, as she spoke, Bazancourt, who had descended from his horse, and had been leading him all this time on his arm, perceived that they were rapidly approaching the little village of Stonesfield which she had mentioned.

They traversed the uneven lanes together for some time, till they arrived at a turning at the further end of

the village from that by which they had entered. Here, situated in a small but beautiful and verdant valley, all alone in its loveliness, and neat and elegant as the rude art of village architects could make it, stood a single cottage, covered with creeping osiers and the embraces of the monthly rose. Its sides were newly white-washed, though the building itself was old; and the thatch was grown over in many places with patches of grass and moss. Within, at the window, was seen the same beautiful child in the arms of the French maid, whom we have described as having been walking in the park the preceding evening; and, as her joyous infant capered and carolled at the sight of her, the delighted mother felt so much eagerness to enter, that she did not convey the impression of too much "*empressement*" to Richard Bazancourt, as she bowed him adieu, and coldly expressed assent to his anxious hope that he might be permitted to see her again.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE small but picturesque village of Stonesfield, or, as it was anciently written, Stunsfield, in the county of Oxford, is situated, as its name implies, upon a bed of slate, and so covered is the surface of the earth with the large loose masses of the substance which composes the stratum below, that, in driving along its roads, the traveller might easily imagine himself on the top of the great wall of China. Nevertheless, the soil is not barren, and it is surrounded by wood; an old but neat church, dedicated to St. James, contrasts well with the simplicity of the farmers' and villagers' abodes; and the acclivities and declivities of the soil relieve the eye by a never-ceasing variety of outline, the beauty of which is easily appreciated by those who are accustomed to look upon scenery with the eye of an artist. The most celebrated feature, however, of the place is a Roman tessellated pavement, discovered accidentally in ploughing a turnip-field in the year 1712; and

which has been frequently the subject of warm disputes to the learned, on account of a coloured figure represented on the floor, which an antiquary, named Pointer, and his partizans asserted to be intended for a Bacchus, and Hearne and his supporters, in Leland's *Itinerary and Collectanea*, stoutly maintain to be no other than an Apollo. Whether the god of the grape, or he of the silver bow, were strictly entitled to the representation on the pavement, was not the question which dwelt most strongly in the mind of Richard Bazancourt, as at a somewhat earlier hour than usual, and at a quicker pace than was often hazarded along so difficult a route, he pursued his way to the retired and elegant cottage, which was tenanted by the only person on earth which had yet been capable of inspiring him with the feelings of devoted love. As he advanced towards the doorway, which was fragrant with the wreaths of honeysuckle and briony that intertwined its latticed sides, after having duly deposited Mahmoud in the stable of the best looking public-house in the village, his hand trembled so violently that he scarcely had strength and resolution sufficient to pull the knocker ; he fancied he had already caught the figure of his loved one, glancing swiftly by an upper window, as he descended, on foot, the narrow path which led through the valley to her humble home.

He was rapidly admitted, so much so, that the idea again struck him that he must have been watched for, and that he was not deceived in imagining that fair eyes had looked out for him from the lattice. He mounted the narrow staircase, which was, however, arranged to the best advantage, and ornamented with a plentiful collection of rare azalias and geraniums. The room, which the French maid Victoire now opened to receive him, was on the first, and yet the highest floor, for the whole house, although really a cottage ornée in itself, and rendered as complete and elegant in its kind, as refinement and taste could make it, consisted but of four rooms, of which the two lower were apportioned as the bed-room of the maid and child and the kitchen, and the two upper ones alone were reserved for the service of the Egeria of the retreat herself.

Accustomed, however, to the habits of the continent, where a bed-room is not considered so sacred and impregnable a fortress as it is in more conventional and ceremonious England, the lady had fitted up her chambre à coucher in a manner, which rendered it not less inhabitable during the day-time, than even the sitting-room opposite. Here were a select portion of her books, and here was the work-table for her embroidery, and yet here, too, was the marble bath by the side of the bed, and the toilet-

table, which, in the exquisite perfection of its nick-nackeries, and the profusion and completeness of its ornaments, and the richness of the odours which it breathed, and the chasteness of the silver, of which not only the frame of the mirror, but the backs of the brushes, and each box and case were made, put that of Belinda to the blush. The other room, which was separated by a narrow passage from the *chambre à coucher*, seemed like the very sanctuary of the muses, as the corresponding one, which we have described, might be of the graces. At the further end of the apartment was a recess of considerable dimensions, which had been converted, by the ingenuity of the inhabitant, into a species of conservatory. The orange-flower and the myrtle, the arum and the sweet-smelling verbena, were interspersed at intervals with the busts and statues of the gods and goddesses, the nymphs, or the poets of old. There was Pan, and the piping Fawn, a copy of the one whose most elegant attitude is so celebrated in the Louvre, and a Dian, and a Sappho. There was a harp also in the room, and a profusion of books, bound most of them in vellum, with the upper surfaces of the leaves gilt, and the other two remaining uncut. There was a pair of ring-doves in a cage suspended from the wall; a hawk, which his mistress had surnamed Malvolio, from his yellow



stockings, paraded himself ostentatiously in the verandah ; and on the rug before the fire-place, slumbered in undisturbed majesty of repose, the same magnificent Newfoundland dog which our hero had so adroitly delivered from his dangerous position three nights before : but oh ! who shall describe the inmate herself of this enchanted habitation ? Reclining carelessly on a couch as Richard Bazancourt entered, he beheld the most fascinating and dazzling spectacle of grace and beauty which had ever yet been visible even to Fancy's eye. He had as yet, in his two previous interviews, seen the lady of his love only in her walking costume ; the brilliance of her eye ; the beautiful symmetry of her figure ; the ease and majesty of her gait, had astonished him ; but, as he beheld her now, divested of the disguises, which both the damp atmosphere, and the still more chilling etiquette of England, obliged her to assume in her out-of-doors occupations, as he saw the lustrous profusion of those dark brown curls, which clustered and clung round her moulded throat like the sunbeams round the bell of a flower, as he gazed in silent ecstasy of adoration for one short moment on the tournure of that shape, the intellectual outline of that head and brow, the tapered smallness of that delicate hand, he felt almost dizzy with delight—he seemed to himself under the in-

fluence of wine—he was literally “drunk with beauty.”

The lady of the cottage, however, arose to receive him with so much of ease, and bade him welcome with so much at once of warmness and affability, by giving him readily her hand, and motioning him to be seated on a couch, that he was easily restored again to his self-possession, and entered without further difficulty or delay into the train of conversation which naturally arose between two persons who were both of such cultivated tastes, and seemed to possess a common interest in the same objects, both of nature and art; their late interview had given sufficient evidence of this. There appeared to exist between them an almost alarming coincidence of thought and sentiment; it was as if their two hearts and minds had been cast by nature in the self-same mould. It could not but be, that two individuals, both so young, both endued with such a fund of the fatal power to please, both so capable of appreciating the amiable and the beautiful in others,—it could not but be, meeting too as they did under so peculiar circumstances, as if Destiny herself had built the house for Love to dwell in, that they should each feel conscious of the danger they were incurring. Why then is it that they did not at once make the struggle, and by one violent effort resolve to break

off an intimacy, which threatened to terminate in tears? Let those who have never felt as they did answer this difficult question. At least, there was as yet no guilt in their passion, and their sighs could be blamed by none but those who have never heaved a sigh. It seemed, on the contrary, the mutual desire of both parties to keep conversation within such a channel, as might prevent its running over with the fulness of their hearts.

"You are delightfully situated here," observed our hero; "for one so fond of the country as you professed yourself to be last night, I can conceive no retreat more delightful than this little tadmor which you have created for yourself in the wilderness."

"You are very flattering to my poor hermitage," replied the Italian; "and, if not positively happy here, I am at least more comparatively free from suffering than I have ever yet been elsewhere. When I look out from my verandah, and see the glow of the sunset mellowing the hues of the landscape; the hill and dale, the woods and the harvests which surround us, I sometimes forget that I am still living in the world, and thoughts of the golden age of the heathen, or the Millennium of the Christians, come over my mind."

"I never could understand," said Bazancourt, "the feeling of a woman like Madame de Staël, who

with all her sentiment, and all her enthusiasm, yet declared, while living on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, that she would willingly exchange that glorious scenery, with the snow of its mountains, and the blue of its sky, for a small apartment au quatrième in the rue de Bac at Paris, with an income of a hundred louis a year."

"For myself, I do not enter into her views more than you do," said the lady, "except, that we must bear in mind, that she was a Frenchwoman, and consequently partook of the practical character of her nation. I don't think any of the French nation appreciates so much as either the Italians or the English, the

'Culte Pianure, e delicati colli,  
Chiare acque, ombrose ripe, et prati molli,'

which Ariosto talks of; as may be seen, indeed, from the exceedingly small number of them who ever live at their chateaux in the country. Perhaps, too, the vanity, which it is the fashion to attribute to our sex, may have had no small influence in her wish; or it might, after all, have been only an idea thrown off at the moment, and referable to nothing more than the mere cicalaria delle donne, which Lorenzo de Medicis has quizzed so cleverly in one of his minor burlesque pieces. I had nearly forgot, by the

bye, that Byron expresses exactly the same sentiment about 'the shady side of Pall Mall,' which, he says, he prefers to all the fine scenery in the world; a thought, most probably, borrowed from the very passage of Madame de Staël which you have just cited."

"Poor Madame de Staël," interposed Richard Bazancourt, "I never can sufficiently express the interest with which she inspires me. The plainness of her features, and the perpetual torture which she suffered in consequence, I used to think invested her with a greater charm even, than had she been a paragon of beauty: but I must confess, that since I have set foot in this cottage, and seen what de Staël might have been, if she could have made herself immeasurably fair, in addition to her intellectual attractions, I begin to feel, that beauty is not an immaterial adjunct to the charms of mental endowment."

"It is a good thing," replied the lady of the cottage, as she rested her feet lightly on the back of her Newfoundland dog, "it is a good thing that my small ménagerie here contains none of gli animali parlanti, or such pointed compliments as that which you have just paid me, might not sound very well if repeated elsewhere."

"What!" exclaimed Bazancourt, "are you then

conversant too with the writings of that Casti, of whom some French wit said, 'que dans cet homme il n'y avait de chaste que le nom?'"

"I read every thing that falls in my way," replied the Italian; "I have so great a passion for books, that I devour promiscuously every thing that comes to hand. Besides, independently of that, I have always liked Casti for his spirit, and his humorous mode of asserting his love of liberty. His dedication of his Satire to the two autocrats, Joseph the second and Catherine the second, amuses me; and then I never forget a story which my poor father used to tell, of the same writer's interview with Napoleon. The Emperor, who was desirous of seeing him, received him in bed, and saluted him with, 'Eh bien! Casti, est-ce que vous êtes toujours démocrate?' The poet replied coolly, 'Oui, sire; jusqu'à présent:—*tous les grands hommes commencent par cette route.*'"

"Napoleon showed his tact and his good sense," observed Bazancourt, "much better in this instance of toleration, than he did on many other occasions, when he seemed to take delight in gratuitously oppressing the independance of men of letters. For example; do you remember his banishing the ingenious, and particularly harmless, W. Schlegel from the French territory, because, in some critical work,

he had ventured to give the preference to the Phædra of Euripides over the Phædra of Racine?"

"Oh! I can conceive nothing more treasonable than the publication of such an opinion," replied the lady. "My father used to tell another story of Joachim Murat, when he was king of Naples, which is nearly as good. You are, probably, acquainted with a beautiful sonnet of Filicaja, called '*Italia schiava di Forestieri*,' and which begins,

'*Italia, Italia, o tu cui feo la sorte  
Dono infelice di bellezza.*'

and which talks about

'*Che giù dall' Alpi non vedrei torrenti  
Scender d'armati, nè di sangue tinta  
Bever' l'onda del' Po Gallici armenti.*'

well; the thing of course was written about a hundred and fifty years ago, at least; but it is so beautiful, I could not help repeating a few lines. This, however, happening to be recited by some one to Murat, he fell into a furious passion, swore he would have the life of the author, and set a reward of one thousand scudi upon his head."

"But see!" said our hero, rising up, "the evening is closing rapidly, and the firmament is already studded with its myriads of stars. How beautiful is night! I am far even from envying you being now

at home, for I shall enjoy my ride home, as one of the greatest luxuries of life. I shall go a foot's pace nearly the whole way, and think over all that you have said. Good night, farewell, till to-morrow."

"Addio, à dimano," responded the Italian, as she shook back the tresses that were clustered round her face, and then turned away hastily to the window, as if to conceal some emotion.

Our hero descended the staircase, mounted his horse, and departed. That evening was to him an epoch in his life: it had been one pure passage of unmixed happiness, and he could revert to it, and dwell upon it, at any future period, with satisfaction, and without reproach. As yet, no word of love had passed the lips of either,—as yet, all had been smooth and temperate, free and happy; yet, beneath the surface, his own emotions were boiling with the vehemence of the most ungovernable passion. What de Staël says, that "*tous les sentiments naturels ont leur pudeur*," seems scarcely true of love. He gazed on the placid heavens as he guided his courser home, and they were at peace. The night-dew fell cool upon his brow; the glow-worms looked out, like bright eyes of beauty, from the hedge-rows; the distant echoes sounded drowsily: it was a lovely summer night. Yet oh! within that breast con-



flicting passions warred unceasingly, with all the fury of ungoverned youth. Love, admiration, wonder, curiosity ; these were the feelings that predominated in the struggle ; all was a mystery ; and, perhaps, that very circumstance served but to increase tenfold the ardour of the pursuit.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE Squire of Dames, in the seventh canto of the Legend of Chastity, in Spenser's Faerie Queene, tells Satyrane, that, by order of his mistress Columbella, after having served the ladies for a year, he was sent out a second time, not to return till he could find three hundred women incapable of yielding to temptation. The success of his mission was most unsatisfactory. He discovered in the whole of his rambles only one poor peasant girl, who had principle enough to stand firm against his advances. The squire's own words, in which he gives an account of his experience of the sex, are worth transcribing:

“ Save her, I never any woman found  
That chastity did for itself embrace;  
But were for other causes firm and sound,  
Either for want of handsome time and place,  
Or else for fear of shame and foul disgrace.”

Be this as it may, there are few women in the world, who placed under the same circumstances as

the fair foreigner whose history we are now narrating, and endued with the same notions as she had received from education and from habit, could have avoided feeling a strong growing sentiment of partiality towards the only visitor who came to relieve the dulness of her solitude, particularly when that visitor was endowed with so many mental and physical attractions as our hero, Richard Bazan-court.

As the sound of his horse's hoofs died away in the distance on the evening which both had passed too pleasantly not to wish its repetition, her small hand clung faster to the railing of the verandah. The echo ceased; and she felt for the first time, since her sojourn in this place, that she was alone. She drew a chair into the cool and green and fragrant balcony, and sunk down to meditate on, and to analyze her own feelings.

The maxim, "*qui s'excuse, s'accuse,*" is never truer than when applied to the self-examination of the heart. In vain she pleaded to herself that the pleasure she derived from the presence of our hero, arose from his stores of information, and the talent he displayed in conversation. In vain she strove to convince herself that he was an object of indifference to her, and formed resolutions to devote her thoughts and her time to other objects. Still one

picture rose constantly to her mind ; one sole expectation gave an impulse to her visions of the morrow. She mused but on the time when she next should hear the coming of his steed.

Let it not be thought that this train of reflection was conceded in without a struggle ! let it not be imagined that the character of the lady was so weakly formed, that it gave way without an effort, and without reasoning or resisting, to the first impulse which a casual caprice might dictate. Severely did she scrutinize the innermost recesses of her own bosom, and endeavour to task and trace the workings of its secret springs. Bitterly too did she reproach herself for entertaining a sentiment, which even in the vague and unsubstantial shape which it had as yet assumed, she could not but confess to herself to be a virtual injustice to the infant, to which she had vowed to dedicate exclusively all her time, and thought, and care.

“ And is it to be always thus ? ” she asked in the anguish of her soul — “ am I to be for ever thus doomed to suffer ? Literally steeped in tears from my childhood, — exposed to a succession of ills and trials and privations, which would have hardened and inured the hearts of others, till they ceased to feel, but which have only rendered mine more tender and susceptible at each following blow,

—am I never to find repose? Here, I had at least imagined, buried alive as I was from all the world, hidden from every human being, and so changed and altered, that none who have known me could recognize the thing I am to be my former self, here I had at least hoped to pass my days in quietness, without risking being dragged out again into the light of existence. I had promised myself to consecrate all my efforts and all my hours to complete the education of my child. The object which I had ever felt wanting to bind me to life, and to make me take an interest in existence, had been found in this babe. In her my thoughts would have been sufficiently occupied, to prevent their reverting to the torture of the past. My daughter and my books were all in all to me; the birds and the flowers were my companions; and I had forgotten the very existence of a world without. Why am I thus destined to feel again the workings of a passion, which I hoped had been dead in me for ever? If years ago, before I had ever met or greeted him, who, though still living, to me is as the dead; if, in those ancient times, it had been my happier lot to see this stranger, haply I might have yet found some little happiness in life:—I might not have had occasion to say, it is all mockery and misery: but *now* the seal is set upon my fate: it is *now* too late to love.

What have I to do with the word but to renounce it, when all I could do with the reality must be to conceal it?—What I had hailed and triumphed in before, I must blush and shudder at *now*. Would to God that I had never met this stranger!—I will write to him—I will appeal to his honour—I will tell him he is free—I will see him no more!”

As these thoughts rushed hastily through the brain of the fair woman, who sate in the verandah, and as the slight breath of evening glided wavily amid the circling mazes of her hair, and her bosom heaved tumultuously with the agitation which she felt, she might have sat for that beautiful picture of “The Visionary,” which is one of the happiest efforts of Liverseege, and seems the very incarnation of abstract meditation. There she sat alone in her loveliness, far away from the home of her childhood, unseen, unknown, untended;—her virtues unappreciated, her history unexplained! The midnight moon looked down upon her from heaven, and kissed her cheek, as with a sister’s kiss; and the starbeams crept through her glossy ringlets, and adown her shining brow, till the tears gushed from their fountain, and then they glistened in the tears.

Hastily she rose, as with an effort, for the chillness of the morning air was already perceptible to her delicate and southern frame; and, descending

the staircase to the apartment where her infant slept, she flung herself beside it, and embraced it till she wept herself to sleep. Not till the gray dawn had long pierced through the shutters of those humble rooms, and the birds were alive in the hedgerows, did the pale and sorrowful lady awake, and hurrying to her own pillow, endeavour to restore, by tranquilliser slumbers, the hue to her cheek, and the peace to her mind, which had been so ruffled by the thoughts of the preceding evening.

Yet why should we conceal what our readers will, perhaps, already have anticipated, that with to-morrow came again the repetition of the visit of yesterday, and that it was hailed with the same pleasure, and prolonged with the same delight?

"I am like the hero of Ariosto," said Richard Bazancourt, as he entered the sacred apartment on the following night, "when he '*fe sentir gli sproni à Brigliaduro*;' and I think Mahmoud, who cannot enter into my feelings on this point, will scarcely thank me for coming so fast."

"You went homewards but slowly last night, however," replied our Italian; "and this should compensate your horse for coming *più presto* this afternoon. I sat out in the verandah a long time after you were gone last evening; and I dare say you were in college, and in bed long before I thought of going to rest."

"You were not watching, I hope, like the young lady in one of Boccaccio's stories, who was so obstinately bent upon sleeping on the balcony, for the purpose of catching a nightingale?" said Bazancourt; and then, fearing that he had gone too far, although to a native of Italy, to whom the Decameron must necessarily be known, the allusion might be hazarded, he added—"I was thinking, as I rode through Blenheim to-night, that I would name this cottage Fair Rosamond's Bower, and that you should be my Rosamond."

"Rosamond, if you will," replied the lady; "but not your Rosamond."

Bazancourt, in the complication of whose feelings we have already mentioned curiosity as holding a prominent place, and who had probably dropped the above speech, as much with a view of discovering through such *ruse* the real name of the lady, as any thing else, was considerably disconcerted, and visibly chagrined at the answer he received. To change the subject of conversation, he turned to the harp which was always standing in a corner of the room, and besought the fair foreigner to touch its strings. He was not, however, more happy on the present occasion, than he had been in his former attempt, for his request seemed but to produce sighs on the part of the lady, and to move her almost to tears.



"Alas!" she replied, "it is but natural in you, seeing the means of making music so near, to wish to enjoy it—but with me it is a pleasure that you must never know. That harp has been placed here by the mistaken kindness of my friends, to whose forethought and generosity I am indeed indebted for nearly all the little comforts and luxuries in miniature which I here enjoy; but the harp has for me too many souvenirs to let me touch it: to me there would be intense suffering in the sound. Nothing brings back the past like music!"

Bazancourt was again lost in conjecture—but the hurried manner, and deep agitation with which those few words had been spoken, prevented his ever repeating the request, or alluding to the harp again. Once more to relieve the somewhat gloomy conversation, he proposed that they should take a stroll; and the Italian having expressed her ready assent, and being presently equipped, they soon forgot that any thing unpleasant had passed, lost in the beauty of the evening, and the sweet converse of each other's voices.

The fragrance of a neighbouring hayfield stole with its soft influence over their senses. The flowers were weary, and were nodding their drooping heads as if going to repose. The rabbits came boldly out of the copses, and then, at the sound or

sight of approaching feet, whisked back again precipitately to their holes. The thrush and the nightingale vied with each other, and seemed still to dispute the empire of night and day. "I was talking the other night," said Bazancourt, "about Alfieri. Do you remember the account he gives of his passion for the Countess of Albany, who was then living at the villa Strozzi, near the baths of Diocletian, which you must know so well at Rome? He himself lived at some distance in the Campagna, and used to employ his mornings in composing, perhaps the most eloquent of his works, 'La Tyrannide:' but every evening, as regularly as the sun wheeled towards the west, he used to mount his charger, and hasten over to the lady of his love. Do you trace no similitude in his position and in mine?"

The lady, who seemed determined not to encourage, even by noticing it, the allusion at the end of his speech, replied, "We cannot certainly feel too grateful to Alfieri for the strictness of taste which he displays uniformly in all his works, and the severity with which he endeavoured to mould, as far as circumstances permitted, the modern Italian drama on the pure Grecian model."

"There undoubtedly was room for improvement in that respect amongst your poets of older date,"

replied our hero; "how tiresome and provoking it is, for instance, to see a man like Salvator Rosa condescending to introduce a bad pun upon his name into an otherwise pretty enough sonnet; as when he begins,

‘ Dunque perché son *Salvator* chiamato,  
*Crucifigatur* grida ogni persona.’

or what can be more sterile, or more absurd, than the innumerable plays upon the word Laura, which even Petrarch thought it his duty to make in honour of his mistress?"

"It certainly does not appear to me the way in which ladies are to be won now-a-days," answered his companion. "If I wanted seriously to affront my mistress, I should make a pun upon her name. But," afraid to let the conversation continue in this strain, to which it was now, nevertheless, perpetually reverting, in spite of themselves, "What," continued she, "is your favourite standard of style in English literature? Myself, I confess, I am scarcely less partial to your prose than your poetry; I am only divided in my choice between the opposite merits of Johnson and Addison. I do not flatter you in saying that my opinion will be greatly guided by your preference."

"My opinion, I fear, will be worth little," re-

plied our hero, "as I am aware it is opposed to that of most of our great authorities in criticism: but I must own that I prefer the full, copious, nervous, and antithetic periods of Johnson, with all his Latin idioms, and Englicised polysyllables, to the quieter and more modest phrases of Addison. The one is simply elegant, and without faults; but the other is more, has positive excellencies, and besides the merit of its originality and greater emphasis of expression, also conveys the meaning much better. If you can express a given idea better by a Greek or Latin word than by an English or Saxon one, why should it not be incorporated and adopted in the language? I am aware that Southey has been called by high authorities the best prose writer of modern days, but myself I should say, that his writing is characterized rather by the absence of all style, than by any particular style of his own. At the same time it is difficult to have any style visibly, without degenerating into mannerism. Gibbon is of all English prose writers my favourite to read; but, if I were going to write, I should not take him as my model. Turner has done this, and his imitation is a burlesque. Gibbon himself, from being at once possessed of a most fastidious taste, and yet being one of the most original writers in the language, has contrived to preserve throughout a marked

peculiarity of style, so that on hearing a sentence read you might at once pronounce it to be Gibbon's, yet without ever once transgressing the line of propriety, on the side of affectation or mannerism. Is Gibbon a favourite of yours?"

"It is extraordinary, it is positively startling," replied our heroine, "to observe how strangely our tastes agree, even on the minutest points. I adore Gibbon, and often, when I was a school-girl, I have sat up beyond the lawful time, to meditate with him on the grand themes which he handles, and feel the rise and fall of his modulated cadences answer so beautifully, as they ever do, to the alternate bursts of enthusiasm, and sneering bitterness of the sense."

"I trust," said Bazancourt, "that the union of tastes and ideas, which you say you have discovered, may continue. I shall at any rate have cause to suspect my own want of judgment wherever I shall in future find that our opinions diverge."

"There are points on which it is better, perhaps, that we should differ," was the vague reply; and no other word was spoken till they reached the door of the cottage: but, as they paced slowly along, side by side, in the cool evening, they felt that their hearts beat together. As yet their tongues had not whispered it—their eyes had not dared to tell it—

they had not ventured to confess it even to themselves;—but time went on, and what was written in the book of Fate was soon to be accomplished. Night after night they met and walked together.

It was one evening, still early in the summer; the weather during the morning had been unusually oppressive, and the sultry heaviness of the air seemed to weigh down the face of languid nature. Towards four o'clock there came on luridly from the south a black and threatening thunder-cloud. Vivid flashes of lightning were succeeded by a few large pattering drops upon the trees, and then all at once down came a deluge of rushing rain; the tempest roared with the rattling peals in quick succession, and all round, as far as eye could stretch, the sky seemed on a sudden to have become black with the storm.

It was after the fury of the tornado had passed away, while the cooled and grateful earth sent up a refreshing fragrance after the beating rain; the slanting sunbeams had ventured out again in the west to smile their dying blessing on the lovely scene; the herds lowed in the distance, and the birds chirped merrily. Afar off in the north-east was still visible the broken curve of a rainbow, like a triumphal arch of desolation, mouldering away at the return of peace. The lattice was beaded with

the bright necklace of the rain-drops, and our Italian lady, who had anxiously watched the changeful aspect of the sky, and had despaired of receiving this day a visit from our hero, was reclining on the couch in her pretty cottage, perusing indolently the pages of some book, and dressed, perhaps, with greater freedom from restraint, and greater negligence than she would have adopted had she expected his coming.

She was indulging, as usual, one of her dreamy fits of abstraction, and a tear, not altogether of sorrow, twinkled on her eyelid. Suddenly she started; and looking up, she was aware of the presence of Richard Bazancourt.

"So true a knight?" said she; "has not even this dreadful storm deterred you?"—and she held out her hand in greeting.

Bazancourt looked into her eyes, and drank deep there of that delicious poison, which intoxicates while it kills. From her face, he glanced upon the book, and unable to account for the tear which still stood glistening on the lash, he asked the subject of her study.

"The story of Roderick," she replied calmly; and endeavouring to give the conversation the same literary turn, which it had always hitherto naturally assumed.

Bazancourt spoke of Scott's vision of Don Roderick, and Washington Irving's legends of the conquest of Spain;—but it would not do. The effort was visibly forced : both were silent ;—and then the lady rose hastily, and left the room. It was Southey's tale of the Last of the Goths that our hero took into his hand, as it had been left turned down upon the table. The passage that met his eye fixed his attention, and was stamped there indelibly for ever. It was the description of the scene between the monarch and the maid :

“ He took my hand,  
And said, ‘ Florinda, would that thou and I  
Sooner had met. I should have found in thee  
A sweet companion, and a faithful friend ;  
A fruitful wife, and crown of earthly joys :  
And thou, too, shouldst have been of womankind  
Happiest, as now the loveliest.’ ”

Richard Bazancourt raised not his eye from the page, till the fair stranger re-entered, and placing herself by his side upon the couch, took in her hand one of the leaves of the book, while he retained in his the other. She had adjusted her toilet, and so happily, that her beauty never looked more beautiful. Their hands touched ; their eyes were on the poet's page ; their heads drew nearer together ; their lips met for the first fatal time. The day mellowed



into twilight, and the twilight deepened into night; yet still their hands were clasped, and their sweet breaths were mingled, and the shades of darkness drew their curtaining gloom unseen, unheeded, round their pillow.

“ Quel giorno piu non vi leggemmo avante,”

said Francesca di Rimini. That day *they* read no more.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"Two letters for you to-day, sir," said the Christchurch porter, the following morning, entering Bazancourt's room abruptly, and placing the said epistles on the table. The first bore a foreign postmark, and was from his sister, the Countess Carbonele. He hastily ran his eye over the following lines :

"MY DEAR DICK,

An unexpected visit from Lord Carmansdale, who is passing through Paris on his route to England, for a short stay, with some political object, has revived in my mind all those deep feelings of suffered injury, and all that desire for some sort of retribution, which were first excited by the original interview, in which you will remember he came to announce to us the marriage of his amiable ward. With respect to Lord Carmansdale I have nothing more to say, but that he still cares for nothing but his old servant and his old

Etruscan vases, and that you will probably have the pleasure of seeing him soon at Oxford, on his way down from London to Worcestershire. On the subject of Lord Clanelly, however, I would say two words, just to remind you that you are still bound to me by a most solemn promise that you will sooner or later repay upon his head the wrongs which your sister has received from him, and also to stimulate you to the speedier and sterner execution of this promise, by informing you that this just object of your vengeance is now roaming over Europe, quite at his ease; that he seems to think all laws, human and divine, are only made to be laughed at, wherever they interfere with his convenience; that he has now abandoned and repudiated his lawful wife with the same hard-hearted and unfeeling légèreté which he formerly dared to exhibit in his treatment of me; and that, in short, all his kind feelings, if he has any, are confined to himself and his bull-dogs. Night and day I dwell upon the wish of my heart, that I may live to see this man punished. I believe I have almost prayed that it may be accomplished. I hope it is not very wicked, but I will never acknowledge you for my brother, if you neglect to fulfil what I have desired. Our father, Lord Furstenroy, is still at Montmorency, and he considers you, as I do, the

hope of the family ; therefore beware of disappointing such favourable expectations.

Adieu, my dear Dick, and believe me to be ever your affectionate sister,

EMILY.

P.S.—George Grainger is here. Good heavens ! how could I have ever been partial to Clanelly ?”

About the same time that our hero received this communication, the following letter from our old privileged friend George Grainger himself arrived at the chambers in Lincoln’s Inn, of his intimate acquaintance, Sir Giles Wimbledon.

“The mystery is explained, my dear Wimbledon ; the bouton is burst ; the bud has bloomed ; nothing remains for me but to gather it, and to take care of the thorns. You remember a long story I told you about a party at Landraven House, and a change of chambers, and the setting of a rose-bud in water, and the leaving of it in my room by mistake, and the incomprehensible abstraction of it by some ghost or ghosts unknown, whilst I was asleep ; eh ! bien, mon cher, I have unravelled the whole plot : the hands that carried away the flower were no other than those which placed it there. It appears that there was a balcony, of which I was not aware, extending under

the windows of the two contiguous rooms. Oh ! Wimbledon ; if I had but caught this ghost in the act ! mais cela se peut encore, nous verrons. My object in troubling you with this letter, is to request you will look into Hoby's for me, and order me some boots. If his leather is not so good, at least his tick is better than I find in Paris.

N.B.—The great reason why boots and shoes fit better on the Continent is, that people are content to follow nature. The bottier sets your foot down on a sheet of paper, and draws a regular outline of it, consequently you stand some chance of having the boot made to fit your foot. In England, on the contrary, the only way of getting a decent fit at all, is to accommodate your foot to the shape of the boot, or of the last it is made upon. It is in vain to have a last made for your own particular service ; it is sure to be the same shapeless meaningless block of beech-wood ; so that unless you can either submit to the tortures of the Chinese children, or reduce your foot at once to the symmetry of Cinderella's glass slipper, you have no alternative left but to abandon at once all attempt at a respectable appearance, and to march down Pall-Mall in a pair of vast, stiff, uncouth jack-boots, like those in which Gustavus Adolphus is represented, in his Protestant invasion of Germany, "a world too big for his shrunk shank," (by the bye, he might

have got capital seal-skin in Sweden,) or like the hereditary machines which are considered the most invaluable heir-looms in a family of French postillions. Nature, after all, is the parent of grace : give me even a Roman sandal in preference to a boot either too large or too small. The English are the most unnatural people in the world : they flock into London in the months of May and June, and live in their country houses in November ; they call Sunday a holiday and a festival, and forbid people the harmless and rational amusements of singing, dancing, or acting ; they turn night into day, and think of going to a ball or a debate about three hours after sunset. With more public prostitution and drunkenness in the streets than any other nation in Europe, society affects to be outraged at a friendship really springing from the heart, between a man and a married woman in society ; the value of a wife's affections is assessed by a jury in a trial for crim. con. ; the details are published in the papers ; every body reads them, and every body pretends to be shocked ;—cant ! cant ! cant ! But for fear you should think I am alluding to my own case in what I say, either in regard to the loose fit of the boots or the wedding-ring, I shall only hazard for to-day the additional remark that all English travellers seem to agree, on their return home, that certain things are arranged better abroad ; and yet all equally

fall into the same customs, prejudices and follies that they see practised around them at home ; thus practising all the while what they declaim against, and adding, by their involuntary conformity, one more species to the various sorts of hypocrisy which are practised commonly in England.

N.B.—There is a sort of jointed last and boot-tree made by Sakoski, in the Palais Royal, which is worked by a screw, and enlarges or contracts itself at any point where it is required to accommodate itself to the form of the foot ; shall I send you one ? and don't tell about the rose-bud.—Adieu. Yours,

GEORGE GRAINGER.

Upon the above letter we will make no comment ; most people will probably think that it requires none. The remaining epistle that awaited the perusal of our hero on his breakfast-table, was a frank from Lord Carmansdale, and was only in accordance with the announcement in his sister's letter, telling him that his lordship's arrival in Oxford might be expected in the course of the same day, and requesting him to be in the way.

As Lord Carmansdale was an old friend of his father's ; as he came recently from Paris ; and as a certain respect and attention was due to his request, on account both of his age and his position, poor

Richard Bazancourt found himself obliged, much against his free will and inclination, to stay the whole of this day in college, in order to await and duly honour the arrival of his illustrious guest. He however devoted the time which he was thus compelled to pass in comparative inaction, to addressing a few lines to her, who, though this day absent, continued to be still more the exclusive object of his thoughts and sentiments than ever. Be it observed that passion now had entirely usurped the place of reason ; since the guilty yesternight possession had only added fuel to the flame of his love. The consciousness of the power and privilege of giving and receiving enjoyment in each other's presence, was the thought which now filled both of them, to the exclusion of the literary conversations and critical disputes which had occupied them hitherto : higher or lower images, but certainly more piquantly exciting, more absorbingly engrossing, now monopolized their ideas : their speech was no longer of the elegant thefts of Tasso, or what Leigh Hunt has called "the sublime nightmare" of Dante ; it was no longer Filangieri, the jurisprudent ; or Brocchi, the geologist ; or Muratori, the antiquarian ; or Botta, the historian, that drew forth the animated and intelligent remark from our hero, or from their talented countrywoman, an enthusiasm and a fund of learning that would have come be-



comingly from the lips of the beautiful Madame Roland herself. The other side of the belle citoyenne Roland's character, alas ! seemed now called into play ; such as she displayed it in openly advocating the too licentious sentiments of Louvet's voluptuous novels, and in exempting her conduct from those strict laws which society has thought proper to observe in imposing its fetters on the heart. Our hero's first note to her was as follows :—

MY LIFE, MY IDOL, MY OWN BELOVED,

How art thou to-day ? Is thy brow less burning, and thy hand less fevered, than when my kiss and my very touch seemed to communicate their lightnings to them yesternight ? Would that I could be near thee through this livelong weary day, to soothe, and to nurse, and to cherish thee with all the tenderness and gentleness which I feel are wanting to thee ! Would, indeed, that I could live in thine arms through a bright eternity, or die only in thy embraces, like the bee upon the flower ! Try to be strong for my sake, that I may clasp thee tighter, and woo thee closer, when I shall be blessed with the sight of thy dear smile again ! Thine eyes looked sadly on me in my sleep last night. I tremble with agony, lest thou shouldst have suffered from the excess of my love, which I dare not speak of till

my lips whisper it to thine to-morrow in a long and clinging kiss. My own heart's treasure, my day-star, my hope and trust, my sunshine and my joy! write me one single line in answer to all these sad sighs that I have sent thee, to tell me that thy heart still beats as warmly for me as when I pressed it to my own,—to promise me that thou wilt ever be the crown, and glory, and blessing of my existence,—to console me with some tangible, visible phrase, to be to me like a pharos of light in thy absence, that I may gaze on it, and fondle it, and nurse it on my knee, and talk to it. The very paper will seem to be perfumed with thy presence,—I will fold it into an altar, and offer up myself as a living sacrifice to thee, as to my God,—I will kneel down on my knees and worship it,—I will embalm it in the glad tears I shall shed over it, and keep it, and wear it like an amulet for ever. Adieu, my own light of love, my better being, my unearthly seraph, my queen of the fairies! mayest thou be garlanded with all rich and radiant gifts of grace, and may the fingers of thy sister-sylphs be swift to weave thy coronal! God bless thee,—till to-morrow, and for ever, thine own,

RICHARD BAZANCOURT.

The above letter was just finished, signed, and

sealed, and our hero was in the act of deliberating how it was to be sent; when the trusty Anton, the ever-faithful German attendant of Lord Carmansdale, knocked at the door, and announced the arrival of his master at the Angel Hôtel. As Bazancourt was really at a loss to find a messenger in whom he could confide in a place like Oxford, where every other person is a spy and policeman, either amateur or professional, and as he was really and truly embarrassed about the direction of a person whose name he did not know, and whose residence he could only describe, he could hit upon no better plan than to borrow of Lord Carmansdale the loan of Anton's services, who was accordingly dispatched to Stonesfield on the back of Mahmoud as the bearer of the above interesting document.

"Sehr gut;" said the German. "Wir wollen im Augenblick hin und her laufen;" and he patted the neck of his horse, and started at a steady pace on his journey.

His return, which was anxiously expected, was accomplished without the fracture of Mahmoud's knees, or any other disaster. He had discovered the house without great difficulty, and brought back a letter from the lady, which was torn open with greedy haste by our hero, and contained another epistle in the folds of its envelope. The first letter was read eagerly as follows:—

“What! not come to undraw the curtains of our bride-bed this morning? Not come to see your little wife, and kiss away the tears that are even now standing in my eyes? You are a recreant knight, and I would renounce you, were it not that I require your especial championship to-day against a Paynim foe, who has presumed to attack the tranquil quiet of my sanctuary. Of this presently:—for the moment I forget his insolence, and leave it to you to repel it, or expose it, or punish it, as you may judge best. I am entirely and totally occupied with yourself, and can think of nothing else sleeping or waking. I know not why you are so dear to me,—I only feel that my whole being, mind and body is yours—life and soul are all yours. Were I to die to-night, this would be the last accent on my tongue. Words are too feeble to say how much and how entirely I am all yours. Were you to see me now this instant, you could not doubt it. I feel a kind of energy as I write, and visions of possibilities, more than I have ever dared to hope or dream before, seem to rise before my eyes;—ah! what are they but the thousand shapes love assumes to bid me bind myself again in voluntary chains, which I shudder to contemplate? I thank you, most dear and valued friend, for all your kindness,—I thank you for yourself,—I thank you for all the joy that I have

ever known. But happiness is so strange to me, and I seem so wedded to suffering, that I can as yet scarcely understand the delight with which you have inspired me. I only wish to warn you not to bind yourself to one who seems born under an evil star and an unlucky destiny;—I have been throughout life the victim of intense suffering, and I cannot believe that the simple alchemy of love can change so much of sorrow to so much of joy. Recollect, then, that you still are fancy-free. Reflect that it will be much gayer for you to go unfettered into the world. Once more be wholly free—not only now but ever—as it regards me: free to form new ties—free to forget me—free every way. Do I wish this?—far from it:—but it is for your good, and I could so seal my destiny.—Farewell—and love your

“ISABELLE.”

So full is love ever of doubts and fears, so distrustful of its own happiness, so addicted to dark misgivings and sorrowful forebodings, that Richard Bazancourt read and re-read the letter in his hand full twenty times before he could assure himself of the satisfactory nature of its contents. He asked a hundred questions of the German, Anton, as to the manner and the mood, the dress and the reception, of the person he had been sent to visit. Not till

after numerous perusals of the letter did his eye dwell upon some obscure phrases in the early part of it, which, he now recollected, must refer to the enclosed note which he still continued to hold in his hand. The writing was familiar to him, but he could not, at the moment, recall the place where he had seen it before. It bore the Oxford post-mark, and appeared to have been intended as a billet-doux from some one in the latter place to the fair inhabitant of Stonesfield. Its contents were as follows :

“ I saw you yesterday in Ditchley Lane, and followed you at a distance home. If you will be walking there again to-morrow afternoon under the same elms, I shall be happy to notice you, and will bring some silver in my pocket. Don't be before three, as this will give me time to get a snap of something out of the buttery after lecture. I would fix this afternoon, only it is, unfortunately, Aristotle and Thucydides.

“ N.B.—Keep well under the trees, as this will avoid under-graduates, and my gallows can get some grass at the same time.

“ C. S.”

Friday.

With the assistance of the transposed initials at

the bottom of the writing, our hero's memory was, at length, enabled to identify the production of his own tutor, the Rev. Samuel Circumflex ; and, much as his indignation was excited by the discovery of his insolence and wanton ill-breeding, the whole coincidence wore so ludicrous an aspect, that he could not restrain a smile. He had not yet decided in his own mind what path he should pursue towards this *black Amour* or clerical Cupid, and still turned the paper over in his fingers, as he revolved the subject irresolutely in his mind, when his ideas were suddenly diverted into an entirely different channel by a communication made to his private ear, in his own rooms, by the discreet and judicious, as well as penetrating and sagacious Anton.

"Sir," said he, accustomed, by the indulgence of his own master, to a freedom of remark, and a license of conversation, not always accorded to servants ; "Sir, are you aware of the name and rank of the lady whom you sent me to visit?"

Our hero hesitatingly acknowledged his entire ignorance on the subject, and, surprised at the question, awaited patiently a further solution of the problem,

"Ist es möglich?" continued the German ; "sehr schön ist die dame ; — ausserordentlich schön — ich habe sie jedoch irgendwo auf der reise schon früher

gesehen—ja, ohne zweifel ich habe sie in Italien getroffen.”

“Where have you seen her?” inquired eagerly our hero.

“In Italy.”

“How? when? once or often? explain your self,” repeated Bazancourt.

“Only once,” said Anton, calmly, but confidently and without prevarication; “only once, we passed her and her husband on the road between Rome and Naples in a carriage together.”

“Are you certain? are you positively sure you do not mistake?” interrogated our hero.

“No man sees that hair and those eyes twice in his life,” replied the German; and Richard Bazancourt’s heart responded to the truth of this.

“And who, then, is her husband?” asked he again.

“Her husband,” said Anton, “is the Earl of Clanelly.”



## CHAPTER XIV.

THE Rev. Samuel Circumflex was one of those persons, for whom Goldsmith might have made expressly his observation, that "little things are great to little men." To be a master of arts, and on the foundation of his college, he considered quite as important a distinction, as to be Solyman the Magnificent, or Alexander the Great; and on a long vacation tour, in which he once boasted that he had traversed three thousand miles in three months, he had left his name inscribed in all the travellers' books, and *journaux des voyageurs*, on the banks of the Danube and the Rhine, at the chalets of Chamounix, and the convent of Mount St. Bernard, as the Rev. Samuel Circumflex, M.A., Ch. Ch. Oxford. He had carried a cap and gown with him in his portmanteau, and had once appeared in it at a masquerade at Naples. In the university, however, which was the peculiar and original scene of his glory, he never appeared without his academicals.

He was distinguished, in addition, by a snow-white cravat, which seemed intended rather to strangle than to ornament his person; and by his peculiar gait in the street, which was always performed at the quickest pace allowed by Cicero's officers, without endangering a compromise of his dignity. It bordered nearly on a run, but was distinguished from a run, by the circumstance of his left arm depending in perpendicular stiffness down his side, while he remigrated incessantly and assiduously with his right. From the air of dignity, which, if he did not really possess it, he was ever the more ready ostentatiously to assume, his own pupils had unanimously conferred upon him a doctor's degree by diploma, and he was never mentioned within the walls of his college, except as Dr. Circumflex, or the D. D. par excellence. As a classical scholar, having passed the ordeal of the schools some years ago, at a period when the standard of academical honours was not fixed so high as it is at present, he had attained an easy eminence, and having slumbered on in the security of this early success ever since, he not unfrequently committed and exposed himself at collections, and the other terminal examinations, without being the least aware of his own ignorance and folly. Hence, some of his questions to his pupils had obtained a university celebrity, which would not have been unworthy

of a hero of the Dunciad itself. "Who dragged whom how many times round the walls of what?" was one of his interrogatories in examining a man in the twenty-second book of the Iliad. "How many ships were there present at the battle of Salamis on the side of the Persians?" enquired he, at another time, of our friend Bob Tracy. "Ever so many," answered Bob, with the greatest gravity; and Mr. Circumflex closing the book said, "thank you, Mr. Tracy; perfectly correct; I am glad to see you have got up your books so attentively." On one occasion, a considerable quantity of the college plate had been stolen, and the authorities assembled to consult as to the means of detecting the thief: when it came to Mr. Circumflex's turn to speak, he said, with the most sapient expression, as if he were Sir Oracle, "I vote for setting a man to watch."

One of Bob Tracy's favourite stories of him was, that he had once sold a rat-tailed poney, which he used to ride, and which might, with great propriety, be regarded as a parson's horse, from its habit of saying its prayers, to Gipsy Lambourn, for a ten-pound note. The gipsy tied a false and flowing tail upon the pony's rump, and took him to Abingdon fair.

"What do you ask for this pretty little horse?" said the tutor.

"Thirty," answered the gipsy.

"Done," responded the parson; and the old pony knowing the road, walked home at a famous pace to Ch. Ch. stables, while the gipsy pocketed, with immense satisfaction, the difference of the twenty pounds.

When the mistake was detected, and afterwards, whenever it was cited against him, Circumflex always quoted in his defence, what he was pleased to call a parallel passage in the life of Lord Byron. It appeared from the story, that the noble poet, who was never celebrated for his connoisseurship in horse-flesh, on some occasion had seen, by accident, two of his own stud trotted by the groom past his dressing-room window. Struck by the appearance of the animals, and far from recognizing them to be his own, he instantly dispatched his valet to the stable, to desire that their price might be ascertained, as he was anxious to become a purchaser. On the strength of this anecdote, Mr. Circumflex believed firmly, that Byron's genius and his own tallied extremely, and bore strong marks of resemblance. This then was the individual, who now stood convicted in our hero's mind, on the damnatory evidence of his own hand-writing, of the high crime and misdemeanour, of attempting to form the acquaintance of the mysterious inhabitant of Stonesfield. Richard Bazancourt slipped the conclusive document into his

pocket, determined to confront it with its author on some proximate occasion, and hastened to offer the ordinary civilities of the place to Lord Carmansdale, by shewing him whatever was worth seeing within the precincts of the university.

His plan was, naturally, to let him see his own college first ; and, accordingly, taking with him one of those men who are professionally, and facetiously, called "*jackals*," from the circumstance of their being lions' providers, or living on what they get from strangers, by telling the most exaggerated lies about the remarkable features of the vicinity, he led his illustrious guest into the interior of Christ Church Cathedral. Now it so happened, that the individual jackall, which our hero had ignorantly and innocently selected for this occasion, was one of the especial victims of the practical wit of our friend, Bob Tracy. Many a time had Bob entrapped the poor man as he walked down High Street *in beaver*, by affecting to look with an air of curiosity and enquiry, on the portals of St. Mary's Church, or All Souls' Gateway. Up came the jackall, touching his hat respectfully ; and taking him for a stranger, volunteered to explain to him the history of the buildings in question. "No, thank you," said Bob, "it is my tenth term of residence." In the cathedral, however, of his own college, Bob had discovered a

certain corner behind a pillar, where this unfortunate jackal had written on a smooth white stone with a pencil, the dates, measurements, and other particularities of the building. Some of these memoranda Bob had altered, so as to make the most wretched anachronisms ; others he had enlarged and embellished, by adding to them a tissue of the most incredible nonsense : and the unhappy jackall, little suspecting that any one would take the trouble to interfere with his humble trade, was in the daily habit of circulating these impostures over the wide world, by the mouths of the multifarious travellers, who visited the cathedral under his auspices, and lent implicit credence to his tale. Having stationed himself at his well-known post, the guide and informant of the peer and the peer's son, began the following extracts from his artificial memory, to their infinite amusement.

“ This church, chapel, cathedral, or cathedral church, was founded, my Lord, by Cambyzes, son to the original king of the Cannibal Islands ; made bishop of Norwich in the year of the Christian era, 9621 ; baptized at Rome, 9690, and vaccinated, during the plague at Smyrna, the following year. The shaft of this column alone is twelve furlongs high, and is one solid block of stone, supposed to be formed of petrified crocodiles, found formerly on the

banks of the Thames, and of which Professor Buckland has a fine and rare collection. Represented on this ancient painted window, you will see, in the first compartment, Daniel in the lions' den : he's a surrounded by twenty ramping and roaring hanimals, who is a gnawing of their very tails for hunger, and yet dare not touch a bit of Daniel. In the centre is Cupid, which is the god of love, seated astride of a striped Bengal tiger, which shews what power love has over the brute beastesses. In the second compartment, you find King Solomon in all his glory. He is a seated on a three-legged stool, a smoking of his pipe, and a reading of the New Testament. Behind him is the Queen o' Sheba, just landed from the West Indies, and followed by a little naked nigger boy, a bearing of a screw o' tea, and other rare and valuable presents. Next compartment, my lord, your lordship will perceive the celebrated Hindoo widows, a burning of themselves. Some, you see, is a weeping and a wailing ; others is a persuading of themselves to burn themselves, and others again, is in the act of burning of themselves to slow music. Compartment fourth, and last : Lord Nelson at the glorious battle of the Nile ; he's arranged of himself in his full canonicals, and one seems to hear the band a playing of the ' Rule Britannia,' and ' 'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay : ' notwithstanding of

which, he's a ducking of his head to avoid the cannon-balls of the henemy ; small blame, if any, my lord."

In vain during this recital had Bazancourt maliciously endeavoured to decoy the fluent jackall away from his prompter-post. If he was led a few steps towards a monument, or an arch, he never failed to revert faithfully again to his favourite corner, whence only he could draw the sources of his inspiration. At last he seemed about to conclude.

"This is all, my lord, which requires your lordship's particular attention in this ancient church, chapel, or cathedral, or cathedral church. The college is governed by a dean, and ten canons are armed for its defence ; observe, that by statute, all those on the foundation of this society have no less than fifteen thousand pounds a year allowed them in ready money, besides their strong beer, and their 'backy.'"

"But," said Lord Carmansdale, who had been very much amused by this harangue, "do not the young gentlemen study very hard in the college?"

"Study! bless your soul, not they!" replied the jackall, whose evidence will doubtless be very acceptable before the present House of Commons, whenever they set about reforming the two univer-



sities; "Study! not a word of it! all they does is to hunt, and row on the river—they gambles a bit, drives the coaches, and smokes their cigars, dines and wines—strolls down the street after the lasses, comes home roaring drunk, and damns the dons; here comes a pretty specimen; here is a real gentleman; he gives me half-a-crown whenever I see him,—‘Old Tom,’ says he, ‘you’ll oblige me by accepting of half-a-crown,’ and, just not to wound his feelings, I takes the half-crown and puts it in my pocket.”

The individual who approached as they sallied into the quadrangle, was none other than Bob Tracy himself. "Hurrah!" shouted Bob, who was just come out of the great-go schools, and carried his testamur triumphantly in his hand, "Hurrah! my boys—through, by God, just cleared the bank—the merest shave—the closest thing in the world." For Tracy, although really a clever fellow, and a tolerable scholar, affected so foolishly the opposite character, that he deprecated, as if it were a disgrace, the imputation of being acquainted with Latin and Greek. "By Jove, sir, the merest shave," he continued, "'non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.' It is not every body's good luck to get through the great-go schools; nothing but the chemical affinity and attractive properties of my own

Corinthian brass, could have brought me safe into port. Tally-ho, old boy, I mean to get regularly jolly to-night, and drink a tumbler of champagne to the damnation of the dean and all the tutors together. Here old Tom," spying at last the jackall, who had made every exertion to attract his attention sooner, "Here old lion's provider, here's five shillings to-day on the strength of getting through my degree."

"Didn't I say he was a real gentleman?" said the jackall, as Tracy hurried away to join a party who were coming to congratulate him.

"Who is that Yahoo?" asked Lord Carmansdale at the same instant, sufficiently astonished and disgusted by an address which Tracy and his set considered the very essence of bon ton and high breeding; and, tired with what seemed to him so unpromising a specimen of college life, he proposed to Bazancourt taking a turn in the High-street, and searching for some antique specimens of jewellery and rococo among the principal silversmiths' shops in the town. Seeing, accordingly, a tabatière in a window, as he lounged down the street upon our hero's arm, which had the appearance of very ancient date, he entered the shop and enquired of the tradesman, "Pray, is not that an old snuffbox that I see exposed yonder under the glass?"

"Sir!" replied the provincial dealer, with an air of astonishment, as if afraid that he should be taken for a trader in second-hand goods, or the keeper of a spout-shop, "Sir! indeed, sir, excuse me, it can't be old, sir, all the things in my shop are perfectly new."

"Really, then, that's not in my line," said Lord Carmansdale to the wondering vender of plate; and, sauntering on, he thought to obtain better success at the next shop by varying his mode of address. "Will you have the kindness to let me see some of your prettiest snuffboxes?" he enquired of the person behind the counter.

"Immediately, sir," says the obsequious tradesman, eyeing at once Lord Carmansdale's chain, and the silk gown of our hero,—“Here are our last patterns, and we flatter ourselves that they are in extraordinarily good taste:” continued he, producing a tray of the articles demanded; one was ornamented with a dog's head in massive dead silver on the top; another displayed a fox's brush in equally strong relief, with “tally-ho” in gold letters at the bottom; while a variety of pictures of the chase in all its stages, from the cover to the death, adorned the lids of a numerous assortment of Scotch boxes; for the only specimen in the whole collection which had the appearance of being decently

antique, the shopkeeper seemed to think it necessary to make a sort of apology, observing, "that it resembled extremely a new pattern lately introduced by Messrs. Storr and Mortimer in London;" being somewhat on the same principle that Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, is said to have advocated the drinking of champagne, viz. "because it was so deucedly like his gude woman's ginger beer."

"And is this all?" asked Lord Carmansdale in despair, as they issued from the shop, "after all, what is taste? In what does it consist? and where is it really to be found? Why is it that the perception of the graceful and the beautiful has been given to so few? Oh! Alison! Oh! Price and Knight! Oh! Burke! Oh! Gerard! Alas! for Sir Joshua Reynolds, and for Blair, and for Voltaire, d'Alembert, and Montesquieu! Alas, for the labours

\* M. Kératry. *Examen philosophique des Considérations sur le Sentiment du Sublime et du Beau, d'Emmanuel Kant.* 8vo. Paris, 1823.

P. André. *Essai sur le Beau, où l'on examine en quoi consiste précisément le Beau dans le Physique, dans le Moral, dans les ouvrages d'Esprit, et dans la Musique.* 12mo. Paris, 1741.

Gerard's *Essay on Taste*, with the dissertations of Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Montesquieu.

Sir Joshua Reynolds' *Discourses*, delivered in the Royal Academy.

Alison on Taste. Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful, &c. &c.

of André, and Kératry, and Emmanuel Kant, and Winckelman, and whoever else has vainly endeavoured to teach mankind the principles on which elegance in nature and in art is founded. Alas ! even for Hope's essay upon tables and chairs. 'It is all caviare to the vulgar.' After all, he is the happiest man, and liable to have his feelings less rudely wounded and jarred upon by the discordant coarseness of the objects which surround us, who is born and bred with the dullest and most common-place and most plebeian perceptions. The maid who sews with a steel thimble, pricks herself less often than she who shields her taper fingers in a ring of gold !"

As Lord Carmansdale concluded his pathetic lamentation over the taste of the academical sellers, which of course depends upon, and is regulated by, the taste of academical buyers, who should come down the street, arrayed in all the splendour of his gown and cap, but the Rev. Samuel Circumflex himself? Recognizing Lord Carmansdale, and anxious to introduce himself to his notice, the little tutor paused and drew himself up to the full height of his diminutive proportions as the peer and his own pupil approached. Bazancourt, seizing his opportunity, immediately presented him to Lord Carmansdale, as one of the tutors of his college. After reciprocal bows and compliments, Mr. Circumflex asked his

lordship if he were about to visit his estates in Worcestershire.

"I am certainly travelling in that direction, and with that view," answered Carmansdale, "but the property I am possessed of in that county is really so small, that even the editor of a peerage might be pardoned for passing it over."

"It is not so small, however, my lord," said the divine, "but that your lordship has very considerable patronage attached to it. The rectory of Shadewell, and two vicarages, besides a perpetual curacy, are, if I mistake not, in your lordship's gift. The incumbent of Shadewell is a very old man, I believe—"

How near the point the dexterous little tutor would have ventured to steer, without actually asking for a living, we know not, for he was interrupted at the moment by our hero's drawing from his pocket the note of the morning, which had been sent him from Stonesfield, and presenting it to him with the remark, "that it was a paper in his hand-writing, which he probably might have dropped somewhere by mistake." The tutor's countenance fell—a dark, satanic, shade spread over his features—he made an obeisance, and departed. Lord Carmansdale, who was astonished and yet amused at the anecdote, also ascended his britska on his road to the north-west ;

but the dæmoniac spitefulness of Circumflex's mind was not easily to be appeased. It has often struck us that clergymen must feel deeply and bitterly their exclusion from the privilege of wiping out injuries, or satisfying their honours, in the field, by duel. The want of this liberty, which custom denies them, is, perhaps, the hardest privation to which they are condemned by the strictness of their profession. Little Mr. Circumflex pondered all night long on the means he should adopt to revenge himself on Richard Bazancourt. Woe to him next time he incurred an imposition, and the decision of its length should be left to the tender mercies of the Rev. Samuel Circumflex. All night long the detested tutor meditated on the affront he had sustained, and the exposure he had undergone, and even the following morning, so absent and abstracted were his senses from pondering on these things, that it was reported of him by Bob Tracy, who breakfasted with him in order to read the articles preparatorily to taking his degree, that he actually boiled his watch for three minutes in a saucepan over the fire, while he steadfastly regarded the imagined dial-plate of an egg which he held in his hand. This story has been often told before: but we beg to assure the reader that we know Mr. Circumflex *to be the real person to whom it happened.*

## CHAPTER XV.

ABRAHAM HOFFEMANUS, lib. i. Amor. Conjug. cap. 2. page 22, relates out of Plato, how that Empedocles the philosopher was present at the cutting up of one that had died for love.—“His heart was combust, his liver smoky, his lungs dried up; insomuch that he verily believed his soul was either sod or roasted through the vehemency of love’s fire.”—This is a melancholy situation enough to be in: indeed it is in old Burton’s book on the causes of melancholy that we have stumbled somewhere on the above passage; and we sincerely hope that the dreadful conflagration which seems to have taken place in the above unhappy subject of dissection, may be a warning to young ladies and gentlemen not to play with fire, nor trifle wantonly with what may sooner or later scorch them to death.

The flame was now fairly kindled in the bosom of our heroine; and it was not, alas! a place where it was likely to fail for want of congenial fuel to



sustain it. There is however, something, so sacred, so affecting, so refined, and so unearthly about the beautiful passion of love; there is something so sublime in the sacrifices it is ready to make, something so religious in the intense seriousness with which it believes in and worships its idol, that mirth seems out of place in treating of the subject: it appears impiety to jest, and sacrilege to raise the veil of its mysteries. We approach bareheaded and barefooted to the altar, for the place is holy ground. Let no unclean hand, let no profane or curious eye, let no unhallowed heart come near!

The following chapter is for those, and those only, who can appreciate the sanctity of deep feeling, from whatever source it flow, and who can confess sincerity to be a good in itself, even though misguided in its object, and mistaken in its creed. We are not the apologists of the passion we describe: it will be seen hereafter how bitter are the fruits that grow on the forbidden tree. So long as bodies politic exist, and are governed by laws, so long we believe that the rite of marriage will be found not only expedient but necessary; and this point being once established, it will follow naturally that all who disregard, or act in defiance of this necessary arrangement, will deserve at least some portion of the sorrow and the shame they bring

down upon their own heads. No one takes arms against a multitude, and expects to escape unscathed. No one braves the opinion of the world who is not made sooner or later to bleed for it. Nevertheless, it must be allowed in palliation of what we can never attempt to justify, that if ever there was a case in which allowances might be made by charity, in consideration of the peculiar position of the parties, or in which even the recording angel might drop a tear upon the page, and blot the transgression out for ever, our heroine's might be supposed to be the one.

Whatever be the criminality necessarily attaching to similar connexions in general, she at least had broken no ties, had crushed no affections, had violated no vows, for the purpose of adopting Richard Bazancourt as her lover. In this instance, at least, no hearth had been left desolate, no children had been abandoned or disgraced, no example of profligacy was displayed to an imitative world, and paragraphed in the papers for the reprobation and rivalry of thousands. Such as her errors were, they were at all events unknown. Whatever had been her previous condition, our hero was in utter ignorance of it, when his footsteps and hers had met. The mutual delicacy which had been one of the closest links of sympathy in their intercourse, had also pre-

vented each asking any question of the other which might seem to savour of impertinent or ill-bred curiosity. She had come to him like an angel new-lighted from heaven: she seemed to have leapt, like a Minerva, full-grown into existence. She had fallen into his arms, like Eve into those of Adam, in the full maturity of beauty while he slept. Paradise itself seemed revived in the grace of her dwelling; and for a little while it appeared to both that beauty is not all transitory, and love not all a lie, and happiness not all a dream.

It is true that imagination had a great deal to do with this. Both young, both endued with the gift of an exuberant fancy, each of them enthusiastic, and mutually confiding as they were mutually sincere; meeting, too, as they did under circumstances so peculiarly romantic, it is but pardonable if some degree of illusion were flung over the scene by the Dædalean enchantress of the brain. The realities themselves were too sweet not to reflect their roseate tints upon the glowing retina of fantasy's glad eye. Nor let it be thought that it is disparaging to true love to say, that it emanates as much from the head as from the heart, or that the golden thread of romance is intertwined with the rope affection weaves: the love is not less real, not less deep, not less capable of daring courage and self-sacrifice, because

it partakes a little of imagination. We believe that scarcely any deed of high emprise, of deep devotion, or of enduring fortitude, has been ever done, without borrowing some aid from fancy. We are persuaded that very few names hang on high tablets in the shrine of fame, which have not owed part of the lustre with which they are emblazoned to the imaginative faculty. Be it the martyr on the cross or at the stake, or Brutus slaying Cæsar; be it Sylla, abdicating the crown of an empire, or Charlotte Corday, armed to kill the tyrant; be it the Indian fakir, scorching in the sun, or Simeon Stylites, on his column; however varied, and however in some instances mistaken the object may be, still it is enthusiasm alone that carries human nature through unto the end: and it was with an enthusiasm almost akin to superstition that our heroine worshipped Bazancourt. His coming was her hour of devotion; the words of his mouth were her gospel; the smile of his approbation was her heaven. Alas! that sorrow, that cold iconoclast of the heart, should ever come to expose, in its true colours, the reality as well as the necessity of suffering! Alas! that the very acts which lead us for one short hour to forget our mortal lot are too often the very means which cause us afterwards too bitterly to remember it; and

“ Chi vuol dimenticare, soviene sempre.”

Since Jeannette Isabelle had been informed of the name of her lover, which she only learnt by his own signature at the foot of the note that he had sent, she had loved him with an ardour still greater than before. His name had long almost unconsciously been garnered in her memory: she now recalled the conversation which she had once overheard by accident in the hôtel at Fondi, between George Grainger and Lord Arthur Mullingham, on the occasion of her last journey from Italy. Alas! when was she to return to her Italy again? She remembered that it was in the course of that conversation that the utter baseness and worthlessness of her husband's character had first been communicated to her by the unsuspecting speakers, and she had not forgotten the praises which had at the same time been liberally heaped upon the name, casually mentioned, of our youthful hero. The two individuals, Lord Clanelly and Richard Bazancourt, had thus been placed as it were in juxtaposition, and the contrast afforded by the comparison only threw the excellencies of the latter into stronger relief. Hence it had been a name, which, from the peculiar associations of that scene, had been embalmed in the storehouses of her recollection, with the fondest thoughts and most sedulous affection. She had accustomed herself to attach her admiration to this unknown object, and now, when she caught the

sight of the familiar syllables in his own handwriting on the page,—now that she had already committed her heart unconsciously to the same individual, she started, and she could not help confessing to herself, as his strange identity flashed on her mind, that there was a wonderful destiny visible in the arrangement and developement of these things. He whom she had ignorantly worshipped, seemed now presented to her with all the prestige of a real revelation.

If however this startling coincidence was sufficient to impress upon the mind of our heroine that the finger of fate was traceable there, what must have been the feelings of Richard Bazancourt, when he was first convinced, by the positive testimony of the old German, Anton, that the lady of his love was none other than the Countess of Clanelly, the wife of his bitterest foe! Who shall undertake the vain task of describing the vortex of various emotions, which seemed to tear up, as with a mighty whirlpool, the very foundations of his quivering heart? He shook as if shaken with a sudden palsy; he clenched his hands convulsively, and his teeth ground doggedly together, and the living fire flashed from his full dark eye, as he paced rapidly to and fro in his chamber, revolving these matters in his mind. Strange! that destiny should have thrown him thus blindly across the path of this the second victim of the man whom

he had already been taught to hate with a stern and most vindictive hatred ! Strange ! that he should have ignorantly fondled on his knee, and pressed to his bosom, and cherished with his kisses, and entrusted with his most secret thoughts, and rewarded with his whole affection, the very woman on whom but lately had been lavished the endearments of his greatest enemy ! Pah ! there was pollution in the thought ! It almost made him mad ! To think that he should have found a *rival* in one for whom he entertained so deep a loathing, so profound a contempt, as Clanelly ! To think that *he* should have presumed to caress that lovely being with his odious blandishments ; to think that he should have dared to pronounce her sweet name with profane familiarity ; that his detestable fingers should have wandered through the ringlets of that beautiful hair ! That he should have sat by her, and called her his own, and lived with her ! That he should even have stolen the first fruits of her celestial charms ; that even the fair child that our hero had taught himself to love and doat on, was nothing but a miniature copy of an abominable sire ; that its little eyes, which used to look so laughingly, were eloquent only with the expression of hereditary imbecility, or of hereditary want of faith ; that its endearing ways and fascinating prettinesses might be nothing but the germs of cunning and of fraud ; above all,

that Clanelly should be still—aye, even at this present moment, in ardent and indefatigable pursuit of his persecuted wife; that, should he discover the place of her retreat, he would have the right—yes, the legalized right of bearing her away: all this flashed on the indignant mind of Bazancourt, till he staggered beneath the weight of his sad convictions. His love for our heroine was not affected by it; he paused not a moment to think on this; his affections were too deeply pledged, his sympathies were too honestly given to be so lightly moved; on the contrary, he felt only bound to his Jeannette Isabelle by a still closer tie than heretofore; she became the more precious and valuable in his eyes, from there being so great a risk of losing her; she appeared invested with a double claim to his protection and his interest, from the liability to which she was exposed of having need of a protector; and Richard Bazancourt resolved to throw himself over her, and before her, as the sheep-dog does by the tender lamb at the coming of the wolf. He felt strong in his own resources; he was confident in his courage, in his rectitude of intention, and in the justice of his case, and the consciousness of this made him calm again, and resolved not to communicate to our heroine the discovery he had made, but to leave the order of events to time, he rode over as usual to Stonesfield, after



the departure of Lord Carmansdale, and passed his evening not less delightfully, because he no longer, like Ixion, was enamoured of a cloud, but knew the reality of the goddess that he clasped in his arms. The deeper the detestation he bore towards Lord Clanelly, the greater was the pity he felt towards the victim of his cruelty. Her allusions to her sufferings were now all explained—and to those to whom the wreck and the ruin are beautiful, there is ever something pathetic, something moving and appealing, something that softens while it wins, in the idea of the previous sufferings of those we love. The uncertainty too which seemed now to envelope the future; the probability, that at some not far distant period, the viper might penetrate their retreat, and that all the ærial castles which love and hope had so fondly built, might be in one short hour demolished; all these reflections made him cling still more closely than before to the delicious present; and, perhaps, for one brief period they were happy. They met as they had met before; as if equally strangers and equally unknown to each other. Their union was one of those wahl-verwandschaften, which seem for a time at least to make a mockery of the laws with which man in his wisdom [has entwined the nuptial wreath. The high and elevated tone of sentiment which was natural to both of them, prevented their

abusing their happiness or giving way to a too Circean sensuality; theirs was the voluptuousness of the heart; theirs was the fullness of enjoyment, in which the affections control and dictate to the senses. Jeannette Isabelle, whose experience in the world perhaps was greater, although her age was not more advanced, had meditated long and painfully on her own position, and on the relative situation and the extreme youth of Bazancourt. Resolved not to injure him, or impede his prospects, by any connection he might form with her, her efforts were ever still directed to elevate his character, to strengthen it, and stimulate it to virtuous action; to make him a useful, and active, and good, and generous member of society; and the mind of Bazancourt presented indeed a noble soil for the production of such fruit.

There was something at this period in the position of these two young people, at once so romantic and so real; so exciting in its enchantment, yet so sober in its simplicity, that the sternest stoic might have been melted to forgiveness.

As often as he could absent himself from college, Richard Bazancourt now came to partake his dinner with his well-beloved, and his heart leapt with the prospect of domestic bliss, as he saw the white cloth spread, and the two silver forks, and the two spoons, and two napkins, laid by Victoire for their quiet meal;

and as the little Florence, with her glossy curls and endearing witcheries of infancy, rolled about the floor or nestled on their knees ; and as she repeated with lisping accents the tender appellations of her mother's native tongue, as she called her *tesoro mio*, and *mia cara*, and *bene mio*, and *mamma mignone*, Richard Bazancourt forgot for a time that she was the child of his enemy and of his rival. He would draw her on his lap, and kiss her, and then sigh to think that all this domestic life, which had for him so peculiar a charm, must pass so soon away. He felt even then a presentiment that this was not destined to be his lot in life; he knew that to be a fond husband, an indulgent father, a hospitable householder, a liberal landlord; to have dwelt in the country, amid the flowers and fruits of nature; to have listened to the music of the birds and bees; to have shared with Isabelle some tranquil hamlet; and to have been buried by her side in the green churchyard; he knew that all this was in his nature; all this might have been, should have been, and yet was not to be; and an involuntary sigh for the future would sometimes escape him, even amid the perfect enjoyment of the present.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Nothing is, nothing ought to be, of equal importance in a mother's eyes, with the education of her child. It is to our mothers that we are all indebted in the largest proportion, for the formation of our characters. That "*fortes creantur fortibus et bonis*" is by no means a general rule, as applied to the transmission of noble qualities to the son from the father. Cicero writes his *De Officiis* to form his boy's mind, and Master Mark turns out a simpleton. Chesterfield indites whole volumes of epistolary prose to his hopeful, and the satisfactory result of so much good advice, is the formation of an imbecile and a *vaut-rien*: but not so with the characters which are imbibed with our mothers' milk. We believe that no great man ever lived, who had not, in a great measure, been formed to that greatness by his mother. The romantic chivalry of Francis the first, and the implacable bigotry of Charles the

ninth, may be traced to the respectively analogous traits of character in Louisa of Savoy, and Catherine de Medicis. From Mrs. Wesley, her son John derived his religious zeal; and Lord Byron inherited some of the irregularities of his course from his mother.

Jeannette Isabelle was fully sensible of the importance of the responsibility imposed upon her. Even the devotedness of her love for Bazancourt, did not conceal from her the gravity of her other duties; and often, as she caressed and fondled her pretty prattler in her arms, her thoughts were busily occupied with schemes for its future welfare, and plans for bringing to the best perfection, the faculties with which bounteous Nature had endowed it. After all, the *Emile* of Rousseau, even with its many impossibilities and defects, is the best book that ever was written on this subject, because it takes nature throughout for its guide. The same exemption from restraint which he conceded to the body, by getting rid of the absurd maillots and swaddling-clothes in which infants used to be enwrapped, he imparted also to the mind, giving it a wholesome vigour, and a freedom of play, which pedagogues have been slower to encourage in their schools, than nurses have been to adopt his other rules in the nursery.

Jeannette Isabelle knew that education is the mighty hinge on which the destinies, not only of individuals, but of nations, turn. The illimitable progress of the world towards perfection, is a problem, of which the solution is wound up in the question of national education. The application of steam, the multiplication of manufactures, the analyzation of electricity, the communication with interior Africa, the reform of the British parliament, may be considered as the results of national education on the minds of such men as Watt, Arkwright, Franklin, Park, and Cobbett. The impulse on the other hand, which may be given to historic events by the force of individual education, is illustrated by Peter the Great, civilizing an empire of savages, Beccaria abolishing examinations by torture, Wilberforce persevering for the emancipation of the slaves, Wolff preaching the gospel to kneeling thousands of wild and wondering heathen.

Our heroine mused with awe on the colossal changes which may be evolved in time by the operations of the portentous engine, which is working now so quickly and so widely round ; but her immediate attention was occupied with one small nook of the vast machinery, and she set herself about the improvement and cultivation of her infant's mind. She was particularly averse, to what may be called, the

quackery of education : she did not trouble her head about the innumerable family of small duodecimos and large octavos, by the thousand and one misses and madams, which swarm every week from the press. Her plan was, to let her little Florence tumble about as much as she liked, till she was big enough to read, and then to give her Sandford and Merton ; and no normal school ever hit upon a more common-sensible project. Perfectly aware, also, of the weight which is attached by the world to the observance of its established ordinances, and anxious that her child should labour hereafter under no disadvantages, which could be avoided by any concession on her part, to custom or opinion : the mother, although, as we have elsewhere hinted, she was, unhappily, far too liberal in her views of religion, determined to have her child baptized according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. As no nearer place could be conveniently found for this purpose than Oxford, our hero was requested to bring over a phaeton, and a pair of horses, for the expedition, and to act as godfather upon the occasion ; an office which he willingly undertook, as it appeared to give him some sort of authority to stand forth as the protector of the child, should this be necessary on any future emergency. Jeannette Isabelle accordingly, accompanied by Victoire, Florence,

and Carlo, ascended together the carriage one beautiful summer's morning, to superintend the celebration of this ceremony.

The little Catholic chapel, which stands a little way out of the town of Oxford, on the Wycomb road to London, was the appointed scene for the performance of the rite. Our heroine looked up at the neat and modest cross which surmounts the west end of the building as she entered, and at that moment she wished, most earnestly and ardently did she wish, that such sign might be to her as to others, a type of hope and immortality. Let others talk of the pride of the unbeliever, and attribute the melancholy infirmity of his mental constitution to stubbornness, or hard-heartedness, or conceit. Alas! it was not so with Isabelle. Her infidelity was nothing more or less than an incapacity of believing. It was a source to her of humiliation and sorrow. Instead of vaunting of the hardiness with which she dared to reject, she felt humbled and mortified at her positive inability to accept all that had been taught her. She believed that some natural deficiency prevented her from feeling the faith which others feel; but the theme presents a dark and painful spectacle, and we will not dwell on it. She dipped her hand in the holy water as she entered the little chapel, and signed the cross upon her brow, and she felt no



awe as she did so. She did not tremble at the fictitious sanctity with which the objects around were invested. There was no superstition in her unbelief: she had nothing, of what has been called, "the fanaticism of infidelity;" but there was a calm and quiet air of positive conviction about her, which affords less room for hope to the preachers of conversion, than any other frame of mind. She was not a sceptic; she did not doubt; she simply disbelieved: and yet, as she knelt at the altar, while the prayers were muttered by the surpliced priest, and when her babe was sprinkled with the water from that mystic font, which confers salvation, or salvability, on human souls, she breathed a fervent wish to heaven, that her child might be a Christian. She desired that her daughter should have loftier motives for her actions, than such as plain morality made subservient to utility prescribes:—she confessed the insufficiency of her own principles, for they did not lead to perfection of virtue; and she was glad that her infant had received this sacrament.

"How I wish," said she, as she sealed the ceremony with a mother's kiss, such kiss as mothers give their only-born; the first kiss on the young cheek still wet with the dew of God's blessing. "How I wish that I could have my beauty-baby's picture made! I don't mean daubed by some vulgar

perpetrator of paint ; some soi-disant artist, with conceptions as coarse as his canvass ; but I would have a Raphael, or a Carlo Dolce, created on purpose : methinks Correggio might have chosen Florence for the original of one of his cherubim ; what say you, Signor Ricardo ? ”

“ I think it a pity, that the portraits of children are not more frequently taken,” replied our hero. “ In them only we find pure, unadulterated expression ; I mean, such an expression as is indicative of disposition, and not caricatured, distorted, or exaggerated by any passion. It would be curious to keep such a gallery of children’s pictures, and compare them in after-life with the originals, when ambition, avarice, disappointment, or malice, have warped the features into the mirror of the distempered mind. The portrait of a man is sure to be insipid, unless the artist represents him in the attitude, and under the agency, of some great and powerful passion. I would sooner be gibbeted at Newgate at once, than hung in Somerset House, represented sitting in an easy chair, with my legs crossed, my arms folded, a scroll of paper in my right hand, and my face endeavouring to look as pretty as possible, as if conscious that it was having its picture taken. Now the portrait of a child cannot be this wooden, hard, dead, lifeless sort of

thing :—a child will, and must, have animation. Not even the most dull of all sign-painters, could help making a child's countenance reflect the natural tenor of its mind. They have not yet learnt to conceal emotion : dissimulation is a virtue or a vice, for which we are indebted to our experience."

As our heroine did not feel the state of her religious opinions to be any subject for boasting—but much the contrary—she had never yet communicated her views to Richard Bazancourt. She adverted distantly and delicately to them, as their conversation continued in the carriage on their journey home. Bazancourt had observed with much concern in the morning, that there was an unusual dejection and depression in our heroine's manner ; there was an uneasiness, and an appearance of apprehension about her, which he was at a loss to account for, except by attributing it to some bad news which she might probably have received that day in a letter, which he imagined to have come from the Italian friend whom he had first seen with her, by the side of Blenheim lake, and who, it is needless to inform our readers, was the Marchésa Pisatelli. In Oxford she had shewn herself extremely restless and uncomfortable, and had inquired anxiously for a newspaper which contained the divisions in the House of Lords. The idea immediately struck Bazancourt

—for what can escape the ever-watchful eyes and ears of love?—that she must have received intelligence of her husband's return to the country; and, though the subject was too delicate a one to be adverted to between them, he continued to attribute to this cause the agitated demeanour which she wore during the whole of their passage on the road.

This was the first time they had left home together for such a distance; and our hero, laying his hand affectionately on that of his friend, as she sat opposite to him in the carriage, observed to her that the ceremony of the morning had been happily concluded, and that there was no cause for looking sad.

"Alas!" was her vague and indirect reply, as if carrying on aloud the same train of reflection that she had been mentally indulging before; "alas! my life has been a strange mélange—a motley and chequered scene of too much laughter and too many tears! I was thinking of the old nunnery at Winchester, where I was educated when a little girl, during the time that my poor father lived in England;—I used, even then, to look at the old market cross in the High Street of that quiet town, as illustrative of the creed that placed it there. Picturesque in the extreme, and splendid with external ornament, yet yielding gradually, as all must yield,

to the attacks of time, and mouldering slowly away. How I used to torture myself, even in those days, with doubts and reasonings on abstract questions! I have sat up the whole night long to read Cudworth, and Reid, and Hume, and Helvetius. Then I plunged into gaiety to get rid of thought! I was a foolish, fluttering thing, living upon gratified vanity and the success of a mistaken ambition, during one whole winter that I spent at Paris; and then, when I returned at last to my own dear Italy to be happy, my father died. This was the bitterest calamity of all:—had he lived, I should still have had a protector: my sufferings, great as they have ever been, would not have been aggravated to so frightful an extent as now! I should not then have been driven by the advice of relations, which constrains those whom it professes to leave free, to tie myself to a husband, who used me worse than any of his dogs; I should have then been spared the crime of quitting him:—but enough of this,—I trust my darling daughter will never be subjected to such trials or such evils;—should I live to guide her choice, it will be only with the guidance which will point out to her the importance of choosing for herself. There is as much wisdom as quaintness in the expression of our favourite De Staël when she says, ‘*Je forcerai ma fille à faire un mariage d’inclination.*’ ”

Just as these words were spoken, a carriage, meeting that which contained Richard Bazancourt and our heroine, passed rapidly by. It was an open britska, containing only one solitary individual, attended by two servants behind ; but in the body of the carriage, seated by the side of the traveller, were two ferocious-looking bull-dogs, and Carlo growled at them as they passed. Suddenly Jeannette Isabelle fell back, as if lifeless, in her seat. The strange carriage pursued its course, and was in a few moments out of sight ; but the terror caused by the apparition did not pass quickly away from our heroine. Slowly and difficultly she recovered her sensation, and looking with a wild and frantic air around her, asked, with sobs and sighs, hysterically, "Is he gone? He is mistaken—tell him he is wrong! tell him he has been misinformed of my retreat! tell him anything! only save me from him! save me!" and then, recovering herself with an effort, she passed her hand over her forehead, and said, "It is nothing ; it is over now. Why am I so weak? You will think me very foolish, dearest friend! I believe it was Carlo's barking that frightened me!" and so the agitation passed, with a kiss and a pressure of the hand which seemed to say on the part of Bazancourt, "Confide in me—lean on me—and I will defend you;" but he spoke not. He never ventured

to allude to the person whom he had seen in the carriage. A painful silence or a constrained conversation reigned in the party till they reached Stonestfield ; and then Richard Bazancourt, waiting only a sufficient time to assure himself that the calmness of his beloved one was comparatively restored, left the cottage at a much more early hour than usual. The stranger whom they had met was travelling in the opposite direction, and, moreover, his attention did not seem to have been at all arrested by the party in Bazancourt's carriage ; therefore, whoever he might be, there seemed little danger of the sanctuary being invaded during our hero's absence.

Immediately on leaving the village, Bazancourt directed his course to Woodstock, where he sought a quiet conference with the waiter at the Bear Inn, who confirmed his worst suspicions by telling him that Lord Clanelly had changed horses there about an hour ago, and had proceeded by the road to London. To London, then, our hero resolved instantly to follow him.

"Now," thought he to himself, "is my time for revenge. Now is the opportunity arrived, which I have so long coveted in vain, of being placed face to face with my great antagonist. This time, at least, he shall not escape me. I will insult him, and compel him to meet me ; I will overwhelm him with such

words as must necessarily drive him to a contest which shall be fatal to one of us in its termination. Yes ! I will now redeem the promise which I made to my sister, while I was yet a boy, and which has haunted me like an unburied spectre ever since. I will now, at any rate, assure the future independence and happiness of my own beloved Jeannette, by sending out of the world, at one stroke, her villanous oppressor ; and even though the relation in which I should stand towards her afterwards, as the slayer of her husband, appals me—almost deters me ; yet I feel it to be an imperative duty to execute my vengeance on his head. What matter, even should she refuse to see me afterwards ? I shall suffer for it, 'tis true ; but *she*, at least, will be happy,—*she*, at least, will be able to lead a life of comparative security and peace ; I shall not have the pain to know that her cheek is pale with continual apprehension, and her bosom racked with unceasing and miserable disquiet. I shall myself no longer sleep upon thorns, in thinking that my sheepfold is exposed night and day to the ravages of the wolf ; and even were there other motives wanting to instigate me, I hate the monster so for what he has done, as well as for what he yet may do, that I am determined he should die. I cannot live in the same world with a man who has dared to woo, and win,



and wed my loved one. I cannot bear to think that any other than myself should ever have revelled upon those sweet kisses!" and our hero, almost frantic with the conflict of his excited feelings, ascended precipitately, without a further thought, the box of the Worcester Triumph, which was at the moment, about two o'clock, waiting to change horses in the streets of Woodstock.

It was nearly ten in the evening when he arrived in London. He became aware of his being in the metropolis only by the noise of the passengers and the glare of the lamps, so much had his thoughts been occupied by one sole idea. He took a hackney-coach, and desired the coachman to drive straight to Lord Clanelly's house in St. James's Square. The steps were let down. He alighted.

"Is Lord Clanelly at home?" inquired he of the servant.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Is he not expected soon?"

"No, sir; we don't expect him in town at all," said the porter.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Nothing could exceed the consternation, the rage, the disappointment, and the agony of mind which was caused to our hero by this provoking answer to his interrogatory. In vain he hurried from club-house to club-house, seeking the necessary information; in vain he even hazarded a call at the house of a lady on the Edgware road, where he was told he might probably hear some intelligence of his lordship's proceedings. The night was far advanced, and he returned once more in despair to the mansion in St. James's square, where the only response which he could at last obtain to all his queries was, that Lord Clanelly was in England, and had lately been into Staffordshire, to see the fight between the Shropshire pet and Brummagem Bob. Richard Bazancourt turned away from the door in disgust;—and yet his footsteps did not wander wide from the threshold. Thrice and again he returned, as it were involuntarily, to the spot. There seemed a

strange sort of fascination in the house. He could not help gazing on each curtained window, and picturing to himself all the scenes of terror and of pain that must have passed within. His imagination represented to him his Isabelle lying in those guilty chambers, as in a prison, weakened by sickness and confinement, jaded with care and anxiety, denied the necessary indulgencies of her sex and condition; and oh! worse than all, exposed to the insulting solicitations of a man for whom his contempt was only tempered by his hatred. Yes! this it was that maddened him to fury. He could not bear to think that the head, which was far dearer to him than his own life, had rested on another's pillow; that the cheek, which it was his greatest pride and joy to call his own sweet Isabelle's, had been subjected to another's kiss; and, above all, he was exasperated that this man should be, of all others, the very individual whom he felt it to be his bounden duty to hate and punish, for other and earlier insults offered to his own family, and his own favourite sister! He looked savagely up at the panes of glass, which reflected the cold moon-beams, and his blood crept along his veins with a thick and sensible current—he drew breath with difficulty—his chest heaved—he felt sick and faint—a dark film obscured his vision, and he grasped convulsively at the nearest

object for support. Next, as he came to himself again, he reflected on the danger to which Isabelle was momentarily exposed during his absence, from the circumstance of her husband being in that neighbourhood: he reproached himself bitterly for his rashness and inconsiderate haste in coming to London, and resolved to hurry back by the earliest coach on the following day.

For himself he had no thought, no solicitude to spare; or he might have remembered what he was destined to learn with terrible severity ere long, that he incurred no inconsiderable risk to his own prospects, in having made a journey to London without the leave or even the knowledge of the college authorities. The unfortunate result of this act of temerity we shall see presently.

That night Richard Bazancourt slept but little. In his bed he turned the matter over and over in his mind: it struck him that he was acting without any advice, and without much experience. He recollected that the man of business usually employed by his family, Mr. Snuffles, was in London, and might easily be entrusted with his secret, and made of considerable use, by commissioning him to ascertain the circumstances of Lord Clanelly's marriage, the exact present position of things, and the possibility of obtaining a divorce. Perhaps, too, he

might obtain some information of that individual's movements. At any rate, he was certain to hear the latest news respecting his own family at Paris; and, accordingly, at an early hour the following morning, he knocked with eager confidence at the door of Mr. Snuffles' chambers, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn.

"Dear me!" said old Snuffles, with difficulty recognizing our hero, "this is most enchantingly pleasing, and most agreeably delightful. Your visit, Mr. Bazancourt, is most unexpectedly un contemplated, and most unannouncedly un hoped for. Nevertheless, it is most fittingly timely, and most conveniently opportune. I have here, just forwarded from the Foreign Office, a packet from my Lord Furstenroy. Enclosed is a letter for you. Bless me! you are grown so dilatedly robust, and so perpendicularly tall!"

Our hero made a sign of impatience:—there are some people who keep on telling young men that they are grown, every time they see them, till they are upwards of five and thirty. "Where is this letter, Mr. Snuffles?" he enquired, "I must be off."

"Bless me! you are so pressingly hasty, and so urgently precipitate," said Mr. Snuffles, "Where is the packet? Briefs—pleadings—declarations—

bless me! Oh! here it is. As I said, you are grown so extensively stout, and so altitudinously elongated, Mr. Bazancourt."

Our hero tore open his letter, and found that it was from his brother, Lord Fletcher: its contents were as follows:

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I have a secret to communicate to you, and one which, I assure you, causes me no little embarrassment. You must know that I have had the good or ill fortune, for a long time past, to maintain a very intimate friendship with a French lady; the consequence of which is, that circumstances have proceeded a little further than I ever intended; and I am likely to find myself a father before I have become a husband. *Qu'en dites vous? C'est une mauvaise affaire sans doute.* As I am anxious to make some sort of settlement upon this person without delay, you will oblige me by consulting our friend, Mr. Snuffles, on the subject. If he likes to take a holiday and come to Paris, I shall be happy to see him here; otherwise I must either come to London, which I do not wish, or employ another professional man on the spot. I wish much that you would come over the water yourself—my father, indeed, requests that you will do so during your

vacation. His health is, I fear, declining, and yet he is so much more violent than ever in politics, that he will scarcely see me, and talks as if I were a second Guy Faux, or Oliver Cromwell. You are greatly wanted to set all this to rights. I want also to introduce to you my poor young protégé, Louis Boivin, who, independently of our political sympathies, has found another common chord between us, by falling desperately in love. If it were not that he is over head and ears absorbed by this attachment, (the lady, by the bye, it appears, is an aristocrat, although I am unacquainted with her name,) he might, perhaps, be led by his politics into some much greater scrape. You can form no idea of the high fever of political excitement at this moment in Paris. There seems a sort of general foreboding, and mistrust—a general but vague presentiment that some desperate struggle is at hand against the government. The police are unceasing in their activity. One or two obscure plots have been brought to light, but it is surmised that there are secret combinations still, which have eluded all their vigilance. Myself I have withdrawn rather more of late from some of my former associates, a measure which you, as a staunch Tory, will of course highly approve of. I am, therefore, not in the confidence even of Boivin himself; but, were I in Louis

Philippe's place, I should not feel comfortable. Take my word for it, some warm work is at hand. Do not think, because I write thus, that I am less a Whig at heart than ever; and answer me quickly, per rapport à la belle Olympe. Adieu, mon cher. Yours truly,

FLETCHER.

Our hero hastened to communicate the contents of this letter to Mr. Snuffles, who put on his spectacles in order to listen more attentively, and puffed, and grunted, and snorted, till Bazancourt became quite irritated at his delay. The man of business began by quoting a precedent out of "Roper's Husband and Wife,"—talked about the five French codes, feoffments and seisins, and the Furstenroy estate.

"Really," said he, "the business is most intricately entangled, and most twistedly complicated; your brother's conduct has been very imprudently improvident, and most blameable reprehensible; a visit to Paris would certainly be temptingly seductive, and persuasively inducing; but my clients are so clamorous, that I know not if I can spare sufficient time."

Bazancourt simply suggested that Lord Fletcher was of a liberal disposition, and the lawyer, who



had only waited for some hint as to amount of remuneration, consented at last to take the proposed journey, and start immediately for France.

It was with extreme diffidence and difficulty that our hero now brought himself at length to speak upon his own affairs; but when he came to treat of them, he found himself so unprepared with any definite plan on which the attorney was to act, and the prospect seemed so chimerical of his ever eliciting for him any information which would ultimately be of use, that he quitted his chambers in little better spirits than he had entered them. All the schemes and resources which had seemed so available to him, as he turned them over in his mind during the night, vanished into dust, and appeared unsatisfactory, or impracticable, now that he considered them calmly in the day-time. At all events, it was decidedly best to return, without longer delay, to Oxford, both on his own account, and for the sake of her to whom all his thoughts, by night and by day, reverted. He blamed himself for all the anxiety he must have caused her by his absence, at the very period when she must require the support of his kind attentions most. He blamed himself still more for the risk to which he had left her exposed of being discovered, while deprived of her protector. He hurried to Hatchett's, and mounted the first ve-

hicle which he found starting. The coachman who drove him home on the Defiance, although described by one of his contemporaries as "a delightful member of society, and full of beautiful conversation; because he can be such a gentleman, you know, sir, can Jack; and then, you know, sir, he *can be* such a blackguard:" even the facetious Jack failed, for this once, to beguile his mind of its load of cares. He thought, too, of his father's declining health—he meditated on his brother's account of the seditious movements in Paris, in which he feared that he might be more deeply involved than he allowed himself to be in his letter. All things seemed to conspire together against him. He dismounted at his destination in sufficiently low spirits. He determined that very evening to go over to Stonesfield, to convince himself that all had gone right during his absence. For one instant he hurried up to his rooms in Christchurch, to make some slight arrangement of his toilet, and to his great surprise on opening the door, he found a perfect stranger comfortably ensconced in his easy chair, resting his feet in slippers lined with rabbit skin on the edge of his fender, and smoking a cigar.

"Sir!" said the stranger, with the air of one who was perfectly at home, and looking astonished at Bazancourt's abrupt entrance, "Sir! I did not say come in."

"No," replied our hero, "because I did not knock at the door."

"Then let me tell you, sir," said the man in the rabbit-skin slippers, "that another time you had better take the trouble to knock, before you take the liberty to enter."

"But these are my own rooms," answered Bazancourt, "I suppose I may go in or out as I like."

"These are *my* rooms," said the other sharply, "and I will thank you, sir, to walk out as fast as you walked in."

Bazancourt, perceiving that the person was a freshman, made allowances for his impoliteness, and having his thoughts so totally engrossed with more important subjects, did not think it worth his while to argue the point further, but quietly descended the staircase, for the purpose of finding his scout, and seeking some explanation of this strange occurrence.

At the same time that all this was taking place, a most convivial party were assembled in some rooms on the opposite side of the Quadrangle, to celebrate the success of one of the choice spirits of the college in taking his degree. The Kilkenny cat, Fitz-Watterton, who was glad to avail himself of a provincial invitation, since the London air had disagreed with him, was of the party, and here he figured as a star of the first magnitude. He was spending a week

with a friend in Oxford, previously to a fresh visit to the continent, and he had managed to *clean out* the Christchurch men of above three hundred pounds at *écarté* and blind-hookey. He often passed the bottle, or if he filled his glass, it was sure to be with the precautionary *heel-tap*; and thus it was, by proposing *vingt-et-un*, or some other game, when the heads of others had become more heated than his own, that he calculated on winning enough to pay, in part, one or two of the most clamorous of his duns, and by this means facilitate his escape from England, which was at present rendered difficult by the vigilance of a sheriff's officer at Dover. The Honourable Mrs. Scraggs purposed, also, spending the next winter in Paris, and as Fitz-Waterton did not yet despair of Miss Barbara, this was an additional inducement to him to cross the water.

"By my honour and credit," exclaimed he on the present occasion, after a toast had been drunk, and there was a dead silence, "By my honour and credit, that was a famous run we had last night away from the proctor, as good as a fox-chase every bit;—'a mighty hunter, and his prey was man'—tally-ho—tally-ho—tally-ai-ai-ai-o!" and the Irishman gave a view-halloo at the very top of his voice.

"I met the proctor, too, last night," said a simple-looking cream-faced youth, with a lisp like a

miss in her teens at a boarding-school, "and he asked me where I was going: 'to buy a lobster,' said I. 'I'll see you as far as the fishmonger's,' said the proctor. Now, as I had no further thought of the fish, than, inasmuch, as I was really going 'pêcher les sardines, pêcher les harengs,' as the refrain of the French song says, this was very inconvenient. However, he conducted me to the stall, and told the dame aux halles of the place that I wanted a lobster. I winked to the woman, who offered to send it for me. 'Oh! dear no,' said the proctor, 'the gentleman will take it in his pocket.' I again made a sign to the woman to put it down in the bill. 'Not at all,' said the proctor, 'what is the price?' '2s. 6d., sir,' said the woman: and he made me pay it on the spot, and saw me safe into college:—so that I had a lobster sallad for supper without intending it."

"But by my honour and credit," said Fitz-Warterton, "'tis a most convenient way that you have of getting rid of your duns, by shutting those thick outer doors. I should think Lucifer himself would never be able to break through them."

"Oh!" replied the former speaker, "duns laugh at locksmiths—and I have a much better plan than that. In the first place, let me tell you, that for the first three years of a man's residence, he requires positively no money at all—every thing may be done

upon credit—the tradesman can actually be with difficulty persuaded to take your money. About the beginning of the fourth year, you are near the time of taking your degree, and a few calls may be expected. Now, some men keep a bull-bitch in their rooms to let fly at the dun's legs. Others let fall a hod of coals, or a pail of water, on their heads from the window. Some throw them over the banisters, which is actionable. Others, again, get rid of them by giving a fresh order, which makes the matter still worse the next term. My own plan, is simply to change rooms, for the time, with the man who lives opposite to me on the same stair-case. It is only necessary to have observed the rule for some time previously, of never dealing with the same tradesman that your neighbour deals with. Thus, par exemple, your duns come to your room and ask for you—your friend is ready with the answer that you are not at home, which excites far less suspicion than shutting the outer door, or as we call it, '*sporting the oak.*' In the meantime, his duns come to his apartment, and find no one but yourself, who are ready with the same answer, 'that Mr. So-and-so is gone out for the day.'"

"By my honour and credit," exclaimed the Kilkenney cat, "but that's a most capital plan; and are you near going up for your degree?"

"I ought to have been examined this very day," replied the other, "and I have actually had an alarum in my room the whole term, to wake me early, and make me get up to read ; but last night, as I was lying in bed, all was still, and I heard the pendulum of this cursed 'larum repeat distinctly, at each successive alternation, the ominous words, 'dead pluck, dead pluck, dead pluck'—I jumped up in a fright—prudently took the hint, and sent a note off to the schools the first thing in the morning, to request the examining masters to scratch off my name."

"And how is the famous gray horse, with the bang tail, after his steeple-chase?" enquired a fresh speaker of the man of three years' standing.

"Oh! in splendid condition," replied the other, "I've booked him for the plate at Cottesford—only seven to two—taken—against him—and I have given him a new name on the strength of it."

"What is it?" asked they all at once.

"Gehazi," rejoined the other, "because he is a 'leaper as white as snow.'"

"Bravo," cried they all; "at any rate you won't be plucked for your divinity."

"I rode a race the other day at Bibury," said a man in a cut-away, who was the great liar of his college, "and came in second."

"How many started?" enquired Fitz-Waterton.

"Why—there were only two," hesitatingly replied the man in the cut-away, and a great laugh ensued on the candid admission of his answer.

Just at this moment the door was flung open, and in walked Bob Tracy. Tracy, although occasionally given to extravagancies, was a good-hearted fellow, and as he advanced into the room, he said, "Gentlemen, I am sure you will all be sorry to hear that poor Bazancourt is expelled."

"Expelled!" repeated every man in the room, Dick Bazancourt expelled! impossible! you're joking."

"I trust not," said one.

"I hope it is not true," said another.

"The best fellow in the college," remarked a third: while the man of three years' standing whispered in the ear of the Kikenny cat, that he had won twenty pounds by the event, as he had bet only a short time since that he would be sent away before the end of his first year's residence.

"Why, he dined only the other day with Circumflex, the tutor," remarked one of the party.

"It is, nevertheless, Circumflex who was the cause of his expulsion," replied Bob Tracy.

"And why?" enquired several.

"It is a long story," said Tracy, "and I don't



know the right particulars myself; but Bazancourt, I believe, has had some flash sort of lady down here, from London, for some time past—a regular flare-up beauty, all over rouge; and as Mr. Circumflex is a bit of a saint, and he found out that Bazancourt was spending a good deal of money on this person, he took the opportunity of poor Dick's sleeping out of college last night, to represent his improper proceedings to the dean, and request that he might be sent away, for fear he should corrupt all us innocent souls by the contagion of his bad example. I wonder, by the bye, if he will sell Mahmoud. I'd give him five-and-forty for him; he'd be worth a hundred, if he had but a bang tail. Gentlemen, I propose Dick Bazancourt's health with three times three! Fill your glasses;”—and the toast was drunk by the whole party on their legs, amidst vociferations of applause, and shouts of “Bazancourt for ever!”

Our hero was pacing gloomily towards the college gateway, with the intention of galloping hastily over to Stonesfield, when these sounds of riot met his unwilling ear. A sullen shade hung over his features. He came from an interview with the dean, who after rating him severely for his irregularities ever since he had resided, told him that Mr. Circumflex had represented in such strong terms the necessity of

making an example of his absence from college during the previous night, that he had felt himself in duty bound to erase his name from the list of the members of the society. Oh! the malevolence! the petty spite, the meanness, the paltry-mindedness of men! And all this had been incurred for *her* sake—yes—for the sake of her whose love was more precious to him than all the advancement, and all the favour in the world; and he did not regret it. But as the discordant notes of revelry fell upon his ear from the lofty window, he felt a loathing and a deep disgust—a nauseating and revolting sensation came over him; he felt like Alp among the carcasses at Corinth, and “turned him from the sickening sight.” He heard without one thrill of pleasure his own name mixed up in the shout of ribaldry and debauch. “Can these men,” he asked himself, “feel as I feel, think as I think, or love as I love? Could one single individual among them appreciate the high-minded devotion, the generous sentiment, the noble pride of disinterested affection? Amid all this senseless clamour, is there not one heart that could sympathise with mine—not one bosom that can beat with emotions lofty as my own? No high aspirations! no pure devotion! Nothing godly! nothing heavenly!—Oh! the potter’s clay of which mankind are made.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE moon was high in heaven, and the stars were shining from their crystal cars, flinging from their radiant wheels immortal light to the orbs of other systems, and singing ever as they rolled that voiceless music, that unuttered hymn, of which the burden is "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth be peace." The heavens smiled upon the earth, and the balmy breath and dewy kiss of night wooed the nodding winking flowers to repose. Only the tremulous aspen and the quivering larch were yet awake; the trees of a broader verdure slept like giants, heavily; the hoofs of Mahmoud echoed hollowly amid the silence, as he sped along the rocky road. As he escaped farther and farther from the meaningless din and clattering clamour of the town, Richard Bazancourt became cooler and more composed; his confused ideas grew more collected and distinct; he uncovered his head and let the cool air of evening bathe his throbbing temples, and he rejoiced to feel it eddy

through the jetty clusters of his hair, as his courser rushed along. What a variety of emotions had passed through his bosom since he last saw his Isabelle! What a tissue of events had happened to him! What a world of anxiety had he experienced on her behalf! He leapt lightly from his saddle, and hastened to the well-known door. He paused timidly at the threshold, but his heart's idol watched for him, for she could not sleep. Since his abrupt departure of the yesterday, her weary limbs had not pressed the mattress; she had fasted; she had wept, till the lustre of her eyes was dimmed. Can the vine flourish when widowed of its wedded elm? can the turtle coo while her mate is on the wing? Jeannette Isabelle had caught the trampling of his steed from afar off, and her hand was ready on the latch; and she had already gathered a rich wreath of the monthly rose, which embowered the doorway, for the guerdon of her love's return. Passionately she flung her bare, beautiful arms around him, and like the patriarch of old, she "embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him, and they wept." Yes! warm and womanish tears stole down the cheeks of Bazancourt, as he witnessed this trait of devoted affection. They were both of them softened and overcome, and girdling her pliant waist with the zone of his strong arm, our hero led the lovely mourner like a weeping bride to her chamber, before either of them had summoned recol-

lection or resolution enough to utter a single word. How better far was that eloquent silence than all the wordiest common-place of would-be compliment !

"Dearest one," said Isabelle, chasing her glad tears with the softest smile love ever stole from beauty, "dearest one ! you have nearly killed me with alarm ; —you left me yesterday abruptly ; there was an air of mystery in your eye ; there was some secret resolve beneath the surface of your hasty farewell. From me you can conceal nothing ; you ought to have nothing to conceal. Where have you been wandering ? Why do you look so wild and so sad to-night ? Tell me all your sorrows and cares, and I will kiss them away ; this lip shall blow all your woes like bubbles before the wind, and we will laugh together like children to see the tumid nonsenses burst into vacancy. Come, carissimo amico, tell all about it, or you shall not return to-night ; I will prison you in my arms, and this bosom shall be your dungeon of solitary confinement."

Need we say that this was destined to be the hour of unreserve to both of them ? Need we say, that after this glowing scene, there was no longer a secret from the other in the heart of either ? Boundless confidence, and total freedom from restraint, was the result of this night's meeting. Isabelle communicated to her lover every event and every feeling of her pre-

vious history ; the persecutions of her husband ; her escape ; her fears of discovery ; the manner in which this temporary residence had been supplied to her by the kindness of her friend, the principessa, and through the instrumentality of the still mysterious and inexplicable old lady. The spot had been selected on account of its retirement and distance from all Lord Clanelly's connections, and as a convenient place for her quiet accouchement ; but since that event was over, and now that her child was advancing in its growth, she had double cause for apprehension in case of discovery. The meeting of yesterday had confirmed her fears that her husband had returned to England, and now her only anxiety was to leave her present asylum as speedily as possible ; but this she could not, would not do, so long as she was indebted to its vicinity for the privilege of receiving the visits of him whose love was to her the very breath of her existence.

Our hero hastened in his turn to confide to Jeannette the fact of his own irrevocable expulsion from college, and was prompt to assure her that the bitterness of the sentence was turned into sweetness now that he found she was so desirous of quitting that part of the country.

“ And where purpose you then, dearest, to seek a new asylum ? . Myself, I have received a summons

from my father to visit France. Is that a climate for which you have any affection? Can I not be of any use as your messenger in that direction?"

"Exactly the very thing," replied Isabelle, her eyes sparkling with joyful animation, "'tis the self-same project I had proposed to myself, and which I had not purposed to communicate, did I not find that it would tally with your own plans and your own convenience. At Fontainebleau is now residing my dear old lady, who first delivered me from Clanelly, and brought me to this retreat. She is the only person to whom I can apply for refuge, as my other friend, the principessa, has returned for a time to my beloved Italy. I know not the old lady's name, at least not her real name; but I have an address which I will give you, and which will be sufficient clue. You shall go to her forthwith, and as soon as you have prepared me another cottage as pretty as this, you shall return and fetch me and my little Florence, and conduct us in safety to our new home. There is only one difficulty, which is how to explain to the old lady, who appears to be a very religious person, the existence of any relation between you and myself! Alas! I had not thought of this before! Must we then really leave this happy and beautiful spot? It seems like parting for ever! we have been so happy here! I have here tasted the only real joy that I

have ever known ! Does it not seem wretched to migrate from our pretty cottage ? I shall go forth like an exile ; for though you will come and visit me sometimes, nay often, in my new abode, I feel that you cannot always be with me, as you have been here ! Alas ! my friend, does it not make you wretched ? ”

“ Wretched beyond all expression,” replied Bazancourt, as he clasped her closer to his bosom. “ All here has become so familiar to me, that the scene is as it were identified with my loftiest ideas of happiness. The happy valley of Rasselas was not half so full of bliss, for we do not weary of our blessings here. Whatever afterwards may be my lot in life, it seems to me that my retrospect of joy will still be concentrated in this spot : the very trees and I have become friends ; I know every stone in the pathways, and every shrub in the hedgerows. However great may be our future good fortune, it must, I fear, ever feel tame and cold, contrasted with what we have experienced here ; for here our happiness has been absolute and perfect ; it could not have been more complete ; the cup could not have held another drop without its brim being overflowed. One reflection, however, still there is to cheer us—” and as he spoke, he led our heroine gently to the lattice, and bid her look up upon those living lamps of heaven above her head—“ even should we now part to meet no more ;



even should the deep sea swallow me; or should disease and death interpose their icy fleshless fingers to snatch you from my warm embraces, there is still one haven left, my Isabelle, where we still shall meet;—beyond the empyreal abyss of yonder deep blue sky, in some world apart, where all is bright and beautiful; where the canker of care cometh not, and the murmur of pain is unheard, we will live again together, and listen to the lore of love which flows eternally from the harps and the lips of the angels!"

Strange it appeared to Bazancourt, that our heroine shuddered as he spoke. His circling arm was round her still, and he distinctly felt her tremble, and though he waited for her reply, she answered not.

"What! silent, my Isabelle?" he continued, "does not your imagination glow at the prospect of a perpetual union in a brighter sphere? Does not your heart thrill at the contemplation of those myriad worlds on high, in one of which we will fix together our happy and eternal home, and love each other with not less of fervour, but more of purity than now?—Answer me, my Isabelle."

A faint sigh and a timid tear, told more to Richard Bazancourt, than had she uttered a whole world of words. At length she spoke, but it was in a manner to avoid obliquely the direct and main drift of his question.

"Alas! my friend," she said, "why speak you of a purer or a better love? To me there is holiness and perfect purity in the acts of the senses; to me there is sacred religion in that worship of which our bride-bed is the altar. Alone with thee I feel no shame; I am conscious of no shadow of guilt; of no vestige of impurity. The happiest moments of rapturous existence which we have passed together, are surely only the natural expression of the best feelings nature has given us. There was no blush on the cheek of Eve before the fall, and shame was only nursed upon the *aproned* lap of beauty. As a woman never thinks of the warmest, rites of love but with the object of her affection, and when it becomes natural and beautiful to express such thought, I do not understand shame any more than satiety; for nothing, it appears to me, could be pleasing at any moment, which, on reflection, could disgust. The feeling of shame must wholly relate to third persons. I have an awe and a respect for the happiness even of the senses, and I can imagine no love, either warmer or purer, in any other state of existence than that which the senses enhance to us in this; consequently I can conceive no future existence of greater happiness; and oh! heaven knows how much there is of misery here! You will do me the justice to acknowledge that there is nothing grovelling or abject in this creed of mine; I do not

degrade and debase religious feeling and lofty sentiment to the level of sensual gratification, but I ennoble and elevate sensual gratification to a level with religious feeling and lofty sentiment. I don't know whether you can make me out, but my meaning is something akin to this ; and yet, dear to me as are those soft moments of abandon which I pass with thee, my friend, and high as is the dignity which I attach to every exercise of love's precious functions, so much greater to me in proportion is the pain than the pleasure of living, to such a degree does my susceptibility to sorrow predominate over and outweigh my perception of joy, that I can look forward to nothing less than utter annihilation, as a termination of that liability to suffer, which seems to be the inseparable condition and inalienable birthright of all human existence."

" You mean to say, in other words," said Bazancourt, looking intently into the face of our heroine, " that you are a materialist!" She spoke not, and he proceeded: " Some expressions you let fall, the other day, on our journey, relating to the Christians' creed, alarmed me; but I noticed them not, for I attributed them to the uneasy and unsettled state of your mind from other causes. But surely, surely, you do not mean to say that you look upon death as an eternal sleep ! That you have no hopes beyond

this miserable and transitory existence—that you do not count with pleasure on an eternity to be passed together in a brighter realm of glory?”

Isabelle shuddered again, and our hero asked the cause. “Ask you why I shudder at the word eternity;” she replied, with a stern and calm dignity, “Does not the prisoner tremble, even in this short life, when condemned to perpetual banishment or perpetual chains? Show to me once only that existence is conceivable without suffering, convince me conclusively that in any other state man will not be born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward, and I will embrace your faith gladly—most gladly. But so inseparable to me do the ideas seem of pain and existence, that I am too content to relinquish the hope of the one to get rid of the fear of the other. I seek oblivion in the tomb—look here upon this ghastly gash,” said she, laying his finger on her throat, “I have sought it there already, but in vain!”

The cheek of the intrepid Richard Bazancourt turned deadly pale, as he heard and shrunk from this dreadful explanation of the scar still visible on the moulded tournure of that beautiful throat. “Is it true, Isabelle?” he said, with melancholy solemnity, “Is it fact that you have braved the vengeance of heaven by attempting self-destruction? Are you so insensible to the responsibility of men for their

actions? Have you indeed risked being brought into the presence of Almighty Justice face to face, with the stain of blood upon your hand? Oh! Isabelle!"

But his Isabelle stood calm, collected, and unmoved, looking up to the broad expanse of that heaven, whose power to punish she was questioning, and there seemed for the first time something almost unfeminine in her manner, as she asked her lover, "Hast *thou* then subjected the independence of thy reason to the cramping fetters of the priests? Hast *thou* too sworn to abide by that worst sort of mental slavery, which prescribes implicit assent, while it dictates only impossible fable? Hast thou too conceded obedience without a struggle, and admitted all without even asking a question? I had not thought this of thee, my friend!"

"Alas!" replied Bazancourt, "I *have* questioned and struggled long and deeply. The belief which I accord to the doctrines of the church is the result, not of servility, but of investigation and conviction. There was once a time, it is with anguish that I own it, when I doubted of every thing,—there was a time when even Des Cartes seemed to me too exigent in his postulates, and Pyrrho too credulous in his conclusions. I have felt like that captain of Louis the Fourteenth of France,

who, expiring of a wound upon the battle-field, exclaimed, ' Oh! God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul.'

" And how much more grand, and more sublime, is the confident phrase of Danton, than such doating, drivelling doubts! There was nothing imbecile or wavering in the bold Jacobin, but sure of his eternal doom, when challenged at the bar of the Assembly for his name and his abode, he replied, ' My abode will soon be with annihilation: my name will live for ever on the records of the Pantheon of History!'"

" You do not, surely, see any thing to command your admiration in such reply, my Isabelle?" said our hero, still speaking tenderly and fondly, but mournfully too; "there is too much parade about it—too much challenging of admiration and applause—too much vanity, as if calling on all the world to come and see how an atheist could die."

" And yet," interrupted Isabelle, " there is scarcely more ostentation in it, than in the much-praised appeal of Addison to the Earl of Warwick, when he told him he had sent for him to see how a *Christian* could die."

" The pride of a Christian," replied Bazancourt, " is humility. He abases himself before omnipotence, and he is not ashamed to make his boast of so doing. But surely you would not signalize with

your approbation such an épitaph as your countryman, Pietro Arretino, surnamed the Scourge of Princes, has engraved upon his tomb—‘ here lie the remains of Pietro Arretino, a writer who spoke evil of every living being in the world, excepting God Almighty—of whom he said nothing—remark- ing, that he was not acquainted with him.’ ”

“ I think much finer,” answered Jeannette Isabelle, “ the undaunted courage displayed by one of your favourite Walter Scott’s heroes—‘ die,’ exclaimed his murderer, plunging the weapon in his breast, ‘ die! wretch that thou art—believing nothing—hoping nothing’—‘ *and fearing nothing,*’ ground out Balfour of Burleigh from beneath his teeth—and expired as he spoke.”

“ I have always thought that to be a scene worthy of an artist,” said Bazancourt.

“ And I,” said Isabelle, “ have ever deemed it a sentiment worthy of a sage.”

“ And yet,” observed Bazancourt, “ Voltaire, who I suppose must be a favourite sage of yours, did not expire with the same resolution.”

“ It was easy,” replied Isabelle, “ for the priests and their party to give what colour or interpretation they liked to the dying screams of Voltaire, perishing as he did under the trial of intense bodily torture, and literally writhing with pain. It was quite

competent for Shakespeare, in his distribution of poetical justice, to assign a similar end to the atrocious Cardinal Beaufort; but I do not ascribe great importance to such demonstrations at the approach of dissolution. We have in later times seen the celebrated pietist, Dr. Johnson—the man who could scarcely take a journey in a stage-coach, or do a page of his Dictionary, without a special form of prayer for the occasion—dying with all the trembling and dismay with regard to the future, which could be exhibited by the most hardened sinner: while the philosophical Hume, who, to say the least, was a sceptic, met the king of terrors with a calmness and fortitude, which showed that he felt no reason to be afraid of his mysterious empire. I must say I am surprised to hear you take up the vulgar argument against Voltaire, which has been echoed from mouth to mouth in this country, till he and poor Jean Jaques between them have been made responsible for all the crimes that have ever been committed since the world began.

‘ Eve aime le fruit nouveau :  
C’était la faute de Rousseau.  
Cain tua son frère :  
C’était la faute de Voltaire.’

as the Mandement des prêtres says, according to Béranger.”



"Against Rousseau I have, however, yet said nothing," rejoined our hero, "and I should be sorry, at any time, to mix up his name or his reputation with that of the sage of Cirey. The Genevese had at least some sort of enthusiasm about him—some little respect for what is holy, some little awe of what is great—this it is which gives a prestige and a charm to his pages which his celebrated cotemporary must ever want. It is the cold mockery, the indiscriminating sneer, the universal levity of Voltaire, which makes me hate him, and I am sure you must feel something of this sentiment too, my Isabelle! Alas! my beloved idol! my soul's joy! Why has this conversation sprung up between us, to create the first theme of difference that we have ever known! I confess it is a source to me of bitterness and indescribable pain, that you cannot feel, as I do, the confident longing for a brighter existence in a happier world, where our love shall be renewed and never end, and where even the suffering which you so much dread, and so deeply have tasted, shall have no place. I fear it is in vain for me to prescribe to you books upon a subject, which you have studied probably as long or as profoundly as myself, although unhappily with a contrary result. After all, the Bible is the only book. You must be as familiarly acquainted as I am myself with such

works as Paley, and Butler, and your own countryman, Soavi?"

"Soavi," replied our heroine, "I used to read almost in my nursery. Paley's Evidences had the merit of being the first book that ever raised in my mind a question as to the truth of revelation; and as to Butler's Analogy, however great the ingenuity which he displays, all his arguments apply as much to the brute creation, as to the human species—and according to all that he ever taught me, I might expect to find Carlo still my faithful companion in the upper regions. After all, one of the strongest arguments against a future state is, that we can form no idea of what it can be like. The universal assent of mankind is appealed to as proof—but what are the views that we find upon this important subject? Imagination is obliged to fall back upon experience. In civilized and barbarous countries we find alike, that the only idea men can form of another world is more or less a repetition of this. Virgil's heroes in the Elysian fields are occupied in driving their chariots, or tending their horses at grass. The poor Indian, of Pope, is another instance:

‘ And thinks, translated to a happier sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company ;’

and, though Warton's somewhat critical remark objects that the dog is not a native of India, the general picture is not weakened by the observation. Even the most polished of mankind cannot separate or distinguish their habitual associations from the ideas they might be expected to entertain of heaven; and the philosopher D'Argens, writing to D'Alembert, says, with all the characteristic levity of a Frenchman, though without at all meaning any travestie, ' *Ma santé s'affaiblit tous les jours de plus en plus, et je me dispose à aller bientôt faire mes révérences au père éternel;*' evidently having the petit-maître idea in his head of being ushered into heaven with a master of ceremonies' bow, and a sword, cocked hat, and ruffles, as if going to the Tuilleries."

"Do not speak thus, my Isabelle," said our hero, "or you will compel me to attribute to you some share of that levity for which I just now blamed Voltaire. After all, you have not brought forward one argument in favour of materialism, which requires even a reply to defeat it."

"My arguments are my feelings, and my own inward conviction on the subject," replied the Italian; "it is true there are arguments enough in its favour—the mind appears to come into existence together with the body—it strengthens with the

body's strength, and grows with its growth—it is mature, with its maturity. As old age enfeebles the one, it contracts and narrows the operations of the other—and when death comes, and the body ceases to move, we have no further evidence that the mind has any further existence. The burden of proof should seem, therefore, from this point, to be rather on your side; but I confess my feelings to be so strong on the subject, that I am content to let it rest without further discussion. You may think it grovelling, or even cowardly, if you will, that I should thus shrink from the idea of immortality, but I cannot help it. I believe, dearest one, I do not love thee less for this. Rather I may be presumed to love thee more—for all my affection—all my feelings of fond devotion must be necessarily crowded in their scope into the narrower compass of this mortal life; whereas yours, being diffused over a wider extent of time, may be suspected of losing in present violence, what they assume over mine in point of duration.”

“You are taking to sophistry at last, my darling philosopher, are you?” exclaimed Bazancourt; “Ah! would to God that your love, indeed, could equal mine! Would that you could, indeed, be brought to look up on yon lone star as our future home—a home where we would live alone and apart,

far from the intrusion of curious eyes, or the muttering of envious tongues! You shall—you must be mine through eternity. Not omnipotence itself can tear you from me. I feel as if our natures might become almost identified—as if I could press and bind you in my embraces till our essences commingled, and, like the metamorphosed lovers of the ancient fable, we might grow into one. Mixed like the crystal water and the ruby wine, till every globule and atom is combined, body and soul, heart and mind, for ever and ever—united, amalgamated, blended, intermixed, so that no force could separate us, no art divide us, no chemical analysis dissolve the mystic union—I would wish that we might thus live together, my Isabelle, through all eternity in yonder star!”

Bazancourt was in earnest, and he spoke with exaggerated energy, till his sublime almost passed into the burlesque. Jeannette's quick sense of the ridiculous caught this, and she said, “ But I have often thought that this would be very pleasant before, and if you could arrange the matter amicably for all parties, nothing could be more delightful; but I fear if you wanted to keep me all to yourself, and I consented to share with you your imprisonment in the star, first of all my husband would come and join us—then Pisatelli would be knocking

at the door—next a hundred and fifty other old admirers, French, English, and Italian——; so that we should either be obliged to submit to a horrible crowd, or else to lock them out, which would be very hard, as they have just as much right to be happy through all eternity as we have—except, indeed, my husband; for, as far as he is concerned, I think the worst place mentioned in Dante's *Inferno* would be too good for him."

The gray sky was already purpling with the orient dawn. The loud blackbird was awake, and the linnet and the lark sung out with piercing notes their matin hymn. All night had been occupied with this strange and varied dialogue:—and still Bazancourt was sad. He drew his Isabelle closer to him, and a long and pensive kiss told that they were parting for the first dark time. No tear was shed—no sob was heard—no adieu even was spoken while yet they lingered together. Bazancourt strode away from the cottage, and turned not back his head. His path was now to Paris. Jeannette Isabelle flung herself on the couch and wept.

## CHAPTER XIX.

MEANWHILE the scenes, which were alluded to in Lord Fletcher's letter as passing at Paris, and indicating a more and more discontented feeling and spirit of revolt on the part of the people, developed from day to day their portentous and alarming character. We have, up to the present period, acted but ill the part of historians:—we have been content rather to glean a cursory and general view of passing events from our own memory, and the imperfect memoirs which have formed the basis of the present work, than to confine ourselves strictly to the dates and particularities which must necessarily be imposed upon the faithful annalist. We have at length, however, arrived at a time, which of itself stands out in so strong relief from the page of eventful history, that it becomes essential to our plan to assign its proper position to the memorable epoch.

The month of June, in the year 1832, was destined to be remembered beyond even all the other

corresponding passages in recent French history, as a season of riot, insubordination, and civic bloodshedding. The republican party, who from the beginning had submitted with a very ill grace to the necessity which imposed upon them the yoke of Louis Philippe's government, seemed now justified in their acts of open resistance by the imprudent severity adopted by the law officers, in their continued prosecutions of the press. The pacific policy, which was obstinately adhered to in all the foreign relations of the country, was another grievance, which supplied them with a not less plausible pretext for clamour. They demanded loudly that Poland should be protected; that armies should be sent to Italy, to support the rebels of Lombardy and Romagna; that all the treaties of 1814 and 1815 should be at once annulled and disregarded, as having been concluded under the Bourbon dynasty, which they had disowned; that Belgium should be incorporated as an integral part of France, and the frontier of the kingdom once more extended to its legitimate and natural boundary of the Rhine. It was argued, that as England had acceded to the treaties of Luneville and Amiens, which secured the union of the Belgic provinces with the French empire under Napoleon, the assistance, or at least consent of that country, with its present Whig admi-



nistration, might be calculated on under the auspices of Louis Philippe.

A universal republican federation of Europe was openly avowed as the object held in view by numerous societies—who boasted of their principles of fraternization, and talked publicly of concerted revolutions which were to éclater at Francfort, at Milan, at Paris, and many other places, on the same day. Of these obnoxious clubs, the most formidable, because supported by several members of the Chamber of Deputies itself, was the Society of the Rights of Man. Not satisfied with propagandism abroad, they meditated the most organic ulterior changes in the constitution of France itself, and openly published in the Tribune a document subscribed with the most influential of their names; in which they insisted loudly on the same terms which had been formerly proposed by the incorruptible Robespierre to the National Convention—such as equality, fraternity, universal suffrage, a single legislative assembly, an executive or central power, elective—temporary—responsible, and a rigid economy in finance and taxation, which appeared to the Tory side of the French chamber the very means of taking all dignity from authority, and forfeiting all respect from the people. Already M. de Montalivet had been forced to apologize to the Chamber for speaking in his

ministerial capacity of the "*subjects*" of the king of the French. Already minor demonstrations of popular feeling had been made in various parts of the country, and the voice of insubordination thrown out by "a species of political ventriloquism," as Canning said on a parallel occasion, at once from Lyons, from Grenoble, from St. Etienne, and from Marseilles.

In the course of the preceding year numerous ebullitions of this impatience of restraint had taken place in Paris itself. The anniversary of the assassination of the Duc de Berri, which had imprudently been allowed by the police to be observed with great solemnity in the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, had been seized on by the demagogues, as the occasion of uproar and insurrection. The funeral catafalque had been torn down; the ornamental architecture of the building injured or destroyed; the palace of the Archbishop of Paris had been sacked, and his furniture thrown into the Seine, before the popular tumult could be appeased by the military; and, even then, such was the concession of a weak government to the will of the people, that, not only the fleurs-de-lys, but the very crosses themselves, were ordered to be taken down from the churches, because a cry had been raised in the streets of *à bas les Jesuits*.

On the fourteenth of July again, in the foregoing year, another warning had been given to the government, in commemoration of the taking of the Bastille; trees of liberty had been planted in various central parts of the town, and nothing less than the intervention of the regular troops had been found necessary to quell the disturbances.

In September of the same year 1831, the news reached Paris of the taking of Warsaw; and then, indeed, uprore to heaven, with something like a true appeal to justice, the remonstrance of the liberal party in France:—the arrival of the poor refugees from their long pedestrian journey to the land of their exile fanned into a flame the sympathizing indignation of the populace. They were greeted as brothers in the streets; the fraternal kiss was given them; they were invited to partake, in many instances, the bed and board of the republicans of Paris. The most extraordinary and most generous acts of kindness have come to our own personal knowledge, as having been performed by the Parisian liberals at this period towards the half-naked and suffering Poles. The journey of these patriots across the North of Germany, indeed, had all along resembled more a triumphal march than a flight into exile. Arches of flowers had been erected for them to pass under as they entered or left the small liberal

cities of those half-constitutionalized districts; garlands were flung to them by fair hands from the windows; bands of music accompanied them; tears were shed over them; and a general enthusiasm was kindled in favour of those brave defenders of their country, which will not easily be forgotten by those who have witnessed its operation.

Arrived at Paris, these men were naturally soon associated with levelling clubs, and fraternizing societies of the place. Russia, and Austria, and the Italian governments do little good to the cause they wish to support, by driving from their frontiers the men whom they suspect of being too partial to freedom. The result is, that they flock to Paris, where they become initiated as disciples in all the mysteries of the revolutionary school; from disciples they become themselves apostles and teachers; and the train of propagandism is laid from one country to another, ready to explode at the first application of the torch. A correspondence and communication is kept up with their own countries, which not all the douanes and guardhouses in the world can prevent; and the blowing up of some of the rotten old thrones of Europe may thus take place a few years sooner than it otherwise would, through the very means which have been so anxiously taken to avoid such a consummation.

In Paris, through the early months of the year 1832, which is the time we write of, every day seemed to threaten more and more some terrible result. Every day the sedulous ferretting of the police was continued with redoubled assiduity; and each hour they were obliged to confess that some dark conspiracy lingered in the back-ground, which they were unable to discover.

It was then just at the period we have described, while the clouds yet hung ominously round the peaks of the mountains, ere they burst upon the plain below, that our respected legal friend, Mr. Snuffles, arrived in the coupé of the Calais diligence at the outskirts of the metropolis of France. By the merest accident in the world, it happened that the bland and courteous Mr. Toe Barlow was one of his fellow-travellers on the occasion. The latter had little or no difficulty in making the acquaintance of the man of Lincoln's Inn; and, in a short time, had drawn from him the object of his journey, the history of his connection with the Furstenroy family, and even a great many particulars respecting that family itself which the lawyer had no business to reveal; for, as Toe Barlow always said, he infinitely preferred travelling in a public conveyance to his own carriage, because it enabled him to make so many more acquaintances, and to acquire so much more information.

Not being aware of the low position which Lord Fletcher had lately occupied in Paris society, and fully impressed with the vulgar English notion, that to know a lord intimately must be a very fine thing, Toe Barlow, on finding that the lawyer was come over expressly to see Lord Fletcher, resolved to stick to him like a leech, in order to promote his own self-aggrandizement by such means. As the diligence approached the *barrière* of the capital, bands of idle workmen, and fierce determined-looking fellows were observed promenading or conversing in the streets. The diligence itself was stopped, and in spite of the remonstrances and *sacré bleus* of M. Le Conducteur, was not allowed to proceed till a tri-coloured cockade had been attached to the head-tackle of each of the horses.

Snuffles, full of the importance of his own visit to Paris, was delighted. He imagined it to be a special compliment intended for the English, as the acknowledged head of the Liberal party in Europe; if not, indeed, individually for himself. As the mob shouted their "*Vive la liberté*," he took off his hat, and, waving it round his head, joined most heartily in their huzzas.

"Really," he exclaimed to Toe Barlow, "this is most enchantingly pleasant, and most agreeably delightful!" so true is it that nine Englishmen out of

ten, when they get on to the continent, contrive to make some exposure of themselves or other.

We remember a few years ago, during the time that the Crown Prince of Prussia was making his tour through the Rhenish Provinces, with a view to conciliate and cajole them a little after the dangerous example of the late French Revolution, we found ourselves in a hôtel at Coblenz on the same day that the arrival of the prince was expected. Two Englishmen were just arrived in a chaise de poste, which was loaded with "Views of the Rhine," "Bubbles from the Brunnen," "Tours through Belgium and Western Germany," and such sort of books, and the travellers, pre-determined to find everything delightful on their trip, were sitting down to a dinner of rind-fleisch and saur-kraut with as much approbation and as many eulogies as if it had been a haunch of venison at Ibbotson's. Suddenly a band in the court-yard below began playing "God save the King," which, being translated into the German "Heil unser kaiser heil," is commonly sung and played on all public occasions, especially in Austria, on which it is considered proper to make such a demonstration of loyalty. Our two countrymen, however, took it as a compliment to England on the event of their arrival, and immediately, adding the more pardonable but equally characteristic fault of

prodigality to that of egotism, sent down by the waiter a couple of louis as a present for the musicians. The waiter presently remounted the staircase, and returned them the money; but, as they were unfortunately not sufficiently good Germans to understand his explanation of the circumstance, this only threw them into still greater ecstasies than before. "Not only," they said, "were they welcomed in this hospitable and enthusiastic manner, but the generous, noble-minded people, unlike a company of sordid English fiddlers at home, would not even accept a trifling but just remuneration for their services." As these words were spoken, the carriage of the crown prince drove into the yard, and explained to their great confusion the whole of the mistake they had committed.

Snuffles, in like manner, was determined to see nothing but a cause for rejoicing in the somewhat formidable crowd which surrounded them. His mind was probably thawed by the excitement as the diligence proceeded; for, before they had advanced much further, he had communicated to Toe Barlow even the delicate and private nature of the affair which brought him immediately to Paris; and Toe Barlow, who had a much greater experience of the continent than the lawyer, suggested, in his turn, a plan for the concealment of Olympe's unfortunate



position, of which Lord Fletcher was ultimately successful in prevailing on her to avail herself.

It is well known that the business, which in our own country is performed by an accoucheur, in Paris is commonly intrusted to the hands of a sage femme. These are, of course, to be found of every grade of respectability and education. Almost all of them keep lodging-houses, and some of them are fitted up in the interior with every luxury and convenience which wealth or art can supply. Hence, many a gay widow and many a gallante governess are glad, under the pressure of circumstances, to avail themselves of such a hiding-place occasionally for a few months, and it is even whispered, by scandalous tongues, that instances have been known of young ladies from England, who have been supposed to be spending a short time in the country, being content to live as recluses for some weeks in one of these abodes—never issuing from their hiding-place, but amusing themselves with their novel and their piano-forte till they have disburthened their spirits of the weight which oppressed them, and gone forth again light-hearted into the world. Little Johnnie is dropped into the turning-box of the *Enfans trouvés*, and *Mademoiselle la mère* starts fresh again for Calais.

Old Snuffles, having seen Lord Fletcher, having

suggested this plan to him, which was instantly acceded to by the lady, and having deposited her safely in one of the best of the houses of this description in the Place du Louvre, sat down in his lodging in the evening and indited the following letter to his wife at home :

LETTER FROM MR. SNUFFLES TO MRS. SNUFFLES.

MY DEAR BETSY,

As I know you will be anxiously restless and solicitously unquiet unless I write, I take up my pen to give you a sketch of France. The state of the country is strongly corroborative and strenuously confirmatory of the accounts of previous travellers. The people are amusingly gay and divertingly entertaining. Their manners are unfeignedly unaffected and unpretendingly undisguised. The vegetation along the roads is most luxurious, and surpasses my most sanguinary expectations. A report has reached me, that, in the provinces, frogs are eaten, which is inexplicably unaccountable and strangely extraordinary. My own observations lead me to remark, that they pay great attentions to their women, and drink light wines. Perhaps the latter is the reason that I have enjoyed a bad state of health ever since I left the London stout, which is so strengtheningly invigorating and so fortifyingly nutritious. Lord Flet-

cher takes me to-morrow to the Chamber of Deputies, when some of the most populous speakers are expected to address the house. Last night, on my arrival, wishing to be economical, I took a lodging for a week, instead of going to a hôtel. Having engaged with the young lady of the house, the landlady's daughter, to give thirty francs for the week, the idea afterwards struck me that I might save some money by having my washing done at home, and perhaps might get it included in the bargain. I rung the bell, and, Mademoiselle appearing, I said to her in the best French that I could muster, "Est-ce que Madame votre mère pourra me donner mon lavement?" "Oh! oui, monsieur; mais je le vous donnerai moi-même avec bien du plaisir," said mademoiselle; and leaving the room, she returned presently with—oh! Betsy! such a machine! On looking in the dictionary I found that I ought to have said "*lavage*." God bless you, Betsy.

Your affectionate husband,

ROBERT SNUFFLES.

## CHAPTER XX.

“WHEN a king of Babylon, as we are told, would have punished a courtier of his for loving a young lady of the blood royal, and far above his fortunes, Apollonius in presence by all means persuaded to let him alone; for to love, and not enjoy, was a most unspeakable torment; no tyrant could invent a like punishment: as a gnat at a candle, in a short time he would consume himself.”\*—Of this position the unhappy Louis Boivin presented at the present time a most perfect illustration.

Convinced more and more every day, that his passion was despised and disregarded by the Comtesse de Hauteville, yet more and more attracted towards her by those very high qualities which seemed in his eyes almost to justify her pride, he had felt his health gradually fade away under the

\* Philostratus—in *vitâ ejus*, as cited in Burton on Melancholy. Mem. 4. Subs. 1.

influence of his passion. His breath had become short and asthmatic; his figure thin and emaciated; the hectic of his cheek and the unnatural brilliance of his eye increased ominously and fearfully. A pensive melancholy tinged the expression of his features; and though he reproached himself for what he could not help considering as a dereliction of his own principles in having loved a person so exalted above him in rank, he nevertheless continued to let his thoughts dwell and his wishes revert constantly to this single object. Examples and warnings he could remember enough, to shew him the danger and the folly of the path he was pursuing. He meditated on the ill success of Addison with his countess-dowager. He pored upon the unfortunate attachment of Tasso to his Leonora: he remembered that to have presumed to love the sister of a ducal house had been sufficient to entail the curse of melancholy on that bard for life. He looked around him, even at Paris, and there too, among the resident English friends of Lord Fletcher, instances were not wanting of the bravest of the brave, and the most talented of the talented being left unrewarded and neglected too long by a jealous court, for the sole crime of having dared to love too loftily.

In spite of all this—for when did love take

counsel either from admonitions or from experience? —poor Boivin continued to adore in secret and at a distance his heart's idol. Every evening, after leaving one of those republican meetings, which now demanded more than ever his attention, he was accustomed to walk round to the residence of his adored comtesse; and pacing up and down beneath her windows, to indulge the fervour of his reflections, and the hope that she might yet be one day his in a better and regenerated state of society.

One evening he had gone alone as usual to survey the building which contained her, before retiring to his own repose, when, contrary to the universal practice, he observed that there was no light in any of the apartments of the whole house. Her bedroom, her sitting-room, the hall, the staircase, all were alike involved in utter darkness. The idea struck him that she must have quitted Paris. Now although the young enthusiast had not seen the object of his passion face to face for many weeks, nor even addressed her with a single word since the interview which we have recorded in the foregoing volume, he could not at all bear the idea of her being absent without his knowledge.

After a sleepless night, he returned early the following morning to the spot, and ascertained from the sole remaining domestic, who was entrusted with

the care of the mansion, that he had been but too right in his conjecture. In reply to his inquiries he was informed, that the countess had in fact left her house for a period ; but whither she had flown, what was to be the duration of her absence, or what its object, no inducement which he could offer to the servant could prevail on him to discover.

Boivin left the house in utter dismay, and in the deepest despair. He hastened home to his own small apartment in the Rue St. Denis, where his surgical instruments and chemical preparations were growing dusty on their shelves, having long since been abandoned for other and more serious occupations.

Arrived at the fourth story, he entered precipitately, took down a volume of the Girondist writer, Buzot, from his book-case, and flung himself exhausted on the bed. He could not read : his thoughts reverted perpetually to his love ; his deep, true, ardent, and yet unrequited love ; and from the subject of his love they wandered again to the mode of his revenge. He resolved to plunge deeper and deeper still into the tide of revolution, and to relax no effort or exertion, till not one stone should be left on another in the fabric of existing society. His belief in the purity, the virtues, and perfections of his countess were by no means staggered either by

her absence, or by any other circumstances which he had ever been able to collect respecting her. It is questionable even whether any proof, short of ocular demonstration itself would have been able to shake his faith in her high and unblemished character.

As the ardent disappointed lover now lay in restless fever upon his uncomfortable pallet, with an air of dejection and utter wretchedness about him, which was tenfold increased by the haggard emaciation of his frame, old Madame Boivin, his cross-grained and ill-tempered mother, entered the room; and, in her usual consolatory strain, began upbraiding him for all his own misfortunes, and attributing them, perhaps not entirely without justice, to his own fault. Instead, however, of laying the blame to his mistaken enthusiasm, and false, because too sanguine views, she did not scruple to find the origin of all his calamities in his habit of associating with the English.

“Eh! bien, Louis,” she exclaimed as she entered, “tu es souffrant; et tu l’as bien mérité: did I not tell you that it would bring you into trouble? didn’t I say all along that no good would come of your English lords and your English vagabonds? There’s your work all neglected;—nothing done—nothing attended to! What good is it to have paid



all that I have for your education?—There's the leg and arm you brought home from the anatomy school for dissection: it's been lying on the table for the last ten days, till I couldn't bear it in the house any longer, and I've flung it away."

"Diable! qu'est-ce que tu dis là?"—interrupted Boivin, in an agony of alarm; "that arm alone cost me five francs, and I wouldn't have had it thrown away for the world."

"Well," continued the old woman, "then there's the child in a bottle, which you ought to have corked up properly long ago: it got so bad, that I have been forced to pitch that too out of the window after the others."

Boivin, who felt conscious that he had been guilty of inattention, in not having hermetically sealed a preparation in spirits, to which his vixen of a mother alluded, made no reply.

"Well, after that," continued she, "there are all your books, which are no use to you—you never read them now; you've left off study; you go walking about the streets with this Monsieur Fletcher and his cursed English acquaintances, and you go to your clubs and your societies—and so I thought it would be of little or no use to keep a library any longer; so I've sold the set that used to hang over your bed's head, to buy myself a gown."

This was the finishing stroke of poor Louis Boivin's misery. The loss of the arm, the leg, and the embryo, he could have borne; but to find his private, his choice, and favourite collection of books taken from him, and worst of all, bartered for a tawdry trashy gown—this he could not bear; his Shelley and his Delphine; his *Lettres à Sophie*, and his feminine *Memoirs*; all his *Epinays*, and *Espinasses*; his *Geoffrins*, *Deffands*, and *Châtelets*, to be trucked for a piece of old woman's finery! There was horror in the idea; but Louis had too much respect, and even too much affection left for his parent, to upbraid her; he made some sort of passing excuse for the apparent idleness of which he had been guilty, and raising himself with a sudden effort from the bed, hastened again to the door. He sallied forth once more, strung and prepared for any or every emergency; ready to wade through good or evil to upset all existing institutions, and bring about the performance of his favourite theory of regenerating the world. He knew that Paris was ripe for revolt. He was conscious of his own powers, and was well aware that he had his myrmidons ready, who, on the speaking of a single word of his, would be willing to meet death in the righteous cause. He took his course westward, intending to hear the current news of the

day; and should any sign present itself which seemed likely to offer an opportunity of letting loose the elements of civil commotion which he held in his control, he resolved to resort instantly to his club, and give the signal at once for general revolt. He had not proceeded far along the Boulevards, before he perceived at a slight distance from him Lord Fletcher, who was in deep consultation with our friend Mr. Snuffles, just at the moment that Toe Barlow advancing from the opposite direction happened to meet them. Barlow, of course, according to his custom, made a dead pause as he approached, and not taking his hat off his head, as George the Fourth said of somebody, but taking his head out of his hat, seemed to look to Snuffles for an introduction, on the spot, to his noble companion. In this wish he was presently gratified, and turning round he continued his walk by the side of the two others as far as the point at which Louis Boivin met them. Here there was again a pause, and the eyes of some police who were attentively reconnoitering the movements of, at least, two of the company, now were earnestly directed upon all four of the party, as they stood for many minutes conversing together upon the trottoir.

“And what news is there stirring to-day?” enquired at length Louis Boivin, who had been too

much occupied in thinking of his countess and his lost books, to take as yet any very prominent part in the conversation.

"General Lamarque is dead," replied Fletcher, "but of course *you* must have heard that already."

Boivin, however, amidst his other occupations of the morning, had not yet heard the rumour, and it now came upon him like a thunder clap. He smote his thigh with his right hand—"Now," said he to himself, "the time is come: now I have at length found the favourable moment which I have waited for so long in vain." Joy seemed to lighten over those features which had so lately been expressive only of suffering and chagrin, and hastily taking leave of his three companions, he turned quickly up a side street and disappeared.

"Now is the time," said he again when he found himself alone, "yes! it is come at last! The kindling of this great republican's funeral pile shall make a blaze, by the light of which despots shall read in bloody characters the just doom that awaits them! hah! said I in bloody characters? I fear that it must come to that. Willingly would I renounce the imperious necessity which is imposed upon me. Willingly would I save the shedding of a single drop of my fellow creatures' gore; but it cannot be! The people will not enter into my views.

The populace must be pleased. We must throw his sop to Cerberus, the many-headed monster, whose favourite morsel is the head of an aristocrat ; for them, ' tout sentiment généreux est de l'enfantilage ! '\* 'Tis in vain that I seek to cajole them. 'Tis worse than useless my attempting to reason with them ; force, brute force, alone comes into play, and it is brute force which is now necessary for my purposes. Even the honest and well-meaning Sans-argent, even the unflinching and determined Boucher, my two aidecamps in my designs, the two men whose influence approaches nearest my own with the people, even they do not understand me. I tell them that politics include the morality, the religion, the literature, and the education of a nation, and they answer me with demanding the life of Louis Philippe. I talk to them of compassion, of mercy, of patience, and of temporizing measures, and they remind me of the speech of Baron de Senneci to the States General some forty years ago, when he declared that the Tiers Etat could not be called the brethren of the other two orders, nor even sit with them in the same chamber, for that they were made of the common dust of the earth, and not of the porcelain clay of the aristocrats. And I feel, here

\* A remark of De Staël on Napoleon.

in my heart I feel, the truth of the words they utter, and I reproach myself for my timidity, even while I applaud the principles and scruples from which it proceeds. I feel the truth of what they say, because I know that my own happiness is prevented by this very distinction of ranks. To-day, yes, this very day, the fearful reality has been brought home to me with a tenfold force; she is gone—she has left Paris—she has avoided me—she spurns, and despises, and rejects me—because, forsooth, I am not born a noble! O wise Boucher! O excellent Sansargent! would that I had but your nerve, your unscrupulous energy, your untemperizing courage! If it arise even from stupidity, welcome rather stupidity itself, than that I should now fail in the execution of my well-laid plans. Why! if I recede myself, others will step into my place, and the same results will happen, while others shall reap the glory. Sansargent himself is now waiting to supplant me—he is a favourite—he has many friends—no! I will play the demagogue through unto the end for once, and then, welcome the quiet domestic hearth, and the kind kiss of conjugal affection! welcome, then, the stern republican virtues, and the blessings of total equality! To-night, or never, we must strike the blow;” and thus saying, Boivin hurried to Boucher’s lodgings, where he presently indited upwards of a dozen

letters, part of which were written in hieroglyphics unintelligible to the police; these were sent off in different directions into the provinces; partly to summon his partizans to Paris; partly to provide for simultaneous risings in different and remote parts of the country.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE morning of the 5th of June had been fixed upon for the celebration of the funeral ceremony, which was to consign to earth the remains of Lamarque, that well-known leader of the republican party in Paris; who, after sharing the brilliant fortunes of Napoleon in some of his most fortunate campaigns, became, after the restoration of the Bourbons, no less distinguished for his hatred of their government than he had previously been for his military successes. It was impossible that a more favourable opportunity should arise for the outbreaking of that plot which had so long been secretly preparing, with the connivance, indeed, and the cognizance of far loftier and more illustrious names, but under the more immediate superintendence of Louis Boivin. It was he who was entrusted with the minor arrangements and details of the manner in which the revolt should be first declared and afterwards carried on. The custom of addressing to the populace funeral orations in



honour of the deceased, was to be taken advantage of in the first place, to excite by the most inflammatory addresses the minds of the people, and the bridge of Austerlitz had been fixed upon as the most convenient spot for this purpose, associated as it was with the recollection of Napoleon's glory and offering therefore a striking contrast to the timid and pacific policy which was pursued by the present government. In the course of the two or three days preceding the 5th, Boivin had carefully distributed to each of the minor leaders of the conspiracy their allotted parts. He had caused to be made and given to the people numerous suits of the uniform of the national guard, in order that they might thus carry arms with less suspicion, and mingling with the crowd at certain fixed and important posts, dictate what measures were to be pursued as occasion might arise. The letters which he had sent to the provinces had been promptly answered, and bands of strangers and vagabonds,—men of wild, haggard, and ferocious appearance, whose persons the still watchful police of Paris were unacquainted with, began to be seen in the metropolis, like those obscene and ill-omened birds which are seldom visible except before a storm: ruffians and bludgeon-men from all quarters had flocked like ravens to the spoil. To these, the lowest but not least efficient agents in a scheme like this, bags of stones

and other missiles, stakes loaded with iron, and a few pikes were distributed; others were entrusted with fire-arms, which they were enjoined carefully to conceal till the word was given, and the gunpowder which had been secretly manufactured for so long a time by the exertions of Sansargent, and under the directions of Boivin himself, was now given out in small quantities, to be used as soon as the curtain should be withdrawn from the stage. The evening before the bursting of the gathered storm, was a season of unceasing exertion and unmitigated anxiety to the ring-leaders of the plot:—each of them taking a separate quarter of Paris, they traversed the whole city, and visited every one of the innumerable clubs and associations, which were all leagued under different names, and with various ostensible and specious objects in this one grand design. There harangues were made by the different orators, which would not have sounded out of character if delivered by even a Carrier or a Collot d'Herbois, in the greater revolution. There the insolence of the still undestroyed though weakened aristocracy; the intolerable despotism of the court; the attempts of the priests and Jesuits to regain their lost influence by the most contemptible and yet most insidious intrigues, was enlarged upon and exaggerated: even the assassination of a monarch was by some held up as the pinnacle of glory, and men were

schooled to become regicides. "When the Italian Alfieri," exclaimed one of these orators, "was told that Voltaire had written a tragedy called Brutus, he fell into a great passion, my friends, and declared that the subject was too lofty for a French plebeian, who had subscribed himself, during twenty years, as gentleman in ordinary to the king; and if, my friends, Alfieri, a foreigner and an aristocrat too, speaking as he dared to do in contempt of what he is pleased to call French plebeians,—if even he could feel his veins kindle with a noble enthusiasm at that lofty and glorious theme, what shall I, a plebeian, a republican, and a Frenchman, say of the immortal slayer of Cæsar? Can any word of mine add one leaf of laurel to his imperishable chaplet? Can any applause of ours make him more divine? My friends, you all have read the pages of Fénelon; Fénelon the good, the pious, the prudent; himself a priest, the praised of priests, and the praiser of the priests. My friends, even this Fénelon scruples not to call kings '*les plus aveugles, et les plus malheureux de tous les hommes.*'\* And if, my friends, even Fénelon could call them so, by what name shall I, professing the same principles with yourselves, characterize the accursed race of tyrants and oppressors? Rather let the priests themselves, whose cause is in common

\* *Télémaque. Liv. 13.*

with that of kings and corruptness,—rather let them be included also in the same desolation—let the altar and the throne alike be trampled under foot, for they alike have exalted themselves over the liberties of a virtuous and industrious people, and let us take from the great Diderot, as our motto, the precept which he delivers to all free men :

‘*Que ses mains ourdiraient les entrailles du prêtre,  
Au défaut d’un cordon, pour étrangler les rois.*’”

Such were the strains which were addressed by some of the better read and better educated of the Cleons of Paris, on the eve of the memorable insurrection of June. Others, of course, such as Sansargent and Boucher, were less learned and less ornamental in their style, but far from being less decisive in the advice they communicated, or less acceptable to their hearers, from the coarseness and grossness with which they interlarded their harangues. Boivin himself spoke not at all. Whether it were that he really was too much occupied with the practical part of the plot, as in the distribution of arms and ammunition, or whether he availed himself of such excuse to avoid persuading the people to deeds of blood and acts of outrage, of which he could not but acknowledge the criminality, we know not : we are inclined to think the latter, for he still retained, amid all his

conviction of the possibility of a republic in France, and all the enthusiasm with which he prosecuted such project, sufficient knowledge of the value of human life, and sufficient abhorrence of all violence, as an evil in itself, to inspire him with a strong reluctance to be the open advocate of wrong. Certain it is that on the above-mentioned evening he retired earlier than usual to the solitude of his own chamber—and there, probably, in the silence and stillness of that dark hour, he laboured to convince himself of the propriety of such measures by representing their necessity. He recalled to his mind all the celebrated arguments of Joseph de Maistre in justification of what he calls the souffrances expiatoires of the early revolution, and perhaps he could not help confessing to himself, what he hardly would have allowed to others, that all these boasted reasonings are nothing but sophisms, and must fall to the ground before the touch of truth and plain good sense.

He revolved in his mind all those falsifying phrases and casuistical claptraps of that sanguinary epoch—the “*juste sévérité*,” and the “*salutaire massacre*,” and he asked himself if such severity had indeed been just, or such massacres really salutary. He recollected the affected appeals of the Terrorists to the “*tombes de leurs plus chers*

parens, saintement homicides," such maxims as "périssent l'univers, plutôt qu'un prince!" and above all, "la vertu, expiatrice de l'effusion du sang," and he felt dissatisfied with such false and flimsy arguments. He felt that it must ever be wrong to do evil that good may come. "Oh! if our natures could be perfectible!" he repeated to himself, "if I could but convince myself really, and inwardly, and truly, that prouder and better destinies are reserved for the human race, and that the world will not always creep on in the same slimy, miry track, one generation treading ever in the unholy footsteps of its predecessor, if I could but once convince myself of this, I haply should shudder less fearfully at the plunge I am about to take; and yet it is a bright and a glorious dream. It is sweet to have even imagined it. It is some poor consolation to have dared to hope such things. I am no Catiline, no Fiesco, no Thistlewood. I have not spent a riotous youth in spendthrift debauches, which render it necessary for me to bring on public ruin, in order to recruit my own impoverished finances. I have no desire to see the effusion of one drop of blood. My aim is virtue. My hope, my justification, my dream, and my glory, is only virtue: the establishment, the extension, and the encouragement of universal excellence, public

and private,—the creation of a state of society in which there shall no more be tyrants nor slaves, no longer saints and sinners, no longer rich and poor—no more the weak and the strong! And this shall come to pass. To-morrow, with the dawn of day, I will gird on my buckler with courage, and grasp the sword with confidence—and if I die upon the field, what then? I am already doomed and marked by death to be his prey ere long. I feel in me even now the seeds of dissolution. What so great difference is it, if I add my poor weak body to the number of those who to-morrow must be slain? It is the best, though an unworthy offering, that I can make to the liberty of my native land, and thinking thus I shall die content. Perchance, too, I may thus be spared bitter disappointment, and a long survivorship amid the still redoubled mockeries of life. I would not wish to live to see the despot's flag wave once more in scornful triumph over my prostrate principles—and worse still, over the cold corpses of those whom I shall lead onward to the fray. I would not stay to hear the insulting shout of victorious custom and conventionality, lording it once more with bacchanalian festival, like Philip among the carcasses of his victims, over the fall of a nation's liberties, and a nation's hopes; and yet,"—and here he paused—"oh! if I could live to see,

but for one short space of time, the success of the cause in which I am embarked, if I could be spared only long enough to espouse without the blighting solemnities of a priest's parade, my own, my pure, my spotless bride, then indeed I could die contented after, and no lamentation or complaint should be heard from the lips of Louis Boivin, save that he has already wasted too much time, without having dared to strike."

Clear and bright in heaven the morning sun uprose with all the pomp and splendour of his summer beams, to look down upon a city which was presently to swim with blood. As soon as it was daylight, crowds of artizans and of the lowest populace of Paris were seen already grouped around the hôtel of the veteran general, in the Rue St. Honoré. Long before ten o'clock, which was the hour appointed for the starting of the funeral procession, the whole length of the street was entirely blockaded by an immense and countless multitude. The military escort, which had been commissioned to attend as a mark of honour to the deceased hero, as well as a protection against popular violence, were utterly inefficient, and could not even approach near the car on which the body had been laid. The soldiers seemed already marked out as the first and especial objects of the people's rage; they were



upbraided, pelted, and insulted, before even the march began. Seditious cries, the sound of the Carmagnoles, and the Marseillaise hymn, were heard from various points. Windows were broken, and lamps pulled down, the police were disarmed, and many of the shops openly plundered, as if to show the determined spirit of defiance, long before sufficient order was established to permit the moving of the procession.

It was noon before the horses were at last taken from the funeral car, and a number of the lowest rabble attaching themselves to it instead, dragged it along with shouts, and songs, and imprecations, resembling rather a bacchanalian orgy, than the sad and silent ceremonial of the dead.

Although the destined place of interment was to be Lamarque's native village of St. Sevèr, and consequently the proper route lay by the Place de la Bastille, and so out of Paris, it seemed arranged by a preconcerted plan, that the procession should be led through the Place Vendôme, in order, as they said, to salute the trophied column of Lamarque's great idol and master, Napoleon, in the centre of that noble square. Here no inconsiderable tumult was made in front of the hôtel, which forms the head-quarters of the staff of the garrison of Paris, on account of some hesitation which was displayed

before any military honours were paid to the body of the general as the procession passed. Thus the people were rendered every minute more irritable and excited: and from hence they were led round by the circuitous route of the Boulevards to the Place de la Bastille and the Pont d'Austerlitz, where, as soon as appropriate speeches had been delivered, and in spite of La Fayette's admonitions to disperse, the regular fray began. A preconcerted signal was given, a blood-red flag was unfolded, displaying in large characters the words "Liberty or death." Muskets and pistols became visible suddenly in a thousand hands. Sabres were brandished against the military, and the dragoons, who endeavoured to sweep the square, were met by a shout of determined resistance, and a volley of fire-arms. Barricades were instantly erected along the Boulevards, at intervals, and across every street. The paving stones were taken up, and carried to the tops of the houses. The gunsmiths' shops were ransacked, and the mob had already possession of a powder magazine. Boucher and Sansargent were covered with blood, and Boivin, still heading successive charges, vied with them in prowess beyond his strength, as the night closed in.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THEN it was, as the mantle of darkness fell over the town, that the horror of the scene increased tenfold. Then uprose to heaven the proud shout of popular defiance, the bitter imprecation on the soldiery, and occasionally the cry of the wounded man in his death agony. Then flashed through the shade the blaze of the musketry, and the occasional flames of some citizen's peaceful dwelling, sacrificed purposely by the mob on account of the known political tenets of its possessor: and then, more dread than all, amid the startled stillness of the night, could be heard from far the booming roar of the red artillery. As the wheels of the cannon thundered through the streets, on their way to the scene of action, Paris seemed to groan and shake beneath their heavy weight; and as the artillery was brought in greater numbers to bear upon the people, they increased their activity in piling up omnibuses and waggons, with heaps

of stones and other obstacles, to arrest the fearful ruin which it scattered.

It was now that Boucher, having performed in the course of the day incredible feats of prowess, seeing on one spot the tide of the battle recede on the popular side, mounted on the side of a waggon which formed the very front of the principal *barrière*; and taking his hat from his head, waved it round on high to encourage the people, and boldly cheered them on.

“Courage! *citoyens!*”—were the words upon his lips—he knew no danger, and he felt no fear; when a ball from one of the cannon of the troops struck him on the left shoulder, and so shattered his arm, that it was left hanging almost by a single sinew. Wrenching his fractured arm off deliberately with his remaining one, he hurled it up on high into the air, shouted out once more—“*Vive la république!*”—and falling backwards, expired.

His death seemed to be a signal for fresh courage and a renewal of spirit on the part of the people. Once more they returned to the charge; and forcing the lines of the soldiery, compelled them to retire. Along the line of the boulevards the combat was kept up in various directions, and fresh *barrières* were formed. In the mean time fresh relays of military kept pouring on all sides into Paris, from

St. Germain, from Versailles, from St. Denis:—on, on they came, formed in the streets, and poured again and again their volleys into the people. The slaughter was terrific.

Not on the three celebrated days which expelled a dynasty, and placed the crown on the brows of Louis Philippe, had the carnage been so great as on this single evening. Upwards of three hundred of the regiments of the line alone were returned as killed or badly wounded, and the loss of the municipal and national guards was immense; but the people, who had no artillery, and were constantly mowed down by the incessant fire of their well-disciplined adversaries—the people suffered dreadfully.

It was past midnight, and they still sustained the unequal conflict manfully; when a single English chariot was observed approaching through one of the smaller streets in which the battle raged, just as the people were constructing a fresh barrier, which, had the carriage arrived but a few minutes later, would have stopped its further progress. Necessity seemed to lend a dim sort of justice to the measures of the people. The carriage was stopped, the horses taken out, and the vehicle itself immediately drawn up, along with all other passing conveyances of every description, to fill a vacant gap in the still half-formed barricade.

Just as a noble-looking young Englishman descended with a firm step from the voiture, and gazed around him on the scene, a cry arose of—

“ Boivin ! Boivin en avant !—Courage, camarades !—suivons le jeune Cimon ! ”—The ear of the Englishman seemed to catch the name with surprise, and to listen to it attentively ; and then casting his eyes round with a still more searching survey than before, he appeared to scrutinize the faces of all the ferocious looking figures round him, as if seeking to identify some one : —it was Richard Bazancourt looking for his brother, Lord Fletcher.

Just arrived on his route from England, and entering Paris under all the imposing grandeur of this midnight scene, he had heard far off on the road the roar of the cannon, and marked the coruscations of light from a distance, as he advanced ; but now, as he caught the name of Boivin, repeated by a hundred voices, as one of the leaders in this fearful fray, he dreaded lest his brother too, as the friend and patron of the young republican, might have been led to join the ranks of the insurrectionists. He left his carriage, from necessity, under the care of his servant ; and making the best of his way through the blockaded and encumbered avenues, he arrived at last with difficulty at the Bedford Hôtel, and from thence proceeded again, with a quick and

anxious step, to the lodging of his brother. Here his apprehensions were not exactly confirmed, but diverted rather into a different channel. He found that his brother had been arrested on suspicion in the course of the eventful night.

On that evening the arrests in Paris were unnumbered and innumerable. Every person to whom a shadow of suspicion could in any way attach, from his associates or otherwise, was committed for the time to the charge of the police. Lord Fletcher had already sent a note to the concierge of his hôtel, mentioning the place where he had been confined, requesting to have his violin and some of De Beriot's last airs sent to him forthwith; and also desiring, that in case of his brother's arrival, he should instantly be made acquainted with his position.

In the mean time the combat, which had now for so many hours been unequally waged in the streets, could not much longer be continued. The people, among whom the men of July were eminently distinguished, were not this time destined to succeed. The superior discipline and disposition of the troops was the only impediment, however, to their repeating on this occasion the triumph of 1830. It was in vain that Boivin, hoarse, and faint, and exhausted with the too great fatigues of the eventful day, still called to the people to rally in the name

of liberty. It was in vain that the names of Aristides Dumont and Themistocles Crozier were repeated as spell-words to the champions of freedom. They began about three o'clock, in the morning of the sixth, to waver, and to disperse. The barricades had in numerous places been forced ; and the rabble, retreating from one post to another, as fresh troops poured in upon them, became scattered far and wide over the town.

It was broad daylight already, when Louis Boivin, convinced that the cause was now entirely desperate, found himself with a small body of brave supporters, who had gradually receded, and yet kept up a constant fire upon a party of military in pursuit, in the vicinity of the Place du Louvre. A sudden thought struck him, for he knew well the vicinity ; and although he feared not death, yet, at a moment like the present, the hope of defeating the object of his pursuers seemed of more importance than any other point.

It may be necessary to remark, that in Paris the houses of the sage-femmes, to which we have already made allusion, are universally exempted from the domiciliary visits of the police. This is in some measure requisite from the nature of the lodgings which they supply ; their inmates are women, and only women, who resort thither for the purpose of



secrecy, and for whom, therefore, the government only shows a very delicate consideration, in thus extending over them the shield and shelter of the law. True it is, however, that even in the stormiest times, when houses that would seem the least open to suspicion in Paris, have been subjected to the severest scrutiny, the habitations of the sage-femmes have been altogether spared from search, and as Boivin recollected that he was in the immediate vicinity of one of these, he made a sudden rush round the neighbouring corner, darted through the open porte cochère, and up the stairs of the lodging-house, and ringing violently at the bell, was presently admitted by the kind-hearted and charitable old lady of the house, who, with all the other households of the metropolis, was wide awake on that night of panic and alarm. Here then Louis Boivin staggered into a room, and fell, exhausted and faint with fatigue, and still more with disappointment, upon a sofa, which was ready to receive him. The soldiers in pursuit either had lost sight of him, or were led in another direction by the course taken by his less fortunate companions: or, perhaps, respecting the sanctity of the house, which was like a city of refuge to the Israelites of old, they passed on without venturing to assail so sacred a retreat.

Be this as it may, we must leave our friend Louis Boivin for a few short hours, in order to relate what had occurred in the mean time to the no less suspected, though far less implicated, Lord Fletcher. The first thing, as soon as it was day, that Richard Bazancourt did, was to visit the British embassy, seek an interview with the ambassador himself, and cause the instant release of Lord Fletcher in the name of the British government, as an English subject, to be demanded. This was without much difficulty conceded, as, at an early hour on the morning of the sixth, the streets had assumed a tolerably tranquil appearance, and there seemed no further danger to be apprehended from the ebullitions of the beaten republicans. Lord Fletcher was released from his captivity, and accompanied his brother and deliverer to his lodgings, where, before they had time to enter into any further explanations on either side, he found two notes already waiting his perusal from the two unfortunate Englishmen, Mr. Snuffles and Mr. Toe Barlow, who had both of them been arrested by reason of their having been seen in company with such suspected characters as Lord Fletcher and Louis Boivin, on the Boulevards, a few days back.

This was bad enough, even for poor Snuffles, who declared, "that it was most nefariously wicked,

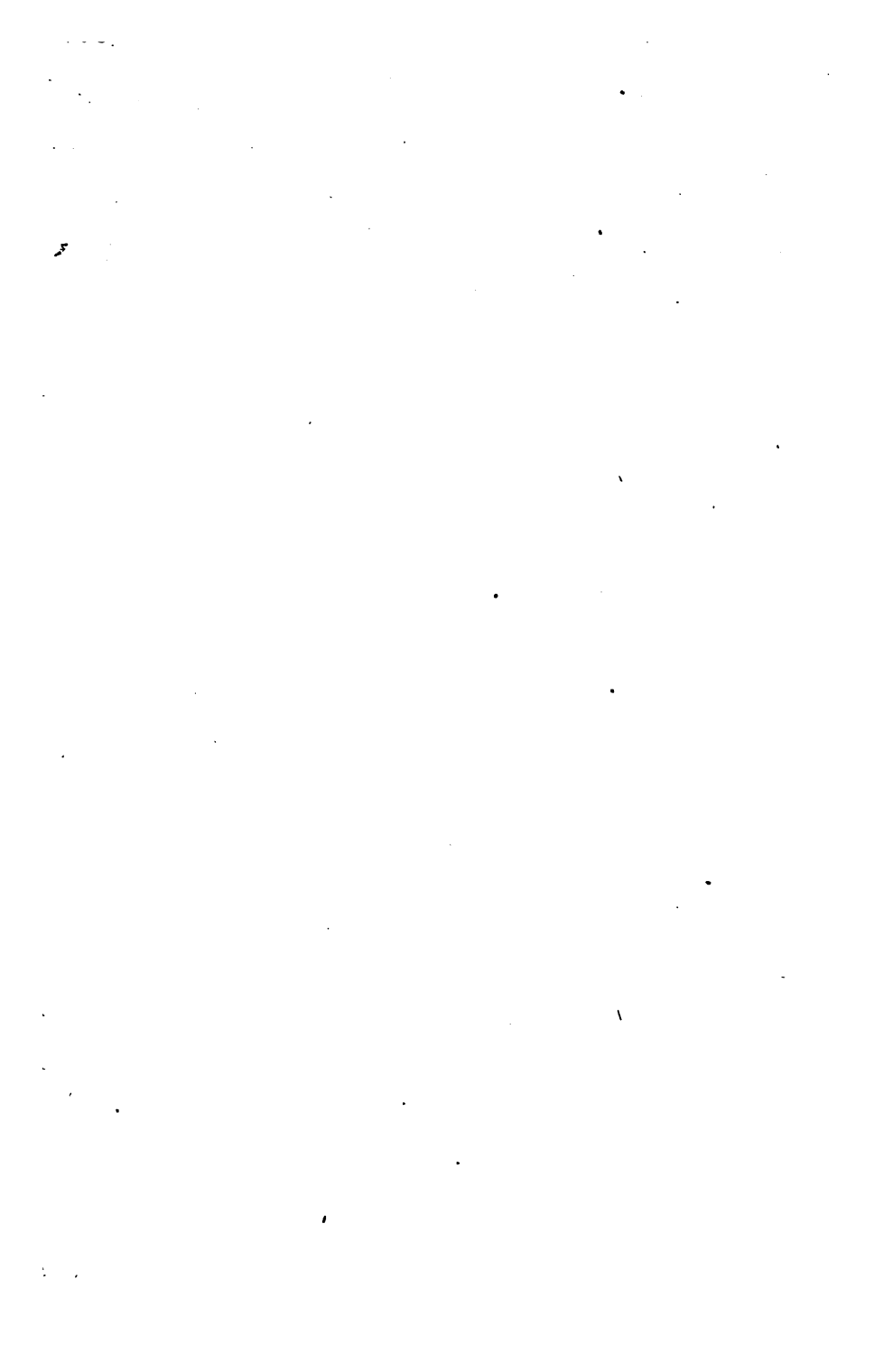
and most scandalously abominable; that it would be most detrimentally injurious, and most hurtfully destructive to his professional reputation and practice;" and who was only consoled by the reflection, that he had at any rate been kept out of danger by arrest, and perhaps saved from being shot by a Jacobin; but Toe Barlow never forgave it:—it appeared to wound him more deeply than can be conceived—to have thus been entrapped, forsooth, by his acquaintance with a lord! He never spoke to Mr. Snuffles again, and even to Lord Fletcher he maintained a greater coolness than he had ever yet been known to exhibit towards any member of the aristocracy. He seemed to think himself ruined and undone for ever; first, by the contamination of having been locked up in a prison, and secondly, by having been suspected of republicanism. He hung his head—his spirits were gone—he left Paris for change of scene, and he is believed to have died shortly after of an illness brought on by his chagrin.

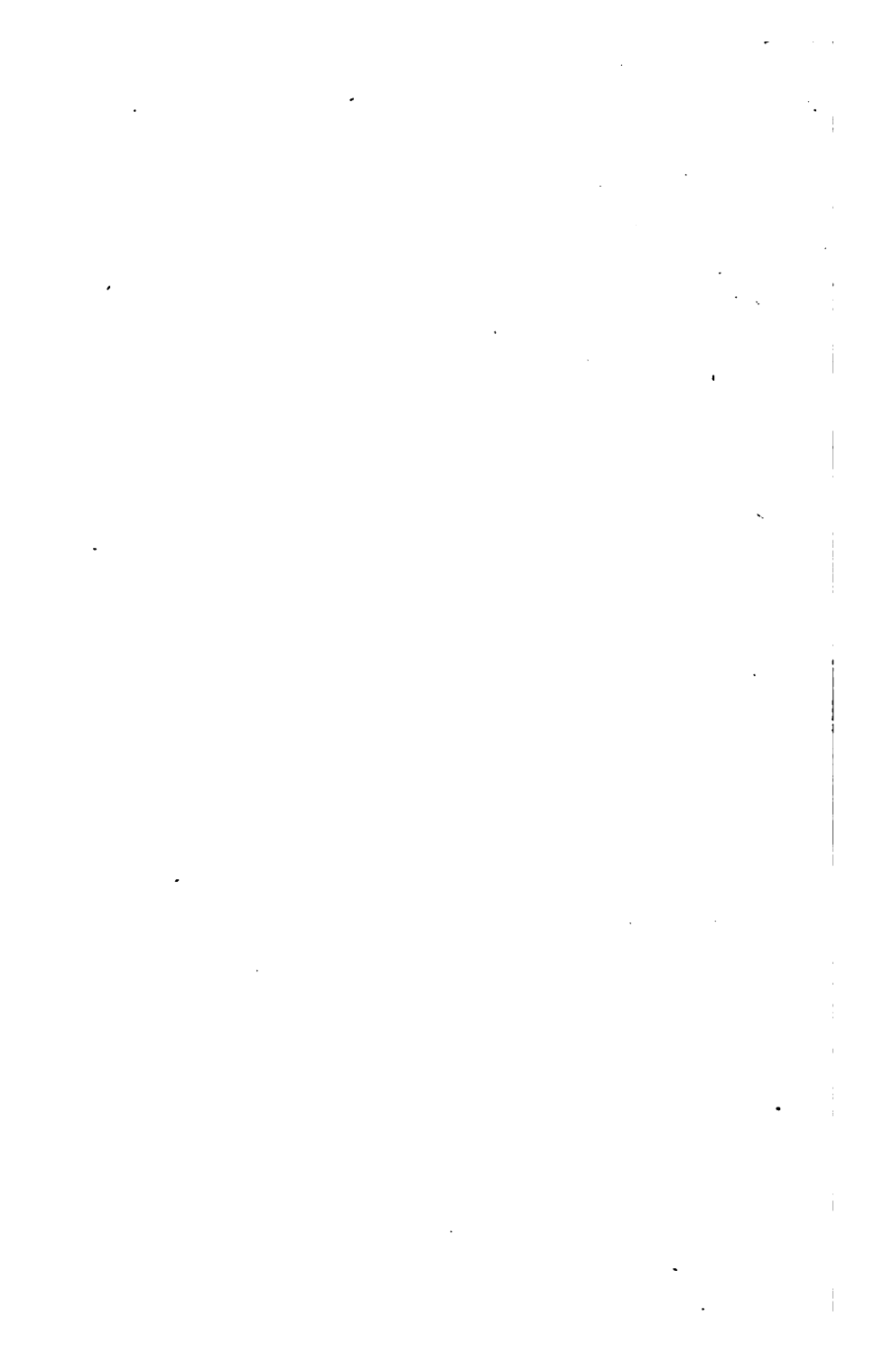
But one other visit remained for Lord Fletcher to make in company with his brother—this was to Louis Boivin, who, considering it would be dangerous for him to appear till the storm had more blown over, wrote to Fletcher to specify the place of his retreat, and to request that he would pay him a

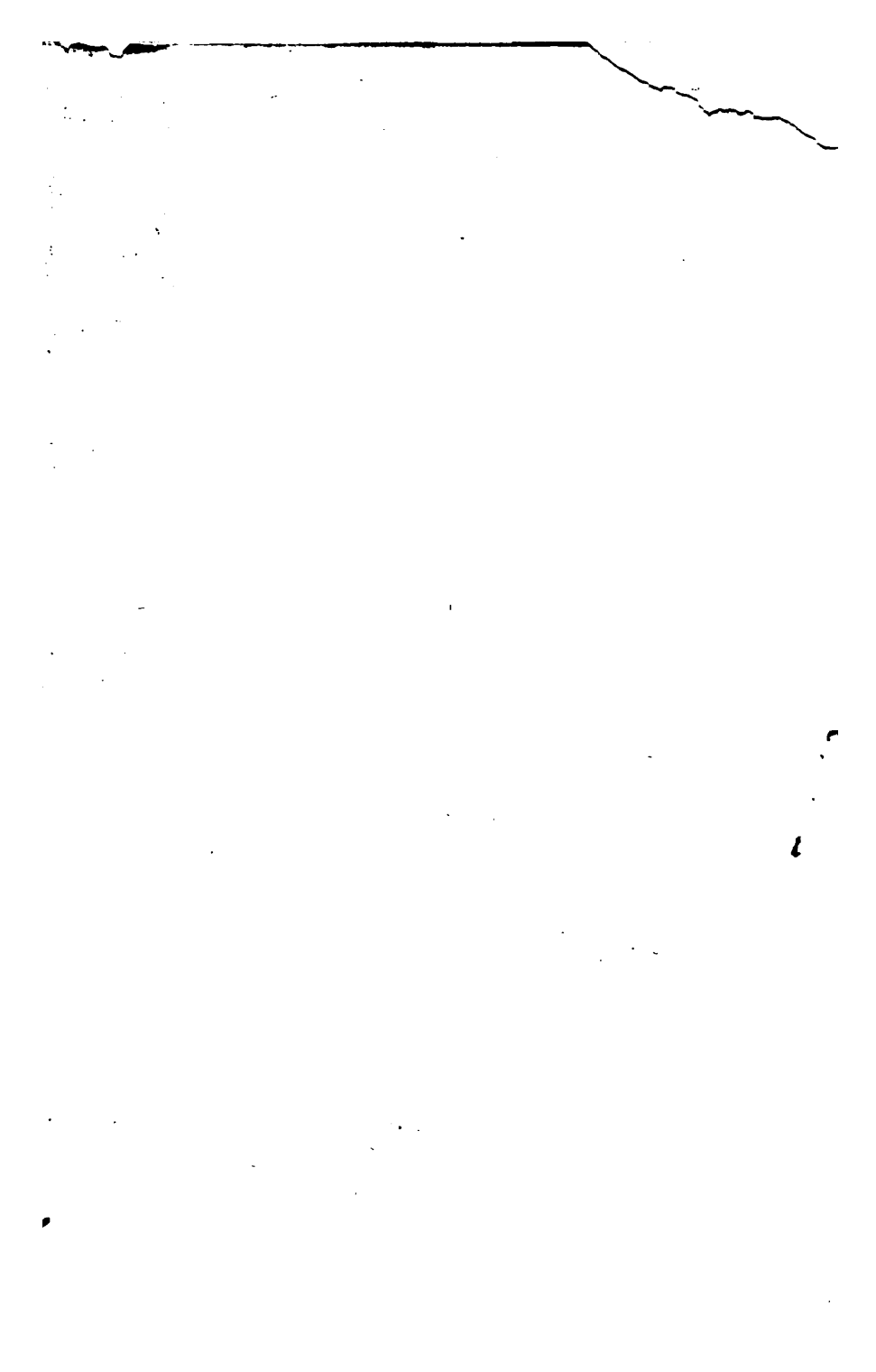
visit. Lord Fletcher, considerably amused by the coincidence of his friend's hiding-place being in the same house which contained his own favourite Olympe, during the continuance of her present delicate situation, told Richard Bazancourt that he was delighted, as he should now have an opportunity of presenting him, both to the lady of his love, and the friend of his bosom, at once. The two brothers accordingly repaired together to the Place du Louvre: they ascended the staircase, and were admitted. Louis Boivin, looking paler and more delicate than ever, advanced with a quick and feverish step to proffer them his hand. Just at that very moment, whilst they were yet upon the landing, on which the doors of all the apartments opened in common, Lord Fletcher, eager to display the beauty of his conquest to his brother, and acting in defiance of the established rules of the house, according to which female lodgers are secreted with the utmost precaution, opened the door of her room, and taking her by the hand, led her out into the passage, to be presented to Richard Bazancourt.—“Here is my Olympe,” he exclaimed, as he led her triumphantly forth, “old Snuffles has already settled a fortune on the little Olympe in prospect, and I hope she will be une vraie fille de sa belle maman.” Louis Boivin looked wildly on the fea-

tures of the lady that entered, glanced but once upon the too visible outline of her figure, and exclaiming frantically the words "C'est elle! c'est ma Comtesse!" sunk utterly insensible and apparently lifeless on the floor.

END OF VOL. II.









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